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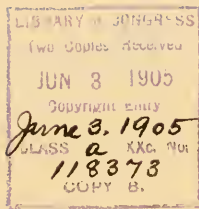


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The Souvenir of Western Women

Edited by
MARY OSBORN DOUTHIT

PORTLAND, OREGON
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CRATER LAKE, IN OREGON

PREFACE



THE SOUVENIR OF WESTERN WOMEN bears upon its pages a complex picture of the works and pioneer experiences of the women in the Pacific Northwest—the “Old Oregon” country—from the time of woman’s first appearance in these unexplored wilds to the present day.

The purpose of this book is to record woman’s part in working out the plan of our Western civilization; no other civilization, perhaps, bearing so conspicuously the inprint of her hand and her brain. In coming to this country through all the perils, privations, and hardships of the longest journey ever made by a migratory people in search of homes, she marched side by side with man. Upon arriving here she could acquire equally with him a part of the public domain (the first instance of the kind on record).

In patience, courage, and endurance, woman proved man’s equal. In her ability to cope with strenuous conditions, she was again his recognized peer. The powers thus engendered within her must perforce have left an indelible impression on the body politic. Their dominance is apparent in our colleges and universities, all of which are builded upon co-education as a corner-stone, and all of which also accept women as co-members of the faculty.

From the beginning of statehood in all the states carved out of the “Old Oregon” country, women have been admitted to the practice of the professions on an equality with men. In the legislative halls woman’s voice has been heard, and some of our most salutary laws owe their origin to her thought.

In property rights woman enjoys far greater privileges here than in the older portions of our country. These Northwestern States are among the few in the nation that make the mother a legal custodian of her children, and entrust her with the property of minor heirs. From a national point of view greater yet is the outcome of woman’s presence here. To the pioneer woman—without whom permanent settlement could not have been made—the nation owes the very possession of this great Western territory.

Captain Gray made the discovery of the Columbia River (1792), and this discovery laid claim to the vast tract drained by it and its tributaries. Lewis and Clark, led by the “Birdwoman,” marked the way to it across the continent (1805). The good missionaries brought to its wild native peoples, thirty years later, the “White Man’s Book of Heaven,” the forerunner of civilization; but the combined effort of all these could not have held this country for the United States had it not been for the pioneer American women, who,

PREFACE.

braving all dangers and hardships, came with man to build homes and establish permanent settlements.

Let our debt of gratitude be now acknowledged and duly recorded, that those who come after us may know and value the deeds of the women who first trod these plains and valleys wherein we dwell. These pioneer women we herein represent, and transcribe upon the pages of history the story of their lives. Numbered among the writers of these chronicles is the second white child born in this unexplored land, Mrs. Eliza Spalding Warren, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Spalding, missionaries of 1836. Among them, also are some of the pioneers of '43, '44 and '45, whose hands rocked the cradle of liberty in these Western wilds when the triple states carved out of the "Old Oregon" country were yet in embryo. Voices from the past, they enchant us with their fairy-like lore and heroic deeds.

That many, far as well as near, may share the charm of the last recitals of these old pioneers and catch the inspiration of their unflinching courage, The Souvenir would bear their messages through the land.

MARY OSBORN DOUTHIT.

Portland, Oregon, May 1, 1905.

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A Few Recollections of a Busy Life

By ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY



ALTHOUGH the writer hereof began to see in the early '50s the need of a radical innovation in governmental affairs which should recognize the legal existence of wives and mothers, she did not, for a long time, comprehend the fundamental principle of equal rights, as embodied in the law-making power itself.

In the Territorial days, prior to the year 1859, the States of Washington and Idaho, with a large slice of Montana, comprised a component part of the great original Oregon domain. Settlements of white people were few and far between. Women were relatively scarce, especially on the ranches; and bronzed and rugged bachelors, from far and near, sought frequent relief from their own household labors by mobilizing themselves at the border cabins, where mothers of young children wrestled, as best they could, with the crude surroundings of their scant environments, to provide for the daily needs of their own rapidly increasing families and the added requirements of a free hotel.

With the border woman's mental vision continually expanding under the inspirations afforded by the virgin opportunities with which the new country was teeming, she found herself handicapped by a chronic condition of financial nonentity, to which no amount of laudation by the said bachelors could reconcile her reasoning faculties.

As I had been blessed with a more than usually harmonious marriage, and enjoyed the natural ability to express my ideas on paper in a somewhat



ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

marked degree, it devolved upon me to voice the opinions of many women who were too timid, or were not allowed by their husbands to speak for themselves.

Like the man or woman of ante-bellum days who was ready at all times to assist a runaway slave to gain his freedom, but failed to comprehend the causes underlying his predicament, I for many years contented myself with the bestowal of unstinted sympathy upon women who were not in a position to speak in their own defense. But as the years went on, and I grew in wisdom, I could not help realizing that the women whose husbands would sell our butter and eggs, pigs, chickens and dried berries, to assist in the payment of taxes, in the distribution of which we had no voice, were being "taxed without representation and governed without consent." After leaving the farm and becoming a school teacher—a change made necessary by an accident that befell my good husband in the early '60s—we settled in the town of Lafayette, where for three consecutive years (or until I became a tolerable scholar myself) I gave up the double occupation of teacher and boarding-house keeper, and we removed to Albany-on-the-Willamette. Here, after another year only of teaching (without the boarders) I embarked in trade. Prior to that time I had been brought into contact with the women of the farms.

As it was during the six strenuous years that I spent in trade that I learned the absolute need of woman's full and free enfranchisement, I will, by way of illustration, relate as briefly as possible a few of the incidents that gradually awakened my understanding.

One day, late in the '60s, while I was busy in the work-room of my little store, engaged in making some fashionable millinery for an estimable woman, who, having married or inherited a competence, thought all other women ought to be content with their lot, a faded little over-worked mother of half a dozen children came to me in sore distress, saying that her husband had sold their household stuff and departed for parts unknown. Then she told me of a family about to leave the town who would sell her a lot of furniture and rent her their house at a reasonable figure. "If I could borrow the money in a lump sum," she said, "I could repay it in installments." "Then," she added, between sobs, "I could keep my children together, with the aid of a few boarders."

After she had left the store, and while I was inwardly fuming over my inability to assist her, a well-to-do and charitable man dropped in on a little errand, to whom I related her story.

"I'll loan her the money," he said, heartily. "She can give me a chattel mortgage on the furniture."

I gladly arranged a meeting between the parties: the exchange was made, and all was going well with the weary woman, when, one day, the husband returned as suddenly as he had departed, and, by repudiating the wife's note and mortgage, the sovereign citizen and law-making husband nullified the transaction and maintained the majesty of the law. The family

was broken up and the husband and wife were soon figuring in the divorce court. It is needless to add that my philanthropic friend lost his money and became a forceful advocate of equal rights for women.

Another and later case was that of a woman in another county, whom I had long supplied with millinery and notions, on sixty days' credit, to support a little shop, in which she managed to earn an honorable livelihood for her growing family. Her husband, a well-meaning but irresponsible fellow, noted chiefly for poverty and children, was only one of the "unlucky" heads of families everybody knows, whose wife must make the living—if there is any.

One springtime, after I had concluded that this man's faithful and thrifty spouse had become sufficiently established to warrant the risk, I sold her a fine stock of millinery on credit. Her business opened with unusual promise, when, one day a stranger to her, who held a judgment against her husband on an old note (given prior to their marriage without her knowledge and renewed annually), came into the town, employed an attorney, attached her stock and closed her business. That was more than thirty-three years ago, and I still hold the woman's note for that stock of millinery.

Prior to the year 1872 there was no married woman in all the great domain of the Pacific Northwest (except the comparatively few who held claims under the brief existence of the Donation Land Law) who possessed a right, after marriage, even to the bridal trousseau her father had given her as a dot. As the laws recognized the husband and wife as "one," and the husband was that "one," the wife was legally "dead," and was supposed, as a matter of course, to have no further need for clothes.

For the foregoing reasons, and many others for which the limits of this chapter have no space, I was at last aroused to the necessity of demanding the ballot for woman: and, although at this writing the final victory remains to be won, so many concessions have been made, all trending in one direction, toward the objective goal, that it would be indeed an obtuse man or woman who would doubt our ultimate and complete success.

The first law enacted by the Oregon State Legislature recognizing the legal existence of married women, called "The Married Woman's Sole Trader's Bill," was passed in the year 1872. This law enabled women needing its provisions to register themselves as "sole traders" in the office of their county clerk, thus protecting their personal earnings, outside of the mutual living expenses of the family, from dissipation by the husband's creditors.

A law enabling women to vote for school trustees and for funds and appropriations for public school purposes, "if they have property in the district on which they or their husbands pay a tax," was enacted in 1878. They were also empowered to fill the offices of state and county superintendents of schools, but the law was contested in 1896 by a defeated candidate and declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

Public sentiment now encourages the employment of women as court stenographers, as clerks in both houses of the Legislature, on Legislative committees, and in various other subordinate offices. They may serve as notaries

public, and no profession or occupation is legally forbidden to them. All the large non-sectarian institutions of learning are open alike to both sexes.

If either the husband or wife die intestate and there are no descendants living, all of the real and personal property goes to the survivor. If there are children living, the widow receives one-half of the husband's real estate and one-half of his personal property; but the widower takes a life interest in all of the wife's real estate, whether there are children or not, and all of the personal property absolutely, if there are no living descendants—half if there be any.

All laws have been repealed which recognize civil disabilities against the wife which are not recognized against the husband except the fundamental right of voting and helping to make the laws which she is taxed to maintain, and to which, equally with man, she is held amenable.

Of the growth of public sentiment regarding the ultimate extension of this right to women, it is significant to note that when a constitutional amendment to enfranchise woman was taken in 1884, the vote was, ayes, 11,223; noes, 28,176. And, although the population was more than doubled when the amendment was resubmitted in 1900, the vote throughout the state stood, ayes, 26,265; noes, 28,402. It will thus be seen that although the "no" vote was only augmented in 16 years by 226, the affirmative vote was increased by 15,042. One county gave a majority for the amendment in 1884. The vote in 1900 gave us two-thirds of the counties of the state. One county was lost by a tie, one by a majority of one, and one by a majority of thirty-one.

As the right of suffrage—the foundation of all enduring rights—is the only right that can be withheld from women by the votes of all classes and conditions of men, it is the only right ever demanded by women which must come through a change in constitutional law. "Therefore," as Miss Anthony well says in her able and comprehensive summary of the state and national situation, "this most valuable of all rights—the one that if possessed by women at the beginning would have brought all the others without a struggle—is placed absolutely in the hands of men, to be granted or withheld at will from women." (See *History of Woman Suffrage*, Vol. IV.)

And yet, with all these odds against women, four of our Western States have already granted equal political rights to the wives and mothers of men. Wyoming came first, in 1869. Colorado followed by popular vote in 1893; and, in 1896, Utah and Idaho wheeled into line. The writer hereof has in hand enough of unimpeachable testimonials indorsing this movement from the best, ablest and most prominent men and women of each of these states to fill a volume.

The women of Oregon are hopefully awaiting a third effort to secure their own full and complete enfranchisement, for which their friends, the best and foremost men of the state, are preparing to submit a vote at the June election of 1906.

Crater Lake

By WILL G. STEEL.



RATER LAKE is located in the summit of the Cascade Range of mountains in Southern Oregon, sixty miles north of California. It rests in the crater of Mount Mazama, which was originally one of the greatest mountains on the continent. However, it was wrecked by a volcano, at which time all that portion of the mountain above 8000 feet elevation disappeared, leaving a ragged shell, or cauldron, four thousand feet deep and five and one-half miles in diameter. In the course of time 2000 feet of water collected, forming a lake that is unique in the world's history. It is one of the greatest natural wonders of the earth, and in many ways is remarkable. It is 6239 feet above sea level. The water is remarkably clear, but when undisturbed is the deepest blue possible to imagine. From the surrounding rim this blue is intense, and is equally so when seen from a boat, but is then of a more brilliant hue. One who has never seen it can not comprehend the intensity of color.

To the southwest is Wizard island, a round cinder cone 845 feet high, in the top of which is an extinct crater 500 feet in diameter and 100 feet deep. After the first great eruption the mountain fell within itself, and for a time existed as a turbulent sea of lava. Here and there little cones were formed by the lava bursting up, overflowing and cooling, and Wizard island was the last of such miniature volcanoes. About a mile north of it, however, is a similar formation 1200 feet high, the summit of which is 600 feet below the lake's surface.

I first visited the lake in 1885, at which time it was only known to a comparatively few residents of Oregon. At that time I started a move to secure a national park, and after seventeen years was rewarded by getting President Roosevelt interested. With his characteristic energy he took hold of the matter, and Hon. Thomas H. Tongue's bill was immediately passed by Congress and signed by the President.

In 1886 it was my pleasure to sound the lake for the general government, at which time boats were built in Portland and were taken to Ashland, 343 miles south, where the running gear of a wagon was used to carry the largest one, the Cleetwood, one hundred miles into the mountains. It was then, with two skiffs, launched over the lake's walls one thousand feet to the water, where they all arrived in perfect condition and were used to sound and survey the lake. The deepest sounding was 1996 feet, but for several square miles in the northerly portion every sounding was over 1900 feet.

A Legend of Crater Lake

Wi-ma-wi-ta was the pride of his family and tribe, the Shastas. He could kill the grizzly bear, and his prowess in the fight was renowned even

among those fierce braves who controlled the entrance to the Lake of the Big Medicine, where the black obsidian arrowheads are found. But the chase no longer had pleasure for him, and he wandered far up the slopes of the Shasta, where the elk and deer abound. From this great height Wi-ma-wi-ta gazed upon the lodges far below, and then suddenly descending, disappeared in the forest, advancing to the east, where springs the great, gushing sawul,|| the source of the Win-i-mim.** There in a little hut dwelt old Win-ni-shu-ya.† “Tell me, O mother,” he cried, “what can I do to regain the love of Teul-u-cul?‡” She laughs at me, and the dog Tsileu‡ wanders with her over the snowclad mountain.”

“ ’Tis well; Teul-u-cul still loves you, but since your brave deeds among the Klamaths, your thoughts are far away, and you long for further peril, to chant your great exploits in the councils of the brave. Teul-u-cul has noticed your neglect. Why, O Wi-ma-wi-ta, do you not seek for greater glory? Know you not of the great lake, far away and deep down in the mountain top. The way is long and difficult, and but few reach its rocky slopes. If you have the strength and courage to climb down and bathe in its crystal waters, you will acquire great and marvelous wisdom. Teul-u-cul will look upon you with favor, and none will equal you among your people. The Lalos (children of the Great Spirit) guard the lake, and far in the past one of our own tribe reached it, but not propitiating the spirits, they killed him, and his body was sunk in the depths of the blue waters.”

As she spoke the old woman's strength increased. Wi-ma-wi-ta, listening, caught her energy.

“ ’Tis well, my mother; to-morrow, while all sleep, will I start upon this journey to the river where the Klamaths dwell. Then will I find the way to the wondrous lake and bathe in the deep water.”

While speaking, he noted not the parting of the brush, where Teul-u-cul was concealed, and who in her fright almost betrayed her presence. Nor was Tsileu visible behind the granite rocks near by, eagerly watching and hearing all that happened.

At dawn the following day, when even the dogs were still, Wi-ma-wi-ta stole quietly away. Close behind him, clad in the raiment of a young brave, followed Teul-u-cul, and after a short interval, gliding stealthily in the tracks of the others, came Tsileu. Thus they marched for several long and weary days, over the prairies of Shasta and the dreary lava fields of Modoc, until Wi-ma-wi-ta reached the great river of the Klamaths. Then Teul-u-cul came forth and accosted him.

“Whither goest thou, Wi-ma-wi-ta, and why are you alone in this desolate place?”

“I seek the great lake in the top of the mountain, to bathe in its limpid waters.”

“There would I also go and share your perils.”

|| Large spring. ** McCloud River. † Forethought. * The lark. ‡ Red Flicker.

" 'Tis well, and I will reward your faith in me."

Tsileu, inwardly raging, cast a look of hate upon them, and sped northward through the land of the Klamaths.

The next day Wi-ma-wit-a and Teul-u-cul journeyed up the river. On the west high mountains rose up precipitously, while here and there a snow-clad peak towered in the sky.

" 'Tis there," said Wi-ma-wi-ta, "where we must seek for the deep mountain lake."

At last, after many weary days, they reached the lake and made camp close to the precipice. All night Wi-ma-wi-ta chanted his song, and when the sun was just lighting up the circular wall across the lake, he clambered down the steep and rocky walls, and plunged into the deep, clear water. His spirit seemed to soar from him; but it required all his strength to climb back to the rim of the crater. Next day he bathed again, and on returning said, "Once more only, Teul-u-cul, will I have to bathe in the crystal water, then wisdom and strength will be mine, our tribe will be the grandest in the land, and you will be the greatest squaw of all. Thus will your faith and help to me be rewarded."

On the third morning he started, but, just as he reached the last descent, he beheld Tsileu.

"Dog of Wi-ma-wi-ta, we will here find who is the greater man."

Like two great whirlwinds they came together, then struggled on the edge of the cliff, advancing, retreating, swaying far out over the dizzy height, watched by Teul-u-cul from above, powerless to aid. Suddenly Wi-ma-wi-ta slipped on the mossy rock, and Tsileu, exerting all his strength, raised and hurled him far out into the lake. Then the Llaos arose in their wrath, tore Tsileu's body in pieces and cast them on the lake. As they disappeared the waters parted and lava burst out with a mighty noise. The island of Llaos* arose as the gasp of a dying crater, and here it is said dwells the spirit of Wi-ma-wi-ta, the brave, and Teul-u-cul, the lark.

MARK BRICKELL KERR in *Pacific Monthly*.

* Wizard Island.

The State of Idaho may well be proud of her showing at the St. Louis Exposition, having carried off the grand prize in the agriculture exhibit, and second prize for her state building. The latter was designed by J. Flood Walker, the Boise architect, and is being copied all over the United States.

The Densmore Typewriter has been represented in Portland for the last ten years, the last four years by Mr. J. E. Huxley, now located at No. 82 Fourth street. Three years ago the Densmore Company put the new model on the market, which contains, among other valuable improvements, a back spacer, a simple little attachment, yet one that saves the operator more time and labor than any other one feature ever put on a writing machine. The Densmore is noted for its lightness of touch and great speed, which is accounted for in part by the fact that it is a full ball-bearing machine, and is the only typewriter containing ball-bearing typebars. The "Densmore Doesmore" is the company's slogan, and this truism is attested by the many friends and users of the Densmore in this vicinity.



INDIAN WOMAN OF THE UMATILLA TRIBE (Eastern Oregon).

COURTESY OF PACIFIC MONTHLY

Narcissa Prentiss Whitman

By MRS. CATHERINE SAGER PRINGLE.



THE subject of this sketch was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., March 14, 1808. Her parents were Presbyterians. They trained their ten children with a strictness of discipline which accorded with the extreme orthodoxy of that time, but which is unknown in this day. Her father, Judge Prentiss, was a fine singer, and instructed his children in this accomplishment. Narcissa being the eldest, was the object of special training, and developed a voice of great compass and sweetness. She was also skilled in housewifely arts. At the age of 10 she was converted; at 11 years she was received into membership in the church, and ever after remained faithful to her church vows.

Early in life Narcissa read the history of Harriette Boardman, a missionary to India. Through this book she was inspired to become a missionary. Dr. Whitman also possessed the missionary spirit, and when the Indians of the West made a call for the "White Man's Book of Heaven" and for teachers, he was among the first to respond. Miss Prentiss had been mentioned to him as a suitable life companion, and he sought to cultivate her acquaintance. Upon his first visit to the home of Judge Prentiss she was absent, and he was much attracted toward her sister Jane. Later, however, he met Narcissa in a neighboring town, where she was taking part in a revival meeting. A mutual attachment was formed, which led to an engagement between them; but before their marriage day arrived, the wife of a man who was to accompany them to their distant field of labor died, and as it was not thought best for one woman alone to go to that unknown country, the wedding was postponed, and it was decided that Dr. Whitman should go in company with Dr. Samuel Parker on an exploring trip. Accordingly they started in the spring of 1835, and proceeded in company as far as Green river, the rendezvous of the American Fur Company. At this point they met the principal tribes of natives. Here it was decided that Dr. Whitman should return East to secure other helpers, and come out the following season. Dr. Parker was to go on to Oregon, and return to the East by way of the Sandwich Islands. Two Nez Perce chiefs each entrusted a son to Dr. Whitman as surety of his return.

Arriving at home late Saturday night, Dr. Whitman surprised the congregation the next morning when he walked into the church accompanied by his Indian boys. His old mother was so much startled at his appearance that she called right out in meeting, "Why, there's Marcus." Every one supposed him to be thousands of miles away.

In February, 1836, Dr. Whitman and Miss Prentiss were married. She was a refined, educated woman, and one of deep piety, who could enter fully

into the sentiments and sympathies of her husband. With a devotion and courage never excelled, she journeyed with him to his distant field of labor.

Dr. Whitman found a suitable location on the banks of the Walla Walla river, named by the Indians Wie-lat-pu, or Wail-lat-pu, where he erected his cabin. Early in November, 1836, Mrs. Whitman took possession of her new home. She was much pleased to find so comfortable a place, though but a log cabin. Now began her missionary life with its peculiar hardships. One trial was the absence of those of her own sex. She was thousands of miles from her friends and kindred, hearing from them at intervals of two and three years, living upon meager diet, even to the flesh of horses, and surrounded continually by natives. To comprehend her isolation is impossible.

March 14, 1837 (her birthday) little Alice came to them. Maternal anguish was not soothed by the presence of a loving mother or kind friends of her own race. Her husband and an Indian woman performed the necessary service. The Indians cordially welcomed the new baby, and called it "Little White Cayuse." Much land was promised little Alice. For a little more than two years she was the light and joy of her parents. Then the cruel waters claimed her, and left their home desolate. Going alone to the stream near by, she fell in, and when her body was recovered life was gone. The loss of her own little one opened the mother's heart to all children. No child appealed to her in vain. Her home was theirs so long as its shelter was needed.

In the fall of '42 Dr. Whitman decided to attempt a winter trip across the mountains, Washington and Boston being the objective points. When he took leave of his wife she felt that it was a last adieu. Desolate as was her home, she bravely determined to remain at her post. However, her friends at the Hudson's Bay Company fort sent for her and insisted upon her quitting the mission during the doctor's absence. With reluctance she consented. Owing to her failing health she went to Fort Vancouver for medical treatment. Later she spent some time visiting among the women of the Methodist mission. It finally became necessary for her to go back to her own mission for a time.

When Dr. Whitman returned, after a year's absence, he found his wife at The Dalles, very ill, and for months afterward her recovery was almost despaired of. At this time she had in charge three half-breed children, and her husband brought a nephew with him, aged 13.

In the fall of '44 a family of seven children, whose parents had died on the plains, were brought to her. Her heart opened to the little orphans. A home for the winter was all that was asked, but they were all adopted. Added to this family of eleven children were others from surrounding missions who were sent there to attend school.

The year of '47 the emigrants brought the measles into the country, and the disease soon spread among the Indians. Owing to their method of treatment it proved fatal in many cases. This, with other causes, made the Indians restless, and they began to murmur against their teachers. The storm

of their wrath broke in fury on the 29th of November, when Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and many others fell victims to their fiendish hands.

Thus ended the life work of Narcissa Prentiss Whitman.

Mrs. Whitman's Diary

Extracts from a copy of the original journal kept by Mrs. Whitman on her trip across the plains in 1836. Preserved by her niece, Miss Cornelia Jackson, of Oberlin, Ohio.

August 1. Dearest Mother: We commenced our journey to Walla Walla July 18, 1836, under the protection of Mr. McLeod. The Flathead and Nez Perce Indians and some lodges of the Snake tribe accompany us to Fort Hall. Have traveled two months. Have lived on fresh meat for two months exclusively. Our ride to-day has been so fatiguing. Felt a calm and peaceful state of mind all day. In the morning had a season of prayer for my dear parents. We have plenty of dry buffalo meat. I can scarcely eat it, it appears so filthy, but it will keep us alive, and we ought to be thankful. Do not think I regret coming. No, far from it. I would not go back for the world; am contented and happy. Feel to pity the poor Indian women. Am making some progress in their language; long to be able to converse with them about the Savior.

August 3. Came to Fort Hall this morning. Was much cheered with a view of the fort. Anything that looks like a house makes us glad. Were hospitably entertained by Captain King, who keeps the fort. It was built by Captain Wyeth from Boston, whom we saw at the Rendezvous, on his way to the East. Our dinner consisted of dry buffalo meat, turnips and fried bread, which was a luxury. Mountain bread is simply coarse flour mixed with water and fried or roasted in buffalo grease. To one who has had nothing but meat for a long time, this relishes very well.

August 4. Enjoyed the cool retreat of an upper room this morning while writing. Was there ever a journey like this? performed when the sustaining hand of God has been so manifest every moment. Surely the children of Israel could not have been more sensible of the "Pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night" than we have been of that hand that has led us thus safely on.

August 12. Came to salmon fishing; obtained some fish and boiled for breakfast; find it good eating. They are preparing to cross Snake river. I can cross the most difficult streams without the least fear. There is one manner of crossing husband has tried, but I have not. Take an elk skin and stretch is over you, spreading yourself out as much as possible, then let the Indian women carefully put you in the water and with a cord in the mouth they will swim and drag you over.

August 19. Arrived at Snake fort about noon. Left wagon at this fort.

August 29. We are now on the west side of the Blue mountains. Crossed them in a day and a half. Dearest mother, let me tell you how I am sustained of the Lord in all this journey. For two or three days past I have been weak and restless and scarcely able to sit on my horse, but I have been diverted by the scenery and carried out of myself. This morning my feelings were a little peculiar. I felt remarkably well and strong; so much so as to mention it, but could not see any reason why I should be any more rested than on the morning previous. When I began to see what a day's ride was before us I understood it. If I had had no better health to-day than yesterday, I should have fainted under it. Then the promise appeared in full view, "As the day is so shall thy strength be," and my soul rejoiced in the Lord and testified to the truth of another evidently manifest, "Lo, I am with you always."

September 1. Arrived at Fort Walla Walla. You may better imagine our feelings this morning than I can describe them. When it was announced we were near, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Pambrun, the gentleman of the house, and Mr. Townsend sallied forth to meet us. After the usual introduction, we entered the fort.

They were just eating breakfast when we rode up, and soon we were at the table, treated to fresh salmon, potatoes, tea, bread and butter. After breakfast we were shown the novelties. We were shown to the room Mr. Pambrun had prepared for us, on hearing of our approach. It was the west bastion in the fort, full of port holes in the sides, but no windows, and was filled with firearms. A large cannon, always loaded, stood behind the door by one of the holes. These things did not move me.

At 4 we were called to dinner. It consisted of pork, potatoes, beets, cabbage, turnips, tea, bread and butter. I am thus particular in my description of eatables, so that you may be assured we find something to eat beyond the Rocky mountains. I have not introduced you to the lady of the house. She is a native born from a tribe east of the mountains. She appears well; does not speak English, but her native tongue and French. Mr. Pambrun is from Canada; is very agreeable and much of gentleman in appearance. About noon Mr. and Mrs. Spalding arrived with their company.

September 7. We set sail from Walla Walla to Vancouver yesterday. Our boat is an open one, manned with six oarsmen and the steersman. I enjoy it much. The Columbia is beautiful.

September 12. We are now in Vancouver, the New York of the Pacific Coast. Before we reached the house of the chief factor, Dr. McLoughlin, were met by several gentlemen who came to give us welcome. Mr. Douglas, Dr. Tolmie and Dr. McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company, who invited us in and seated us on the sofa. Soon after we were introduced to Mrs. McLoughlin and Mrs. Douglas, both natives of the country (half-breeds). We were invited to walk in the garden. Here we found fruit of every description. I must mention the origin of the apples and grapes. A gentleman twelve

years ago, while at a party in London, put the seeds of the apples and grapes he ate into his vest pocket, and soon after took a voyage to this country and left them here. Now they are greatly multiplied. Returning from the garden we were met by Mrs. Copendel, a lady from England, and Miss Maria, daughter of Dr. McLoughlin, quite an interesting young lady.

September 13. This morning visited the school to hear the children sing. It consists of about fifty scholars, children who have French fathers and Indian mothers, and many orphans. No person could have received a more hearty welcome or be treated with greater kindness than we have since our arrival.

September 22. Dr. McLoughlin has put his daughter in my care, and wishes me to hear her recitations. I sing with the children also, which is considered a favor. We are invited to ride as often as once a week. To-day Mrs. McLoughlin rode with us. She prefers the old habit of riding gentleman fashion. I sing about an hour every evening with the children, teaching them new tunes, at the request of Dr. McLoughlin. Mrs. McLoughlin has a fine ear for music, and is greatly delighted. She is one of the kindest women in the world. Speaks a little French, but mostly loves her native language. She wishes to go and live with me; her daughter and Mrs. Douglas also. The Lord reward them for their love and kindness to us. The doctor urges me to stay all winter. He is a very sympathetic man; is afraid we will suffer. Husband is so filled with business that he writes but little. He is far away now, poor darling, three hundred miles.

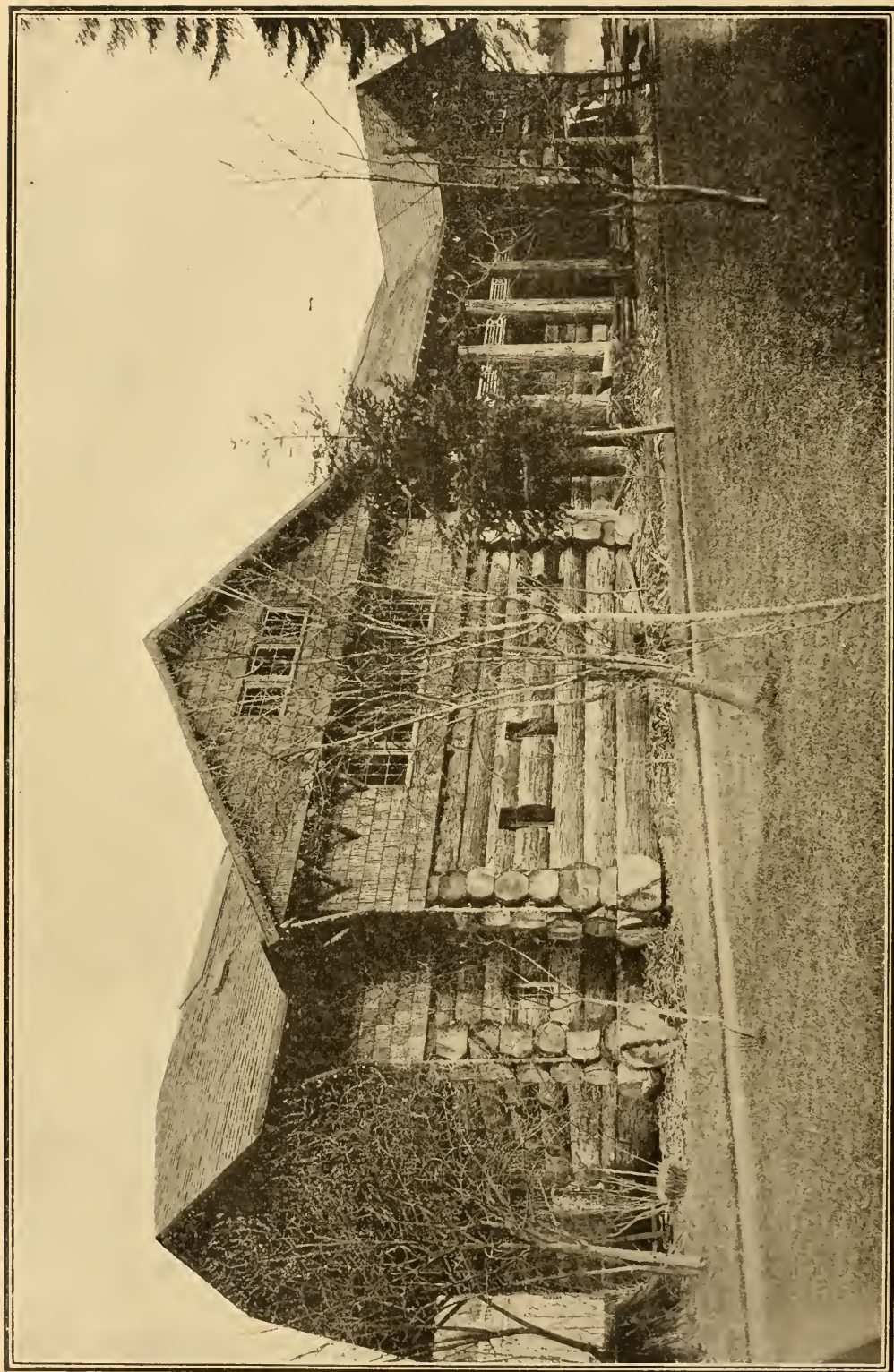
I intended to have written this so plainly that father and mother could read it. Adieu,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

The Columbia Maternal Association was organized September 3, 1838, at Dr. Whitman's. The preamble reads: "Sensible of the evils that beset the young mind in a heathen land, and confident that no arm but God's can secure our children or those committed to our care from the dangers that surround them and bring them early into the fold of Christ and fit them for usefulness here and glory hereafter, we, the subscribers, agree to form ourselves into an association for the purpose of adopting such rules as are best calculated to assist us in the right performance of our maternal duties." The last Wednesday in the month was observed as a season of prayer for their children. Mrs. Eells was chosen president of this first organized body of women on the Pacific Slope.

At the time of the Whitman massacre an Indian, who held one of the captive women as his wife, was careful to have morning and evening prayers, and to read a portion of Scripture.

Mrs. Whitman's last words, "Tell mother that I died at my post."



FORESTRY BUILDING—LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION

The Lewis and Clark Exposition

By JEFFERSON MYERS
President Lewis and Clark State Commission



THE Lewis and Clark Exposition originated about three years ago with the Oregon Historical Society. The purpose is to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the expedition of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark. The object in celebrating this historical event at this time is to demonstrate to the commercial world and to the citizens of the United States the great possibilities of this Western country.

The citizens of Oregon subscribed most liberally to meet the expenses of this Exposition, and the state appropriated one of the largest sums ever granted by any state for a similar purpose, according to its wealth and population. The general government made an appropriation next in proportion to the World's Fair at Chicago and the St. Louis Exposition, its sole purpose being to demonstrate to the world the importance of this great Western country and the commercial possibilities across the Pacific Ocean.

The State of Oregon is possessed of a large amount of undeveloped resources and a vast area of government land which is open to settlement under the homestead law. In addition to the Exposition the scenic beauty of this country will present a wonderful panorama to the visitors. The Pacific Coast is the Switzerland of America, with streams of clear, sparkling water, its snow-capped mountains and its magnificent forests. A country full of beautiful wild flowers and sweet song birds.

There is an opportunity in this country for the miner; for the agriculturist in every department; for the horticulturist; for the livestock producer; for the deep sea fisher and for the fisherman who would find the wealth that abounds in the Columbia River, the Royal Chinook.



JEFFERSON MYERS

The Lewis and Clark Exposition will cover an area of about four hundred acres, in the center of which there is a natural lake. The cost of this Exposition is estimated at about \$5,000,000. It will be participated in by nearly every foreign government of importance, by the government of the United States, and nearly every state and territory within the Union, and in addition a great number of large private exhibits by manufacturers and other individual interests.

It is the purpose of the management to secure at the close of the Exposition a very large collection of these exhibits for a commercial museum

within the City of Portland, in order that information may be obtained thereafter in reference to all the states and countries that exhibit.

It is desired that all visitors to our Exposition feel free to request any information or attention that the citizens of the Northwest may be able to give. True Western hospitality, such as prevailed among the pioneers who crossed the plains many years ago, will be cordially extended to all our guests at this the crowning event in the national life of this land of Lewis and Clark, "Where Rolls the Oregon."



ESPLANADE AND TERRACES—NORTHERN APPROACH TO EXHIBIT PALACES OF LEWIS AND CLARK FAIR.

THE OREGON GRAPE

Type of the sturdy, invincible West,
Lifting her head with the bravest and best,
Grows the wild holly—our Oregon queen—
Shining in raiment of gold and of green.

Brightly she blossoms and crowns our fair hills,
Bearing her beauty wherever God wills.
Emblem of statehood—her flowers unfold,
Loyal forever in green and in gold.

--Eunice W. Luckey

Roman Catholic Women of the Northwest

(Contributed.)

FROM early pioneer days in the Northwest, the women of the Roman Catholic Church have taken an active part in the care of the sick and in assisting the needy. In a particular manner do the religious orders of Catholic women claim the esteem and affection of the people of the far West; for these women of self-sacrificing lives have done more than any others in the unwearied tending of the sick, in the care of the orphan, and the Christian education of youth.

The first nuns to make the perilous journey to the Northwest were the Sisters of Notre Dame, from France. These nuns came to Oregon at a very early date, and remained for some time at St. Paul, where they labored for the civilization of the Indians.

The distinction of being the founders of the first organized body of Christian workers in the "Land of Lewis and Clark" belongs to the Sisters of Charity of Providence, who came to Washington from Montreal in 1856, landing at Vancouver December 8. This order is devoted to charity and education. Thus the work of the women of the Roman Catholic Church began amidst great privations. Very few whites peopled the territory at that time.

A boarding school and two orphanages, one for girls; the other for boys, were established. In these institutions, with comparatively little aid, the nuns have nurtured and educated hundreds of unfortunate children.

The next order that came to the rugged West was that of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. They, too, came from Montreal, by the way of Cape Horn in 1859.

These Sisters have the credit of being the first congregation of women to establish a permanent work in the cause of education in Oregon.

Although dedicated to this cause, this band of women hesitated not to do all the work their hands found to do. In the absence of others to do it, they looked after the sick and needy poor, often watching all night by the bedside of some sufferer, cheerfully ministering to her wants, and yet filling their places in the school room without an hour's intervening repose.

Large and efficient societies organized for philanthropic work are conducted by the lay women of the church, through which much suffering is alleviated and the wants of the needy ministered to without regard to creed or nationality.



INDIANS OF THE PLAINS

Reminiscences of a Trip Across the Plains in '45

By MRS. BURNETT (nee LUCY JANE HALL)

MY FATHER, Lawrence Hall, was elected captain of our train, and we started on our way with thirty wagons and about fifty men.

A wedding occurred in our company. The bride's cake was made with turtle eggs found in the creek. The event was celebrated by a dance on the grass under the stars.

Near Ft. Boise the Indians made an attempt to attack our train and stampede the stock, but failed through the prompt action of my father, who ordered the teams unhitched and the wagons formed in a circle with the tongues of each run under the wagon just forward, making a strong barricade. The oxen were put inside, each driver standing by his own team. The women and children were also inside by the wagons. All the available men were outside standing with guns drawn. The captain walked out alone toward the Indians with his gun in one hand and a white flag in the other. He motioned the Indians not to come any nearer or his men would fire upon them. The Indians turned and ran away as fast as their horses could go. They had fine horses. The men were nude and painted.

Our most serious troubles began when we took the Stephen Meek cut-off. He represented that this route was much shorter than the other, and that there was no danger from the Indians, as this way did not lead through the Snake River Indians' territory. By vote it was decided to follow Mr. Meek. A contract was signed to pay him for his services, and he agreed to pilot the company safely through in thirty days, or, as was written in his own words, give his head for a football. All were to take turns hauling his goods. He and his wife were on horseback.

One day, after three weeks' travel on our new route, our guide suddenly and excitedly exclaimed, "My God, we are lost." Alarmed, but not dismayed, we moved on till night. There was neither grass nor water to be found. All night the men sat by the dim camp fires listening for reports from those who had gone in search of water. If any was found a signal of three shots was to be fired in quick succession; if not three shots at intervals. At sunrise no sound had been heard. The train was soon moving on through sage brush and across dry creek beds which mocked our thirst. So we journeyed till noon, when hark! a shot, but not the three in quick succession, but at intervals; like a death knell they sounded. The men stood in groups talking over the situation, the mothers, pale and haggard, sat in the wagons with their little ones around them. With a determination that knows not defeat the party moved on. About night in quick succession shots were heard, which proclaimed that water had been found. All pushed forward with renewed energy. When in sight of the water the thirsty oxen broke

into a run and rushed into the water and drank until they had to be driven out.

"We are saved, we are saved! Thank God!" cried Stephen Meek, "for now I know the way." He could locate the trail to The Dalles from this stream. Men, women and children were laughing and crying in turn.

The teams were in such a bad condition that we had to lay by here three weeks. Many were sick and some died and were laid to rest in this camp. Mr. Meek would certainly have given his head for a football, had not he and his wife made their timely escape. When we reached the Deschutes the Indians there made us understand that a man and woman had crossed the river a short time before. The man swam the river, leading his horse, and an Indian swam over with the woman on his back. Other Indians tied her clothes on their heads and swam across. We did not hear of the Meeks for more than a year after this.

We were lost in the mountains six weeks. The way was rough beyond description. The women and children walked most of the way.

On reaching The Dalles Meek told the missionaries there that a party of emigrants were in the mountains. A white man and two Indians were at once sent in search of our company. When found we people were on the verge of starvation. But for the provisions brought by the scouts many, if not all, would have perished, as it took a week more to reach The Dalles when guided by these men.

A Brave Life and a Useful One

THE LATE MRS. JOHN MINTO

The announcement of the death of Martha Morrison, wife of Hon. John Minto, will be heard with regret by those who have known, loved and honored her from the early settlement of Oregon down to the present time.

Martha Morrison came to the Pacific Coast with her parents in 1844, by the slow and primitive means of conveyance in those times. She was then a girl of but 13 years, and three years later became the wife of John Minto, from whom, after fifty-seven years of happy and helpful wifehood, she has now been separated by death. An exemplary housewife, a wise and kind mother, a helpful neighbor, a sympathetic friend, she left no duty unfulfilled.

Martha Morrison represented an intelligent, capable womanhood in its truest, because its most helpful and tenderest sense is honored by such life. In circles which for many years she has stood for the typical pioneer woman—fearless, cheerful, capable, willing, resourceful—she will be greatly missed. As for the rest, it may be told in the words of the wise man: "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

The Story of Wannetta

By JULIA C. LA BARRE



ONE September morning in 1844, the sturdy figure of a young Englishman might have been seen swinging along over the dim trail blazed out by Dr. Marcus Whitman and his devoted band of pathfinders. His bronzed face, untrimmed hair and beard, and travel-worn apparel, showing the ravages of time and weather, proved him a successful follower of far-seeing, loyal Whitman; and his strong, manly face, clear, honest eyes and cheery whistle, all testified to the pluck and enterprise that alone achieved the impossible. A powder horn hung on one side and a bullet pouch made of untanned fawn skin hung on the other. He carried a gun of modern English manufacture over his shoulder and a knife thrust into a rude sheath hung at his belt. As the sun drew near the meridian he stopped, looked from the sun, high in the heavens, back over the trail he had come, as if to calculate the length of nooning he might indulge in. His conclusions seemed to be satisfactory, for he stood his gun against a tree and threw himself on the green sward beside it, deep in the shadow of a cluster of trees. He was hungry, but a tempting dinner hung alluringly from some bushes, bending with their weight of luscious fruit, and the trickling of a little mountain stream told him he might drink like a lord.

It was one of those hazy days, late in summer, when the mountains and the woods seem so far, far away; when the marvelous mirage enchants the vision and the very clouds mischievously enlist in the ranks of the unreal and reality is a myth. The young Englishman, John Minto, who possessed a poetic soul, yielded to the fascinations of the day and lost himself in dreams of his own conjuring.

Prominent in these dreams figured the owner of a pair of soft brown eyes that had looked so saucily into his that very morning as he begged her to be serious just once, and answer truly before he left her. Evidently the look in the bright face belied the "no" the lips had spoken, for the lover's dreams seemed pleasant ones.

Suddenly the sound of approaching horses aroused the young man, and he sprang to his feet and caught up his gun just as the lithe figure of a mounted Indian swept into view followed by a loose pony. Minto admired the fearless grace of the rider and the beauty of his mount, while he prepared to receive friend or foe, whichever came. On came the rider with immobile face and averted eyes, as if utterly unconscious of the white man's presence; but, just as he came opposite Minto, he swung off his horse without checking his pace, and saluted. Minto returned the salutation and motioned to the newcomer to be seated. The Indian gravely declined the courtesy and went down to the bank of the stream. Stationing himself in position to

command all approach, he laid down his gun. Plunging his slender brown hands into the water he washed his face vigorously and wiped it on the corner of a gayly-colored blanket. He then took out a small comb and tiny mirror, such as the Hudson's Bay Company were finding in great demand in their traffic among the Indians, and proceeded to complete a toilet worthy of Beau Brummel, much to the amusement of Minto. The latter was surprised to find such indications of refinement in an Indian. His surprise rapidly developed into admiration when the young brave came into view again.

The Indian was a magnificent specimen of the Nez Perces—tall, straight and fair of face. He wore leggings, moccasins and a sort of shirt or tunic of the same shade of soft buckskin, heavily beaded in bright colors. From a beaded belt, which was a piece of real art, hung a sheathed knife, and he carried a gun which, when he rode, rested on the pony in front of him. A gay blanket, hung over one shoulder, completed this picturesque dress. That these physical graces were supplemented by fine qualities was evident in the expression of an intellectual face and an unconscious dignity of bearing, and Minto gave involuntary homage to this specimen of Nature's noblemen by rising as he approached. He had picked up some English by association with the fur traders and missionaries, and they could converse enough to understand each other. It came about that they both were en route to the Nez Perces encampment, where Minto expected to be joined by Daniel Clarke before proceeding on to the Willamette Valley.

Minto offered his gun for the trail pony. The offer was declined, but he was invited to ride it while they traveled together, a courtesy gladly accepted. They ate heartily of a dinner furnished by the Indian, of dried fish, kouse, or camas bread, a kind of cake made of sweet anise root, supplemented by a dessert drawn from Nature's bountiful resources about them, and they washed it down with copious draughts of the ale of primitive Adam. They resumed their journey early in the afternoon and reached the camp while the sun was still high. Here the Indian stopped and Minto dismounted, acknowledging his thanks for courtesies received. His companion bowed gravely and disappeared into a tepee. Minto threw himself on the grass to await Clarke's coming before proceeding on his journey. As he lay there, watching these grave, silent people, an Indian girl emerged from the tepee which his erstwhile friend had entered and offered him some ripe blue berries in a curiously woven basket. The striking beauty of the girl filled him with admiring wonder. He had seen pretty Indian girls, as Indians go, but this rare beauty of face and figure was enhanced by a sweet modesty that seemed out of harmony with her surroundings. Minto felt that he had found the Juliet that prompted the young Romeo's unusual adorning. 'Twas but the familiar story so old, yet ever new. Minto awaited the girl's return for the basket, wondering how he should express his appreciation of this unostentatious hospitality extended through so charming a messenger. Her bearing forbade the offer of the usual barter, but a happy thought prompted him to lay some fine new trout hooks in the basket, and a flash of pleased

acknowledgement in the eye of this fair young Hagar more than repaid him. That she was a bondwoman, a captive enslaved, he knew by those unmistakable signs so easily read by the initiated.

This tribe had not escaped from the ravages of the dreadful "Coldsticks," a disease that had greatly reduced the tribes of Oregon, not only in numbers, but in aggressive virility. It had consequently proved a potent ally to the Americans who had come to share their country with them, and who were rapidly taking the lion's share. Mourning for the dead and dying was heard on every side. No need of hired mourners here, for all were bereaved alike. Minto's companion of the morning, the chief's son and heir, had been summoned home because the old chief himself had at last succumbed to this fatal malady. All the great keel-al-lys had been banished amid the curses of their people, for neither their medicines nor their weird machinations could ease the sufferings of the great father, and he was only waiting for the coming of his son before going to the great "Sah-la-tyee." The old chief lay on a bed of skin in his capacious lodge. He might have been thought an old Roman hero dying in the midst of his camp. Not only was the resemblance in the barbaric grandeur of his surroundings, but in the figure and visage of this old warrior. The cast of the features would have been Roman had they not been Indian. There was a massive grandeur that bespoke strength, leadership and greatness of soul. The stalwart figure lay motionless while the longing eyes were turned toward the entrance. His look brightened as his son entered with bowed head. The attendant squaws retired, leaving the two together with no other presence than the slim figure of an Indian boy, who sat in the corner of the lodge, his great dark eyes fixed in unutterable sadness on the dying chief. It was not all grief at the loss of his master that brought that look of despair on the young face. The boy knew that, if his master died, he, as his favorite slave, must go with him to attend him in his spirit world. The old chief talked in broken uneven tones to his son upon whom was to fall the mantle of his authority, while the young prince sat, his head dropped upon his knees, his proud dignity all gone. The tones grew weaker and soon ceased, but the mourner sat there, the personification of manly grief. At sundown a wail from the squaws outside the lodge announced to the Indians that their chief was dead. The low chanting wail was taken up and sped on and on until it encircled the entire camp. A slight girlish figure darted from one of the huts and crouched against the wall of the chief's lodge, where sat the silent figure of the slave boy. Softly the girl called, "Talax, are you there?" "Yes, my sister." "Are you afraid?" "No. Talax is the son of a brave warrior and chief of a mighty people; I want to live to take my sister back to our father's lodge, and 'tis hard to die bound and a captive." Sobs betrayed the presence of the listener, but no one molested her. When she could speak again she asked: "Is Swift Eagle there?" "Yes, my sister." The girl rose slowly and stole steadily into the lodge and threw herself in the utter abandon of grief at the feet of the silent mourner. He longed to raise the prostrate figure,

for he was a man, and he loved the beautiful girl. But Indian etiquette forbade such a demonstration of sentiment, and with rare masterfulness he sat as immobile as a bronze god while the sobbing girl poured out an eloquent plea for the life of her brother. "O save my brother! Save him for me! Take another and save him!"

"I cannot, Wannetta," came in low, decisive tones; "I cannot. Quapama needs Talax. The old chief must have a brave, loving attendant in the land of Sah-la-tyee. He asked for Talax and I cannot keep him. The Great Sah-la-tyee will take care of him."

Crushed by failure of the attempt to save her brother, Wannetta drew her abundant hair over her face that others might not see her swollen eyes and returned to her place outside of the wall of skins. The wailing continued through the night, rising sometimes to the shrill tones of the beasts of the forests bereft of their mates. The weird tones of these wild people were like the voices of Nature blended in human cadences. At sunrise canoes were moored to the nearest bank of the river, and the body of the dead chieftain, robed in beautiful furs, was carried tenderly by strong men and laid in his own canoe. With it were placed all his personal belongings, a quantity of food, and finally, the Indian boy. Over all was spread the glossy black skin of his favorite horse, which a bullet had sent to the spirit world when his master's life went out. The other canoes were manned by stalwart braves, and this unique funeral barge was towed down the river to Memaloose Island, where the dead chief was gathered to his fathers. The unhappy captive, securely bound, was placed beside the bier and left to starve that he might still attend his captor whom he had served so faithfully.

When the young chief returned to the camp he saw a girlish figure lying prostrate on the turf in swoon-like abandonment. He must remember his dignity as chief now, and smothering the promptings of the lover, he entered his lodge with stately tread and seated himself on a sort of rude throne to receive the homage of his people. At night, when the encampment was wrapped in silence except for the moans of the sick and the movements of the attendant squaws, a slight figure stole to the river bank, loosened a canoe, and with muffled oars rowed toward the island of the dead. Wannetta was skilled in handling a boat, but knowing the long, long journey before her, she carefully conserved her strength. As she approached the island her heart sank at the uncanny stillness of this awesome place. She stole like a specter through the shadows until she reached the house of the dead, where she called softly, "Talax, are you there?" "Yes, my sister." Thus reassured, the girl crept in and clasped her brother in loving arms. The brave boy, who could face an awful doom with stoic composure, was unnerved by loving sympathy and sobbed aloud. "Here, let me cut these thongs. Can you stand? Now here is food and drink," and she laid before him camas bread and dried venison and a skin containing water. As the half famished boy devoured the food she told him she was going to plead again with Swift Eagle, and if he refused to save the boy she would do it alone. "He loves me, he will

do it. Be brave! My brother shall not die." Then she flitted away to resume the doubly tiresome journey back up the river.

Swift Eagle noticed with pleasure that the girl was less sad. She even smiled when he passed her and he ventured to approach her, as she sat apart, and plead his love. She listened with a far away look in her soft, dreamy eyes, and answered: "Swift Eagle is a mighty chief; he is strong and proud. Wannetta is but a captive maid like a snared bird, but she loves the noble Swift Eagle with a great love. She will be his wife if he will grant one thing." "Swift Eagle is strong to protect his little Wannetta and proud to do what she wills." "'Tis the promise of a mighty chief, and the heart of Wannetta is very glad. Let my brother go to our father's lodge and where Swift Eagle goes, Wannetta will go and will serve him as long as she lives."

The face of the young chieftian did not show displeasure, but a grave wonder. "But I cannot bring back the dead." Then she told him all that she had done with such winning grace that Swift Eagle could not find it in his heart to reprove her, for he was but a man with a loving heart.

Quietly, at dead of night, with the gentle Wannetta by his side, Swift Eagle rowed to Memaloose. Together they wended their way to the tomb, and there found Talax awake and alert, for his trained ear had detected the stealthy approach of footsteps. As silently they rowed back to shore where they had left a full equipment for the long and dangerous journey the boy must prepare to take. Talax clasped his sister in a long, last embrace, then, putting her hand in that of the young chief, he took his gun and disappeared in the shadows of the woods. Wannetta watched him as long as she could discern his figure in the darkness, then turned and followed her lover, though her homesick heart was with the youthful brave speeding toward the lodge of their chieftain father.



PORTLAND-ON-THE-WILLAMETTE—A SEAPORT 110 MILES INLAND

Moriah Maldon Crain

DOWN in the heart of Old Kentucky, the Dark and Bloody Ground of history, scene of the exploits of the immortal Daniel Boone, was born, November 13, 1814, the brown-eyed, brown-haired maiden whose name heads this sketch, and who became the wife of Rev. Clinton Kelly. Her father, John Crain, came of an ancient English house that traces its lineage back through Charlemagne, some hundreds of years prior to the Christian era; Sarah Rousseau, her mother, descended from Hilaré Rousseau, a Huguenot, who, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, sought refuge in America from the persecutions of a bigoted monarchy.

John Crain went from Virginia to the wilds of Kentucky in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and settled in Pulaski County, and there, with the help of his negro slaves, cleared a space in the forest and made for himself and family a comfortable home.

Moriah, the seventh child, dearly loved her native woods and streams; and, growing up in the pure, free air of the forest, drinking its balm and listening to its many voices, she rounded into a sturdy little woman, of fine, sensitive nature, timid almost to shyness. Being the youngest, she was shielded from much that we should call hardship, the negro women declaring that "Miss M'riah" must not "go fer to spile her hands" with such work as they deemed drudgery, fit only for themselves. Simon Peter, an elfish little black boy, was Moriah's special property, and well might he look to his ways, for his young mistress would tolerate no habits of trifling.

But there were no drones in the Crain household. The young woman of that day must have a well-wrought sampler of her own handiwork, and know all the intermediate steps of needle work, to the cutting and making of coats and the queer, apron-front "pantaloon" worn by her father and brothers. Spinning, weaving and knitting were in the course of lessons to be mastered under the watchful eye of the frugal mother, who well knew the value of such a dowry to her daughters.

Up and down the spinning-room sped Moriah's light feet, her deft fingers drawing out the long threads from the spindle, the while a clear young voice sang snatches of "Corydon," "Come, My Beloved, Haste Away," or some other quaint melody of the time, fragments of which floated off to the kitchen where Aunt Nelly, busy with culinary affairs, would stop in her work, and, turning her homely face toward the "house," ejaculate: "De Lawd bless dat chile!" Many a day saw a pair of warm socks knit by her busy fingers that in the morning had been crude wool; and once, on a wager, two pairs were the result of one day's work. Perhaps it was "weaving day," for the family, as well as the slaves, must be clothed mainly from the flocks in father Crain's pasture; or garments were to be made when sewing machines were unknown, or housework to be done; but there were ever the willing hands and the clear singing.

So passed happy days, filled with useful activities, their healthful quiet varied by neighborhood husking-bees, spelling matches, etc., where the young folks had their share of fun and frolic.

But the womanly heart was untouched until there came a-wooing to the home on Pitman Creek a stalwart circuit-rider, Clinton Kelly, to whose manly advances there was speedy surrender, and Moriah Crain went out from a tenderly nurtured home life to mother six motherless children, to bear nine of her own, and to share in all the toil and privation of the life of a Methodist preacher.

It was a quiet wedding. The bride made a sweet, old-timey picture in her black satin gown, with "mutton-leg" sleeves and pointed bodice, trimmed with pipings of black silk; the waving chestnut hair in a simple coil at the back of her head; dainty morocco slippers peeping from the hem of her robe; the money that would have purchased a new trousseau could be used to advantage in the home to which she was going.

The cloud of war appeared dimly on the horizon, and Clinton Kelly prepared to go

to Oregon. From the day the little company of emigrants turned their faces toward the west, in 1848, Moriah Crain never beheld kith nor kin again on earth. John Crain sent word from his distant home, "Don't take Moriah west of the Rocky Mountains." But her husband's mind was her mind, and her spirit was like that of Ruth of old, "Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

The wearisome journey over the plains came to an end. It was as if the world she had known and loved had closed its doors forever upon her. Loved ones might be dead weeks, even months, before the news could reach the log cabin in the wilderness on the banks of the Willamette. Wild animals roamed the woods, the Indians came with the freedom of the savage; she fed them, and breathed freer when they went away.

Immigrants came, too, and found the door always open, the table always spread, though simple the fare, served in pioneer style. Many a family bereft of their all were taken in, sheltered and fed during the long rainy months of winter, and in the spring went on their way rejoicing.

In the trying days of '56, when the Indians terrorized the whole Northwest, Mrs. Kelly's house, from garret to cellar, was crowded with refugees. The little cabin had been superseded by an immense log structure in what is now one of the eastern suburbs of Portland. It stood on the spot where now stands the handsome residence of the late Captain J. W. Kern.

In memory's hall hangs a goodly picture. It is a wide room, its walls are of round logs, with the bark peeled off, the floor is of puncheons; a huge fireplace in the back of the room is filled with blazing logs that send columns of flame up the roaring chimney, while the storm howls without. The recess on each side of the fireplace is filled by a high bed; the high windows are hung with ruffled muslin curtains. In a niche between a bed and the chimney is a stack of Kentucky rifles. In one corner of the fireplace sits a mother, her fresh young face framed in a halo of silver. The heavy work of the day is over, her little children are about her, and the ever-present needle plies in and out. The father sits near, and looks musingly into the fire. The wide spaces about the fire are filled by the older boys, the hired men and several belated travelers. Some small boys, whose mother died on the dreary march over the plains, are playing about the room.

In all the vicissitudes of frontier life, Moriah Crain bore her part well; there was never a word of complaint, and the song-spirit never died. When she was glad she sang joyfully; if she was sad or lonely, it was not apparent; the song overflowed just the same. The late Rev. William Roberts came in through the wide-open doors once as she sang, and said: "Sister Kelly, you are always singing." When a letter came over the wide reaches of plain bearing a black seal, telling of the death of her father, she brushed away the falling tears and tremulously sang of a meeting beyond.

One day—the thirty-first of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-three—as the sun sank to his rest behind the sea, she sang triumphantly:

"My soul's full of glory,
Inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with angels,
I'd sing them a song;
I'd sing of my Jesus,
And tell of His charms,
And beg them to bear me
To His loving arms,"

and the music of earth melted into the music of the heavens.

"Mother" was a fitting title for her who entered with hearty co-operation into all the benevolent purposes of her life comrade, known to old and young alike by the endearing name of "Father Kelly."

She was one of many noble women who helped to build the Empire of the West, and of such Spartan matrons was born its broad civilization.

Her sons and daughters are: Mrs. Sarah M. Kern, Penumbra Kelly, Mrs. M. Emily Shaver, and Dr. Richmond Kelly, well-known residents of Portland; Mrs. Laura F. Turner and Mrs. Fredrika B. Judy, of California.

L. F. T.

Susan B. Anthony's Visit to Oregon

By ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.



LIZABETH CADY STANTON and Susan B. Anthony visited San Francisco in the summer of 1871, and while the newspapers of that city were giving glowing accounts of the lectures and personnel of Mrs. Stanton, coupled with harsh and cruel criticisms of Miss Anthony, I called upon well-known attorneys of Portland, and through their assistance secured transportation from Ben Holladay for bringing the ladies by steamer to Portland. The steamer arrived in the night time, bringing Miss Anthony alone, as Mrs. Stanton was unable to accompany her.

Early the next morning I called upon Miss Anthony at the St. Charles hotel, where, instead of the "cranky old maid" the reporters of that period had been caricaturing, I was met by a softly spoken, motherly looking, modestly attired woman, to whom my heart warmed instantly. After some difficulty I succeeded in engaging the Oro Fino Theater for Miss Anthony's three lectures. Her audiences were large and good natured; but the daily papers were cold and critical, and but for my New Northwest, which had found a place in almost every household, I fear that our distinguished visitor would have gone from us with no very exalted opinion of our press or people. Her lectures over in Portland, we together visited a number of Willamette Valley towns, where our mission was well sustained and encouraged.

We visited the Oregon State Fair in September, and there being no public hall on the grounds for meetings, we spoke in an open space in the shade of the pavilion, where we were compelled to raise our voices to a screech in order to be heard above the commingled din of brass bands, steam whistles and the cries of competing showmen. On this occasion a certain military gentleman, a colonel and a bachelor, was espied in the audience whom Miss Anthony recognized as one who had characterized her in an article for a Kansas newspaper as a "slab-sided old maid." The good natured execration he received before he could get away was exceedingly amusing to everybody but himself; and I have never heard of his repeating the offense.

Returning from the Willamette Valley towns, we proceeded to Walla Walla, traveling up the Columbia as the invited guests of the late lamented Captain J. C. Ainsworth on one of the old O. R. & N. Company's palatial river steamers to Wallula, where we took stage for Walla Walla, thirty miles distant. The dust was a foot deep in many places, and the road abounded in hidden chuck-holes. But Miss Anthony rode fearlessly on the boot of a lumbering old stage coach, beside an obliging driver, who regaled her with the trite story of Horace Greeley's famous ride in Nevada, frequently ex-

claiming, as he flourished his whip, "Keep your seat, Miss Anthony; I'll get you there on time."

Annie Pixley, who was then starring in the Pacific Northwest, had possession of the only hall Walla Walla afforded; and no church being open to any woman speaker at any price, we secured a little hall at the rear end of a saloon, where we had a fine audience, but were solemnly censured for accepting the only place open to us by every preacher who had shut the door of his church in our faces.

From Walla Walla we journeyed by river and stage coach to Olympia, where we addressed a joint session of the territorial legislature, Miss Anthony remarking at the beginning of her speech that, although women had before addressed similar assemblies, this was the first time to her knowledge that they had done so by official invitation.

We then went to Seattle, Port Townsend and other Puget Sound hamlets, after which we visited Victoria, making many friends for equal rights in British Columbia as well as in Oregon and Washington. Our return trip by stage from Olympia to Cowlitz Landing was peculiarly trying. The November rains had come, the roads were horrible, and the night was pitch dark. But the driver was wise, the horses were intelligent and we reached the Columbia River without other mishaps than bumps and bruises. From Albany, Oregon, Miss Anthony took stage for Sacramento, lecturing often en route and everywhere making converts.

A quarter of a century later she returned to Portland, crowned with age and riches and fame. She was the bright particular star at the first Oregon congress of women in 1896, and was the honored guest of all sorts of public and private functions and organizations of women. Society opened its doors to her and her co-workers, and open-handed hospitality greeted them at every turn. The stage coach had given way to four transeontinental railroads, and the Star Spangled Banner was floating over the islands of the sea.

"The hour of woman's full and complete enfranchisement is not yet come," said our distinguished guest, "but it is coming. We have but to work and wait for it yet a little longer."

Years after the close of the Nez Perce mission the outward forms of religion were observed by the Indians. Prayers and singing were heard in nearly every lodge. At the council at Walla Walla in 1855 it was found that three lodges of the Cayuses and about one thousand of the Nez Perce Indians kept up regular family worship. They sang from the Nez Perce hymn book and read in their own language the gospel of St. Matthew, prepared for them by Mr. Spalding while at Lapwai. They showed surprising endurance of piety. Many kept up their knowledge of reading and writing so well indeed that they took notes and also made copies of the treaties and the speeches at this council at Walla Walla eight years after the close of the mission. In 1843, under Dr. White, these Indians organized a simple form of government, elected chiefs and adopted a few laws.

Life of Mrs. W. H. Gray

a Missionary to the Oregon Country in 1838.

MARY AUGUSTA DIX was born at Ballston Springs, New York, January 2, 1810, of English ancestry, and of the same family tree as Dorothy A. Dix, the philanthropist. She was one of seven daughters who grew up in a Christian home amid refined associations. Her parents took an active interest in church work, especially the singing. It was no unusual thing to see them and their seven daughters seated in the church choir, the mother and daughters all dressed in white. This happy home circle was destined to be broken, for in February, 1838, Mr. W. H. Gray, of Utica, N. Y., who had lately returned from the Oregon country, where he had gone in 1836 with Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spalding, as secular agent of the missions they went to establish, sought the hand of the eldest daughter, Mary, in marriage. Not a wife alone did he seek, but a co-laborer in this missionary field. Esteeming it a privilege to do the work of the Lord, she seemed to hear in this offer the voice of the Master calling her to His service. She accepted Mr. Gray, and within a month married him, bidding adieu to home and kindred.

Traveling by steamer and stage coach, Mr. and Mrs. Gray arrived at Independence, Mo., where they were joined by their fellow-missionaries, Rev. Cushing Eells, Rev. Elkanah Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith and a Mr. Rogers. There were more dangers and hardships than had been anticipated. Horseback riding in imagination and in reality they found to be two very different things. They spoke of this journey as going to sea on land. Perils beset them on every hand. Swift streams were to be forded, and deep ravines to be crossed. Indians often surrounded their camp, standing around like great dogs, and sometimes even followed them all day. Their tents were their houses, the bed and bedding a buffalo robe, a piece of oil cloth and blankets. Often they slept in their blankets when saturated from the rain, and upon rising in the morning put on their clothes as wet as when they took them off the night before. When they halted for the night the tents were pitched, the robes spread upon the ground within, then the piece of oil cloth. The saddles and loose baggage were arranged neatly about the walls inside; the blankets were rolled up and placed around the center for seats, and within the space the tablecloth was spread for the evening meal. Half-past three in the morning all were astir. Animals were turned out to feed, breakfast prepared and eaten, dishes washed, repacking done, morning prayers, and they were ready for the journey of another day.

One hundred and twenty-nine days after leaving Independence, Mo., they reached Whitman Mission, August 29, 1838. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and Rev. and Mrs. Spalding were anxiously awaiting their arrival, and joyously received these weary voyagers.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding having established a mission to Lapwai, Mr. and Mrs. Gray went there to assist them.

Mrs. Gray entered heartily into the work of teaching the Indian women and children. Immediately she began her labors with fifty or more natives, whom she taught under a pine tree until a log schoolhouse could be built. This is described as a puncheon-seated, earth-floored building. Here she taught till November, 1842.

Mrs. Gray had a remarkably sweet and finely trained voice. When she first joined in the singing at family prayers, Mr. Spalding realized that her singing would be a power in their Sunday worship, and requested her to conduct that part of the service. When the Indians heard her sing they were visibly impressed, and spoke of her as "Christ's sister," long after related by the old Indians and Hudson's Bay men. No doubt the awakening powers of her voice (coupled with her rare sweetness of character) had much to do with bringing about the great revival among the Nez Perce Indians. Sev-

eral hundred made confession of religion, which was, in a measure, lasting, for years after Mr. Spalding left this field the Indians in many of the lodges continued to read the Bible, sing hymns, pray and at their meals return thanks.

November, 1842, Mr. Gray, having severed his connection with the missions, and accepted the appointment as secular agent for the Oregon Institute, the family moved to the Willamette Valley. With her husband, son and two daughters, she made a journey which would now seem most novel. The Columbia being the great highway of travel, the party embarked upon its waters in a Hudson's Bay Company batteau, and went as far as Celilo. From this point to the cascades they were conveyed in an Indian canoe. Here Mr. Gray decided to take the trail, believing it safer than the turbulent waters of the Columbia. Mrs. Gray and her little ones quit the swift-gliding canoe to take passage on the backs



MR. AND MRS. W. H. GRAY

of some jogging Indian ponies. When they were deep in the mountain fastness, they encountered a heavy snow storm, which made further traveling in any direction impossible. Mr. Gray dispatched some of his Indian guides to Fort Vancouver for help. At the Columbia they found a canoe, in which they made their way down the river. As soon as Dr. McLoughlin heard that a woman and little children were in the mountains snow-bound, he at once sent to their relief a batteau, manned by Hudson's Bay Company men. In this dismal situation strongest hearts were tried, but Mrs. Gray, ever equal to the emergency, calmed their fears, and dispelled the gloom. She sent out over woodland and mountain peak the sounds of her voice as she sang hymns of devotion and praise. The oarsmen, wending their way up the Columbia, caught the strains of her song wafted over the waters, and were thus directed to the spot where the members of the little party were

imprisoned. The kind-hearted boatmen soon conveyed them to the river bank, where they gladly embarked for Fort Vancouver.

In after years Mr. and Mrs. Gray resided in various places, always laboring to advance the cause of Christ. They exerted a decided influence in the interest of temperance and of education. Their home was the center from which radiated all social and reform movements. In 1846 they assisted in founding on Clatsop Plains the first Presbyterian church in the Northwest.

Mrs. Gray's presence was gentle and dignified. Many there are yet who bear testimony to the nobility of her character. She possessed a pure spirit and a strong soul, and was so pacific in her disposition that under the severest tests she remained calm and self-possessed. When in her last moments her husband asked her, "Mother, are you going to leave us? Are you ready?" she replied: "Yes, if it is the Lord's will. I have endeavored to serve Him and He will not forsake me now." Her last words were a prayer that her husband, children and friends might join her in the Father's house not made with hands. With this prayer upon her lips she passed away, December 8, 1881, at her country home, the Clatskanie farm, aged nearly seventy-two years. Nine children were born to this divinely appointed mother, seven of whom survived her.

In 1870 Mr. and Mrs. Gray returned on a visit to their old home in the State of New York, going to San Francisco by steamer, and then across the continent by rail. Whisked along on the fast-moving train was in sharp contrast to their first journey over these plains on horseback thirty-two years before.

In closing this recital of some of the events in this noble, consecrated life, we relate the following as proof that the motive power in it all was a deep and abiding submission to what she believed to be the will of God. Not long before her death her daughter, Mrs. Kamm, said to her: "Mother, I have often wondered how, with your education and surroundings, the refinements of life you were accustomed to, and your personal habits, you could possibly have made up your mind to marry a man to whom you were a total stranger so short a time before, and go with him on such a terrible journey thousands of miles from civilization into an unknown wilderness, exposed to countless dangers. Mother, how did you do it?" After a few moments' pause her mother replied with great earnestness and solemnity: "Carrie, I dared not refuse. Ever since the day I gave myself to Jesus, it had been my daily prayer, 'Lord, what will thou have me to do?' When this question, 'Will you go to Oregon as one of a little band of missionaries to teach the poor Indians of their Savior?' was suddenly proposed to me, I felt that it was the call of the Lord, and I could not do otherwise."

LADD & BUSH, BANKERS.

The banking house of Ladd & Bush, Salem, Oregon, was organized in 1867 by a co-partnership of Asahel Bush of Salem, W. S. Ladd of Portland, and C. E. Tilton of New York. This partnership lasted until 1883, when Mr. Asahel Bush purchased his partner's interest and continued the business under the same name and style, and later taking his son, Mr. A. N. Bush, into partnership with him, the old firm name being retained. With abundant capital to meet such demands as may be placed upon them for the moving of crops and legitimate business enterprises, with long and tried experience in banking matters and in the making of collections, with improved vaults and safes guarded by the best time locks, they are at all times able to give protection and care to such business as is entrusted to them.

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Pioneer Women of Methodism in the Northwest

By MISS MABEL HASELTINE.

THERE appeared at the frontier trading post of St. Louis in 1832, four Indians who had come from the distant shores of the Western ocean asking for the "White Man's Book of Heaven." After months of unavailing search, overpowered by hardships and disappointments, two of their number succumbed, and with saddened faces their companions turned homeward, their quest unfulfilled. Throughout our country the fruitless mission of these savage people was related. The religious world, stirred to its depths, called for volunteers to carry the message of the Lord to these longing souls. To the quiet homes of old New England the summons came, and, moved by a holy purpose, young wives turned from the shelter of their fire-sides to brave with their husbands the unknown perils of the wilderness. Into the schools and colleges the cry penetrated, and cultured young women, as well as stalwart young men, eagerly offered to share in the dangers and privileges of this great mission. Jason Lee, a hardy young college man, filled with deep religious fervor, was the first to respond to this appeal. In 1834, with two companions, he set forth on his perilous journey to the westward, and, in less than a year, had begun his work among the Indians. By 1840 two missionary settlements had been formed in the Oregon territory (as the whole Northwest was then called), the Presbyterian, east of the Cascade Mountains, under the direction of Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spalding, and the Methodist, on the banks of the Willamette, superintended by Jason Lee.



TAYLOR-STREET M. E. CHURCH.

The lasting influence of the Methodist mission is largely due to the courageous hearts and patient devotion of the women, who gave their youth and strength to the establishment of this work. These women, who dared the long ocean voyage, or braved the sufferings and privations of the overland

trail, were either the youthful wives of the missionary workers, or young women teachers. Among their number were Puritan daughters of New England, who had inherited the daring spirit of their forefathers, and in whose veins flowed the blood of revolutionary heroes. They possessed the characteristics of the true pioneer. To them belonged an unfaltering courage which brought them through many a peril on their toilsome way, which led them undismayed by hostile tribes and left them unafraid to meet death in the wilderness. Endurance was theirs. In all the records there is no murmuring about their difficulties, no regret that they had undertaken so hazardous a mission; but steadfast in hope and unswerving in purpose, they made their journey to a strange land. Above all they had the spirit of self-sacrifice. They had not sought to explore new scenes nor, like the early settlers of California, were they lured of gold; but for the glory of their religion and the love of humanity they sought in the isolation of the Oregon forests two thousand miles from the nearest church bell to become a civilizing power. In the homes and in the settlements not only among those of their own race, but upon those they had come to teach, their presence made for all that is permanent in the social and moral life.

Indians eager for the light were not awaiting them, but a degraded tribe, weakened by disease, listened indifferently to their teachings. The mission work was doomed. In 1848 it had to be abandoned, but not before a little had been accomplished in the betterment of the race for which the sacrifice had been made. Although the work was given up, there had come to these young settlers a love for the snow-covered peaks and grass-grown valleys of the land of their adoption, and there was no thought of returning to the East. Here they had suffered and sorrowed; here they had toiled, and here they would cast their fortunes. They remained loyal to the great church, under whose auspices they had come, and the influential position of the Methodist denomination in the Northwest to-day is due not alone to the sterling qualities of the men who pioneered the work, but to the cultured Christian character of the women as well. Not only the church, but the state owes a debt of gratitude to these women who helped lay the foundations for the social structure that is our heritage to-day.

It was one of these pioneer women, Miss Chloe A. Clark, who opened the first school for higher education in Oregon, the Oregon Institute, and many of the sons and daughters of the settlers received from her and her associates the inspiration of higher ideals. This school, almost entirely supported by the early missionaries, was the leading educational institution of the state.

The missionary women sowed the seeds of righteous living. In the midst of the wilderness they set up their homes. It was one of their number (Anna Maria Pittman Lee, wife of Jason Lee) who was the first American wife and the first American mother in Oregon's boundaries, and it was this wife and mother who was the first white woman to be laid beneath Oregon's soil. They helped to rear the bulwarks for the future state in

moulding the characters of their children. The lessons they had learned in battling against hardships and surmounting difficulties led them to instill these principles of courage and endurance into the minds of their sons and daughters. The part they had played in planting in the Willamette Valley a colony, American in thought and purpose, inspired their children and their children's children with a patriotic love of their country and a desire to defend and preserve it. To their children they have left the rich heritage of an honored name and lives well spent.

Abigail Scott Duniway

MOTHER AND HOME BUILDER.



WHEN we consider the hands that build a nation, we naturally look to those whose workmanship is uppermost—the statesman, the legislator, the soldier, the philanthropist, the author, the painter, and the poet. Beneath all these we find the work of smaller, but sometimes mightier, hands. The former may have laid the cornerstone and fitted the keystone to the arch, but the solid masonry of the foundation, upon which the entire structure must rest, is the work largely of the latter.

The hands that work unobserved and silently have builded into the national edifice that which will enable it to withstand the storms of time; and these hands are the hands that rock the cradle—the hands that keep the hearthstone bright and the light burning in the window for wandering feet.

Sometimes the great hands that have helped to chisel out the cornerstone and to mold out of human thought the keystone to the arch have also been among the silent workers. While building grandly above, they have reached down among the workers in the realm of home and builded as grandly and as wisely there.

Among these dual workers are most of the women whose names stand pre-eminent as builders in state, in literature, in philanthropy—not least of whom is our own Abigail Scott Duniway.

In our community is the fruit of her home work. Five sons, solid citizens of their country, stand as worthy testimony to a mother's work. As a public worker in the cause of freedom, as a framer of laws for betterment of the condition of women under the law, Mrs. Duniway stands equal to any; as a mother and home-builder second to none.

M. O. D.

From the diary of Mrs. Elkanah Walker (a missionary of 1838): "February 15. Camped at the Sweet Water at the foot of Independence Rock, so-called because the Fur Company once celebrated Independence day here. In company with Mr. and Mrs. Gray went to the top of the rock. This, I should judge, is one hundred feet high and a half mile in circumference. It is coarse granite, quartz predominating."

Charlotte Moffett Cartwright

CHARLOTTE TERWILLIGER was born in Chicago, Ill., December 21, 1842. Her father, James Terwilliger, was a Hollander, and her mother, Sophronia Hurd, of Scotch descent.

In May, 1845, Mr. Terwilliger, with his wife and four children, started across the plains to Oregon. He was in the party that took the Stephen Meek's "cut-off." All the company came near perishing before they found their way out of the wilderness. Like many others, his wife was prostrated by the perils and hardships and survived only a few days

after they reached The Dalles. Mr. Terwilliger arrived at the present site of Portland in November, 1845, and erected the first dwelling house—a log cabin—on the immediate spot where the infant city had birth in 1847.

The name of Charlotte Terwilliger is enrolled as one of the first pupils of the first school taught in Portland. April 12, 1860, she was married to Walter Moffett, a young Englishman. They settled at once in the little home Mr. Moffett had made ready on Seventh street, where he later erected the house since owned and occupied continuously by his family. This home was ever open to all who sought its portals, especially to young men and young women, by whom its kind mistress was affectionately called "Mother Moffett." Motherless little ones, too, found



MRS. C. M. CARTWRIGHT AND GRANDSON.

shelter here. One daughter and five sons were born to Mr. and Mrs. Moffett, of whom two are living—James and William.

In 1862 they went to Europe and traveled for two years in France and the British Isles, spending much of the time, however, at the home of Mr. Moffett's childhood in merry old England, where his mother still lived.

Mr. Moffett, being a ship master, spent much time on the sea. While out on a long voyage in 1878 the mystic boatman bore him to that haven beyond the shores of time. His body was brought home, and now rests in the Lone Fir cemetery with his three sons and only daughter.

March 8, 1887, Mrs. Moffett was again happily married to Mr. C. M. Cartwright, of Eastern Oregon. In his beautiful mountain home a new field opened to her. This place was the home ranch for the many hands employed in Mr. Cartwright's extensive stock business. To their comfort she attended with care. They held her in high esteem, fully appreciating her motherly kindness. The entire community was to her an object of interest. She visited the country school in the neighborhood frequently, but the Sunday school received her most earnest efforts. In connection with this she estab-

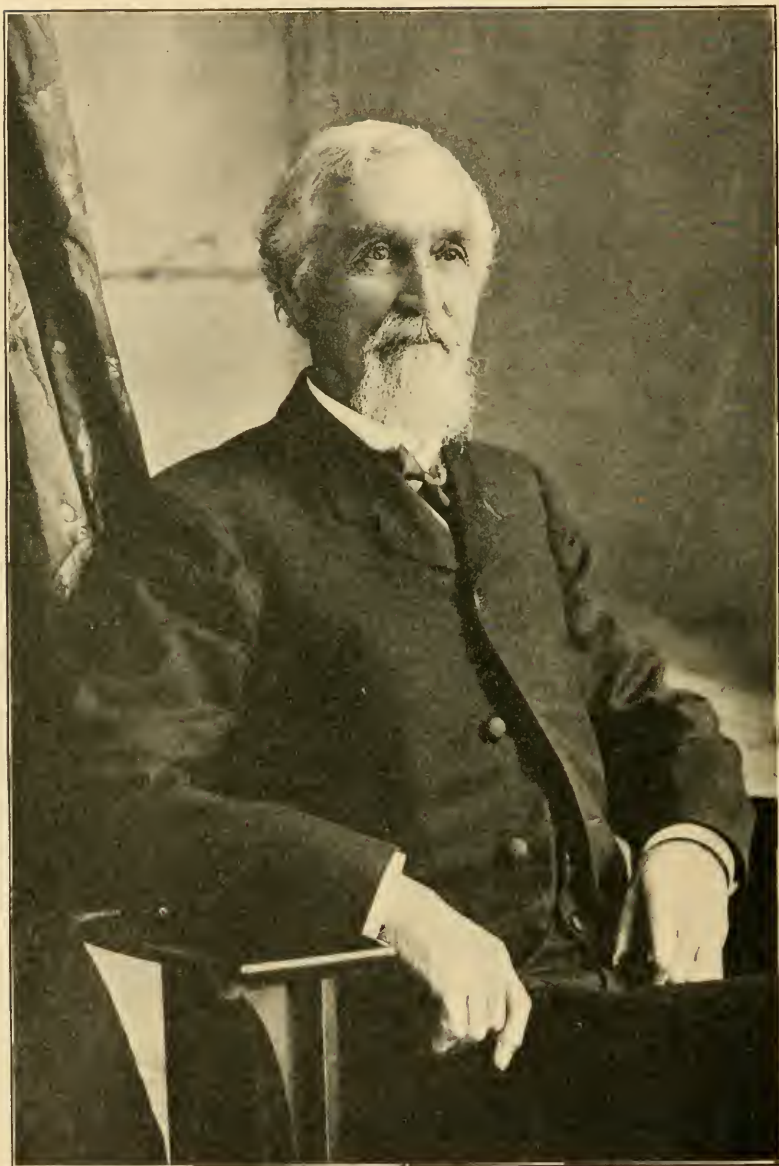


FIRST HOUSE IN PORTLAND.

lished, at her own expense, a circulating library of standard works. These were carried into homes a hundred miles distant, but always returned. Many a lone shepherd's cabin has been cheered by these good books.

Mrs. Cartwright's characteristics are unselfishness, kindness and benevolence. It is her delight to promote the well-being of others. Her many acts of generosity are gratefully remembered. Her motto has ever been, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Her friends of fifty years ago are her friends still.

A pioneer among pioneers, she is chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary to the State Pioneers' Association, a place she has filled with acceptance for many years. She is first vice president of the State Equal Suffrage Association, of the Forestry Club and of the Sacajawea Statue Association; she is a charter member of the Portland Woman's Club, and fills the place of chairman of the Oregon History Department in the club.



REV. J. A. HANNA

Sketch from the Life of a Pioneer Minister

By REV. J. A. HANNA.



MARRIED a handsome and accomplished young lady in the city of Pittsburg, Penn., at 6 o'clock a. m., and at 7 of the same day took the advice of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man, go West." Having advertised for a company to go as a Presbyterian colony to Oregon, we rendezvoused in St. Joseph, Mo., and on the 5th day of May, 1852, we crossed the Missouri River and were on Indian territory. We journeyed continuously, except on the Sabbath day, which we observed religiously, for four and a half months, when we arrived in Oregon City September 20. Here we received our first mail from home. After a welcome rest we resumed our journey up the Willamette Valley, and located in Benton County, thanks to Uncle Sam, who gave us all a farm.

Now comes the home life. We obtained rough lumber at a sawmill ten miles distant and erected our little cottage on the prairie, where we lived without doors or windows for one year. By the fireplace, which, with the chimney, was made of mortar only, the good wife did all of her baking and cooking. But, you ask, what did you have to eat? Flour at \$10 per hundred pounds, potatoes at \$3 per bushel, beef 25 cents per pound, and butter \$1 a pound. Sadder still, we had no money to buy with.

Owing to the generosity of the government in giving such large donation claims, neighbors were remote from each other, but they were kind and obliging. Earlier pioneers remembered that they, too, were pilgrims and strangers, and how much they enjoyed the kindness and assistance given them in time of need, and each newcomer soon learned how to show Western hospitality.

There were a great many old bachelors among the early settlers of the country. They were required to live on their claims to hold them. Lonely and disconsolate, they sighed for the joys and comforts of a real home. The married man could double his possessions, as the government gave the wife also, in her own name, one-half of a section of land. Hence on each fresh arrival of immigrants these anxious bachelors were on the lookout for a fair young lady to share their comforts and increase their possessions. Too often they married in haste and soon parted. And yet, as a rule, marriages were of the type that are made in heaven, each loving pair laboring diligently to build up a permanent and happy home.

We were a contented people, as we should be, holding such possessions in a goodly county, with a mild climate, rich and productive soil, conditions that never fail to produce crops sufficient to meet the demands of every industrious laborer.

Oregon Territory enjoyed the distinction of being a prohibition district.

The constitution prohibited the importation, manufacture or traffic of distilled liquors. The saloons had not yet commenced their deadly work. The country was new and healthy; no prevailing epidemic. There were few accidents, and fewer murders. When death did visit a family the neighbors came to their assistance, comforted the bereaved, made the coffin, dug the grave, and conveyed the remains to its final resting place. The minister of the gospel directed the mourners to the true source of all comfort. Thus we assisted and comforted one another without compensation or cost. Now it requires a great deal of money to die and receive a Christian burial.

The first work of the pioneer was to build a house to shelter the family. But soon the schoolhouse was erected, and for lack of churches the ministers preached in the schoolhouses, and very often in the log cabin homes of the people. The different denominations were well represented even in pioneer days and their ministers were intelligent, well educated and godly men, devoted to the Master's work. They traveled everywhere on horseback, swam rivers and endured hardships to establish the Christian religion. These brave men continued in their work, organized churches and established and strengthened them.

Soon it became necessary to erect houses of worship, and in this as in all other things the minister must take the lead. Let me give one case as an illustration. The congregation wished to build a house of worship. They insisted that the pastor should head the subscription list, which he did by subscribing 10,000 feet of clear lumber from the mountain mills fifteen miles distant (and lumber cost money in those days). Then he hauled all this lumber with his own team when it required twelve hours to make the trip. Also 5,000 feet of lumber was purchased and brought by raft and tied up to the river bank. A call was made for volunteer help to bring the lumber from the river to the church lot. The minister with his team and a merchant of the town alone appeared. They took the lumber and delivered it on the church grounds, and when the work was done they looked more like longshoremen than pastor and merchant. After great sacrifice and long delay the house was finished. The work was all done by hand, as there was not a planing mill or sash and door factory in the country. It was dedicated free from debt, and it yet accommodates a large congregation after nearly a half century's service.

And what sacrifices the minister must make! A church member may be absent from service on account of storm or flood, but never the minister; he must be there, rain or shine. I know one minister who, during the decade from 1850 to 1860, was immersed twelve times, each time having a good horse under him. On one occasion in January, after swimming a stream and being wet to the shoulders, he rode twenty-five miles and preached that night and twice on Sunday in the same wet clothes. And he still lives and loves to tell of the arduous work of those days. Those pioneer ministers frequently traveled two hundred miles on horseback to attend special meetings or conferences, and were of necessity absent from home a great deal. And yet

they continued in the work at less than half pay. Many of them have ceased from their labors and entered into their everlasting rest. "Well done, good and faithful servants." A few are yet living, though "honorably retired," and they look back with pleasure on the grand results as they contrast those feeble churches with the strong and well supported ones of the present day, and rejoice in the great things God has done for us on this coast.

Eliza Spalding Warren

Sketch of the Second White Child Born in the Oregon Country

I was born at Lapwai November 15, 1837. Here my father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Spalding, had established a mission in 1836, the year in which they crossed the plains in company with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and W. H. Gray. The mission was among the Nez Perce Indians.

In my childhood there was not a white person within a hundred miles of us. I can well remember the deep interest father and mother shared in teaching and otherwise helping the Indians. How often do I recall the days when we lived among them, and how safe we felt notwithstanding our helplessness.

When I was 9 years old my parents sent me to Dr. Whitman's mission to attend school. As father did not have the time to go with me, I was sent that long distance through the Indian country in the care of an Indian woman. When night came, no thought of danger, no fears; we would camp just like the Indians—our horses tethered near by on the grass. That confidence my father and mother had in the Indians no doubt was the key to their success as teachers and guides.

When we had occasion to take trips, we traveled as the Indians did, on horseback with pack horses; we camped where night overtook us; crossed the rivers in canoes and swam our horses. Things, however, changed as other influences came among the Indians.

The frontier has a great charm for me. Now in these advanced years of my life I have settled in a little home on the beautiful Lake Chelan, near the great snow-capped mountains, and here I hope to spend my remaining days.

IRVINGTON

Is the select suburb of Portland. Two electric car lines every fifteen minutes until 12 o'clock midnight. Any one intending to build should examine this beautiful location before selecting a site. C. H. Prescott, trustee, 22-23 Chamber of Commerce.



DR. W. F. ALEXANDER

A Pioneer Country Physician

By DR. ROVIA E. ALEXANDER.



JOSEPH S. NEWMAN, a merchant of Terre Haute, Ind., started in the spring of 1852 with his family and a train of his own across the plains to Oregon. Mr. Newman was taking a large stock of dry goods to begin a business in the Oregon Territory. When they arrived at the Missouri River they found the stream swollen to many times its normal size. Here our travelers were compelled to await their turn to be ferried over the river. Three weeks elapsed before all of Mr. Newman's train was across. Then the journey in the wilderness began. At long intervals military posts had been established. Hostile Indians roamed about, but Mr. Newman and his men were well armed; so little fear regarding the Indians was felt.

The company journeyed along until a point 250 miles west of Fort Laramie was reached. Here, early one afternoon, they camped on the north bank of the Platte River. The horses and oxen were turned out to feed on the abundant grass. As evening approached buffalo were seen in the distance. Mr. and Mrs. Newman mounted their fleetest horses and rode in pursuit of the herd. The chase was exciting, and they rode far, but without success. Wearied, they returned to camp. Mr. Newman drank copiously of cold water; that night he was attacked by cholera, and within twenty-four hours was a corpse. Scarcely had his body been laid away when Mrs. Newman became a victim of the dread scourge, but the timely arrival of medical aid saved her life.

Then was enacted one of those events that portray the perfidy of some natures in contrast to the heroic courage of others. While Mrs. Newman was battling for life against the cholera, those miscreants, her hired men, conspired to rob and desert her. Selecting the best teams and taking all the wagons except the one she occupied, they drove away, leaving the prostrated woman and her children by the roadside, hundreds of miles from kindred and friends. But possessed of sublime courage and fully realizing her danger, she was up from her sick bed as soon as strength would permit, and, with the aid of her two stepsons, hastily prepared to return to her friends in Indiana, though roving bands of Indians made this a desperate undertaking. At this juncture an emigrant train came along, which she gladly joined and came on to Oregon. With the aid only of her two boys, 10 and 12 years of age, she managed her teams. Only in places of special difficulty or danger had she to accept assistance from her fellow travelers. Thus the long journey was accomplished. October found her safely housed for the winter in a little log cabin on the banks of the Santiam River. This

cabin was the property of that true Virginia gentleman, John Crabtree, who, with his estimable wife, never forgot the widow and the orphan. Through all that first winter in Oregon they made it their concern to know that she and her children were provided with food and fuel. Here we will leave her for the present.

In the fall of 1852 Dr. W. F. Alexander arrived in the western part of Oregon. So charmed was he with this beautiful land that he decided to make a permanent home within its borders. Before starting for the West he had purchased a stock of drugs and medicines, with which to open a practice upon his arrival in Oregon. But scarcely had he passed beyond the limits of civilization when it became necessary to draw upon his precious store. A little party of emigrants encamped on the north bank of the Platte River had fallen victims to the cholera. The owner of the train was first seized and quickly succumbed. Then the widow was stricken. Learning that a physician was in a train near by, a messenger was sent for him. He speedily responded to the call, and by his skill the woman's life was saved.

Through all the long journey the doctor spared neither strength, time nor substance in his efforts to relieve the suffering. He saw his little store of medicine, the representative of all his worldly wealth, grow smaller and smaller till nothing remained; his empty purse was also a mute witness to his kindly generosity. So upon his arrival in Oregon, though rich in youth, he was penniless. Winter was at hand and wants were pressing. He soon found employment as teacher in a country school on French Prairie. At the close of the term he went to the Albany Prairie, where he located a claim and built his cabin, the nucleus of the home he hoped to establish.

The doctor had never lost sight of the woman whom he first met on the banks of the Platte and whom he saved from death. Now that he had a home, humble though it was, to offer her, he sought Mrs. Newman, who accepted his proffered heart and home, and they were married in Linn County, Oregon, February 15, 1853, and settled on the farm the doctor had located. Here he entered upon the practice of medicine, and continued with slight intermissions for more than thirty years.

A country doctor's work is always hard. In those early days it was arduous. Then a trip of thirty or forty miles on horseback to visit a patient was a common occurrence; but this was only one of the difficulties the doctor had to surmount, as the following memorandum will show:

Mr. B——, living on a farm twelve miles distant, was taken ill with typhoid fever. Dr. Alexander was called to attend him. Rain had been falling several weeks, and the miry roads were well nigh impassable. Mounted on a strong, spirited horse, the doctor made his way comfortably enough until the Calipooia River was reached, where he found the bridge swept away and the waters overflowing the banks. What was to be done? The thought of the stricken man waiting for him helped him to decide. Touching his horse the animal plunged into the stream, but was soon swept off its feet. Then together horse and rider struggled against the swift current

until the opposite bank was reached. Arriving at the bedside of the patient he found him critically ill. Trained nurses were unknown, and it often devolved upon the doctor, as it did in this instance, to assume the post of nurse, sometimes to watch by the side of a patient throughout the night. The journey over the miry roads and swimming the Calipooia was repeated many times, until the hardships, fatigue and exposure to the contagion proved too much for the physician's strength. He, too, was stricken with the fever. After weeks of serious illness, health and strength were restored.

There were no hospitals, but sufferers had to be cared for. The doctor's doors were open to all, and many came: the sick, the lame and the blind sought his skill and found shelter and kindly care under his roof. Often that country home resembled more a hospital than a private residence. In the care of the afflicted his noble wife lent invaluable service. Her sweet and gentle presence made her tender care of these sufferers itself a healing balm. So dearly beloved was she and so highly valued in the community that the whole country about was in mourning over her death, which occurred within a few years. To this day no name is more tenderly revered by those who knew her than that of the good and beautiful Annie Alexander. Her mother was Lady Hastings, wife of Lord Hastings, though a second husband. Colonel Shombre, was the father of Mrs. Alexander.

Time brought many sad changes to Dr. Alexander. The irregular life and incessant toil of a country physician told upon his health, and manhood's later prime found him a physical wreck. Following came financial losses, and he had the sorrow of seeing the home he had carved out of the wilderness pass into other hands.

Surrounded by his children, whose devotion did much to lighten his sorrows and compensate him for his losses, he spent his last years in Santa Clara, Cal. There, in sublime patience, despite his great suffering, he awaited the summons that must come to all, and on Christmas day, 1902, he answered the call, having completed his four score years.

J. M.

St. Mary's Academy is situated in Jacksonville, Oregon, the terminus of the Rogue River Valley Railway, which connects twice a day with the Southern Pacific at Medford, five miles east. The healthfulness of the location, with the facilities for obtaining a solid refined education, renders the place an ideal one for the education of girls.

The object of this institution is to impart to young ladies a Christian education, useful and cultured; in a word, to teach all that is taught in the most approved schools.

The moral and intellectual improvement of the pupils is attended to with the greatest solicitude, and the most devoted attention paid to their domestic comfort. The pupils are at all hours under the watchful care and government of their teachers.

No distinction is made in the reception of pupils on account of religious opinions, and all interference with the convictions of non-Catholics is carefully avoided. Good order, however, requires that all should conform to the general regulations of the academy.

This institution, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, is incorporated, and authorized by the state to confer graduating honors, which consist of a diploma and a gold medal. The four years' academic course includes advanced work in English, Latin, modern languages, mathematics, science, history, and physiology.

For further particulars apply to the Sister Superior.

Babies of the Pioneers

By EUNICE W. LUCKEY

Tired cattle stumbled on the dusty trail,
Men's hearts grew faint and women's cheeks turned pale.
But some there were who knew no cares nor fears—
The laughing babies of the pioneers.

The giant mountains made their gloomy boast,
And frowned defiance at the weary host,
But still their laughter lightened toil and tears—
Those jocund babies of the pioneers.

Where widening rivers rolled in sullen pride,
Bearing a menace on each sombre tide,
Their voices woke the mirth that charms and cheers—
Those bonny babies of the pioneers.

Wherever danger lurked and courage failed,
When even the stout hearts of their fathers quailed,
They scorned the foeman's arrows and his spears—
Those sturdy babies of the pioneers.

Life's morning broadened into glowing day,
Life's noontide faded into twilight gray,
They bore the heavy burdens of the years—
Those stalwart children of the pioneers.

The time of testing is forever past,
The days of rest and honor come at last;
We give them every title that endears—
Those toil-worn children of the pioneers.

And still they smile, as memory leads the way
Along the trails the cattle made that day;
They smile and wait till evening's star appears—
Those gray-haired children of the pioneers.

Some Early Oregon Schools

By MARIANNE HUNSAKER D'ARCY.



EARLY in the spring of 1846 our parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hunsaker, started from Illinois with their family of five children to "cross the plains," my mother driving a light two-horse wagon with her small children in it. They were part of a large "company" from the prairie state.

As soon as they could safely leave the "company" east of the Cascade Mountains, they pushed on alone over the "Barlow road," theirs being the first wagon to come directly over—from the plains across. How well I remember the momentous event, to us children, of getting our wagon down Laurel Hill by means of ropes, one end tied to the wagon and the other around a tree, while father, with the assistance of mother and brother Horton, would slowly lower it to a place where the horses could safely draw it again.

But I must go on to my school. We went directly past Oregon City to the Molalla, where we found shelter in a log cabin of two rooms (more than one was a luxury in those days), and one was generously given "the emigrants." The first thing after a shelter was to get in a fall crop. That accomplished, the men of the neighborhood put up a primitive log schoolhouse with puncheon floor, rock-stick-and-mud fireplace and chimney, benches made of puncheons with holes bored and pegs stuck in for legs; no windows, no desks, no table.

Father came home one evening and told us they had the teacher engaged to begin school, a man by the name of Snyder. "I must go to Oregon City to-morrow," he said, "and get the children some books and leather to make shoes." Each man was his own family shoemaker in those days. Ah! what pleasure at the thought of shoes and books! How anxiously were we looking as the time drew near for his return; but evening came and no father. It grew dark; we waited, we watched, we listened. The weird, lone sound of wolves was all that greeted us. It must have been 9 o'clock when we heard his welcome voice calling for Horton to come and get the parcels while he went on to put his horse away.

What queer-looking books they were—long rolls of what seemed to be paper, simply printed newspaper, and that was what kept him so late, waiting for them to be printed. How carefully and, it seemed to me, reverently, mother opened the parcel, and how disappointed we were to see the books.

After mother had given father his supper she went to work folding, sewing and pasting our books, while father busied himself taking the measure of our feet for shoes. We went to bed leaving them thus employed by the light of the open fire and tallow candles, or perhaps a tin cup or plate with grease in it and a twisted rag-string burning.

When I awakened next morning it seemed to me they had been working

all night, for there sat father at work on the shoes, while mother was preparing the breakfast; on the table were our books. Oh! such lovely books, covered with a piece of one of mother's worn-out calico dresses, her prettiest dress, I thought. No city boy or girl could be more pleased with their nice new books than we were. And the rapture of it! Such cute thumb-papers in each! What boy or girl nowadays knows what a thumb-paper is? Simply a piece of paper folded in fanciful shape. Happy were those who could boast a pretty colored one that would be too good for every-day use. In holding our books while studying, the paper rested under the thumb and saved wearing the book.

Father had only finished one pair of shoes (Horton's); the rest of us were barefooted, and there was a light fall of snow on the ground, but there was no talk of staying at home. Horton went ahead and scraped one foot along, thus clearing the snow from a path for us small girls to walk in. I have often wondered if we cried with our cold feet. I have no recollection of doing so. Perhaps the thought of our books, thumb-papers, and school kept us from noticing our feet. Any way, before school was out that afternoon father was at the schoolhouse with our shoes slung over his shoulders, and how proudly we put them on in front of the fire, with the other children interested onlookers. Whether we had stockings or not I do not recall.

I cannot say how long Mr. Snyder taught, but my first recollection of gingerbread was while he was teaching. There was some talk of fastening him out if he did not "treat" (according to some custom), and he sent to Oregon City and got gingerbread. It was a treat to be remembered for years. After Mr. Snyder closed his school, Miss Allie Cornelius taught us for a brief period.

In 1847, I think, father built a sawmill on the Columbia, and moved his family there, but sold out after a few months, and we came sailing and rowing up the river in a flatboat, past the new town of Portland, to Green Point, just below Oregon City. He chose that place because he had heard that the Sisters of Notre Dame had opened a school for girls there. We were soon enrolled as day pupils, and in a short time as boarders; for father built another sawmill on the Washougal, and he and mother, with the two younger children, had gone there. What a trio of poor little homesick girls, mere babes, the eldest not more than 9 years old! It was here I first saw Dr. McLoughlin, who often came to visit the school with his daughter, Mrs. Rae, afterward Mrs. Harvey, whose two daughters were also boarders there. There, too, we made the acquaintance of our worthy Dr. Barclay and his lovely bride, who, as the years went by, grew even more lovely in person and in character. Here were gathered children from all over the Oregon country, whose parents in many cases were in the gold fields of California, trusting their children to the care of the Sisters.

In November, 1849, our parents came back from the Washougal mill and settled on the dear old place which was to be the future home of the family. And I think it was the next year that Mr. Fisher, a Baptist minister, opened

a school in the Baptist Church in the lower end of the town, just across the street from the Sisters' school. He had for his assistant his daughter, Lucy Jane, who was my teacher, and was greatly loved by all her pupils. Mr. Fisher, to my youthful mind, was very austere, and when Lucy Jane turned the third reader class over to him, after our second failure in spelling and definitions, it was a dreadful moment to me. He kept us after school, and in dismissing us said in his most impressive voice: "If this lesson is not correctly recited to-morrow I shall make you boys take off your coats and I shall flog you. And, as for you, miss (pointing to me), I shall ferrule your hands."

Never shall I forget the fright and humiliation I felt. All the way home I prayed to be able to recite the lesson, and all the evening, and through my broken sleep, was a continual prayer. But the next morning I said nothing to any one about it, fearing to be blamed for not doing my duty. My attention was arrested by hearing father say:

"Mother, the new teachers from the states are here and are to open a school for girls in the Congregational Church this morning. Suppose we send the girls to them, and let Horton continue at the other school."

My very breath stopped for the answer, and such a relief, when, after a short talk over it, they decided to make the change. Never a lighter-hearted girl started for school than I on that morning.

These teachers had come out in a ship from the East. Two of them were to teach in Oregon City in the seminary, but as the building was not completed they taught at first in the church.

How happily and gladly I walked past the Baptist Church with father to the new school. Never did a face look sweeter or pleasanter to me than Miss Lincoln's homely features that morning, meeting us at the door with outstretched hands. Her mouth extended across her face as she smilingly said, "And are these little girls to be our pupils?" and giving us each a kiss of welcome, introduced us to her assistant, Miss Smith. They were both old maids, as were the other teachers who came out with them, but they did not long enjoy that distinction. Miss Lincoln afterward married Judge Skinner and lived long in Oregon. Miss Smith married a Mr. Beers, living somewhere near Salem. Miss Vaughn, one of two sisters, married Mr. Facler, an Episcopal clergyman.

As soon as a room in the seminary was ready the school was transferred to it, and the remainder of the building was occupied as it was finished. Our late lamented Judge Shattuck brought his bride and began his work on this coast in that seminary. There their first child, a daughter, was born, and we were all permitted to go in and see the new baby, as a part of the building was fitted up for housekeeping and for boarding pupils. Later there was a division in the school, Mr. Shattuck taking charge of the boys and Miss Clark the girls.

In the early '50s the Sisters closed their school and returned to Canada. Mr. Fisher's school continued under the Rev. Geo. C. Chandler. In this

school originated, I think, the first thought of the Baptist college, which afterward found a permanent home at McMinnville.

The seminary was continued as a day and boarding school for girls under different teachers until the advent of Francis E. Hodgson, when boys were admitted.

Throughout the Oregon country, and far beyond, are scattered those who attended these early schools. The number included many people of wealth and of influence who have filled high positions in social and civic life, and many, very many, have passed on across the borderland of time.

THE NATATORIUM, BOISE, IDAHO

This handsome building is after the design of an ancient Moorish structure, and is surrounded by beautiful grounds. It is situated at the end of the electric car line about one and one-half miles from the center of the city. It has a diving plunge 122x61 feet, with a depth ranging from three to fourteen feet. There are 120 dressing rooms for plunge bathers and a large number for private baths of all kinds. These baths are supplied with natural hot water from artesian wells having a flow of 800,000 gallons per day; temperature 170 deg. In addition to their wonderful cleansing properties, these waters have rare medicinal qualities. They are of great value in all kinds of skin diseases, digestion and liver troubles, rheumatism, gout, ulcers of the stomach, etc. In addition these waters are used for domestic and heating purposes in the city. They are conducted through iron pipes to the Natator-



ium, thence to the city, supplying many large buildings and private dwellings with heat. The loss in heat sustained varies from 3 to 5 degrees. The total cost of this property is \$130,000. It is owned by the Boise Artesian Hot & Cold Water Company.

Life Sketch of Mrs. Mary A. Denny



RS. MARY A. DENNY was born near Nashville, Robertson County, Tennessee, November 25, 1822—the eldest of three children, two daughters and a son. Her father, Richard Freeman Boren, was a Baptist minister and moved to Illinois when Mary was quite young. The field of his labors covered long distances in this new and sparsely settled country, and the life proved too strenuous for his not very robust constitution. He passed away at the early age of 28, leaving his wife with three small children, the subject of this sketch being only 5 years old. Soon after his death his widow took the children back to her father, Joseph Latimer, with whom they remained until about 1830, when he decided to remove with his family to Illinois. They settled in Knox County, taking up land and opening farms. Mrs. Denny's childhood was spent much like that of all children in a new country, attending the district school and assisting with the housework, which included spinning and weaving cloth for table and bed linen as well as for the family clothing. She was married November 23, 1843, to Arthur A. Denny, and in 1851, with their two little girls, they emigrated to Oregon. Leaving their Illinois home April 10, they reached Portland August 22, where their eldest son was born September 2. On November 5 they took passage on the schooner *Exact*, Captain Folger, for Puget Sound, where they and their party landed November 13. After nearly five months of weary travel they had at last reached the "land of promise." Is it surprising that the tears flowed when Mrs. Denny, with her tiny babe in her arms, looked around upon the wild unbroken forest and thought of the trials, privations and dangers of the life now before her? Mr. and Mrs. Denny remained during the winter at "Alki Point," where they first landed. The following April, in company with other members of their party, they crossed to the east side of Eliot Bay, and located claims where now is the city of Seattle.

Of the intervening fifty-three years much might be said, but as it would only be a repetition of the oft told experiences of pioneer women we will only add that Mrs. Denny brought up six children, two daughters and four sons, and was blessed with the companionship of her devoted husband fifty-six years. Now she awaits the end of this mortal life in happy anticipation of a glad reunion with him on the other shore.

Mrs. Denny is living in the enjoyment of the well-earned fruits of early industry and economy. In a beautiful home in one of the loveliest parts of the city of Seattle she is passing the evening of life. A devoted daughter lovingly attends her every want. Through her companionship and tender ministrations is rounded out the full measure of earthly happiness of this pioneer mother.



SPECIMEN LUMBER TREE OF THE OREGON-WASHINGTON FORESTS
COURTESY OF PACIFIC MONTHLY

The Dawn of the Sea Wind

By MIRIAM VAN WATERS.

“**D**O you live in Nehalem?” There was no answer
 “I have never seen you with the Nehalem tribe; do you live in the hills?” The girl was silent, motionless.

Her great dark eyes stared at me, stared until they read my innermost soul. What they read there I do not know, but her lips curled in scorn. In the depths of her dark eyes I could read that a barrier lay between us. I could feel the freedom of unbounded, untrammelled generations. I could see the vast forests, the starlit water courses, the long shafts of moonlight shimmering through the trees. I could feel the strength of the great plains and the long, barren sandhills. I could hear the roar of mighty waterfalls. I could feel the latent force of the passionate love and hate which surged through the girl's blood—the passion of the primitive.

And in contrast to it all there arose before me the crowded cities, the sordid lives of thousands, huddled together in misery and squalor—the poor, petty passion which loves by contract and hates by law, and then the clanking of the chains of conventionality shut out the sight and the sound of everything else. The barrier was too strong, the very blood in my veins forbade me to grasp the primitive sweetness. And so we stared.

When the girl took her eyes from my face it was to look upon a poor wizened atom of humanity which lay in her arms. And something sweeter than the scorn played about her lips.

The baby's face was pathetically thin. It seemed as old and wrinkled as the buckskin wrapped around it. But the child did not cry—a faint little gasp came now and then from the baby lips.

“The baby is sick. You should get it some medicine at the company's store.”

Then the girl spoke.

“At the company's store—yes, I have been. They not give. I have not money. They—they struck me when I asked again and again.”

“How long—how long has the child been sick?”

“A moon, and now she dies. She is starving. I am starving.” The words came brokenly in the soft Chinook.

“I have food—medicine,” I said. “Will you come? You need no money.” The words stuck in my throat. Even the Chinook could not cover their harshness.

For an instant her eyes flashed with the inborn hate; then the mother love overcame and she followed me.

Once she turned white and staggered. She would have fallen had I not been so near, and when I lifted the tiny bundle from her arms she sighed with relief as though the baby's slight weight had burdened her.

At last we reached my cabin. Not another living soul was within ten miles of us. Behind and on either side stretched the forests; in front lay the bay. My skill in medicine is not great, but the intuition which the Fates give us in a great emergency came to our aid. And finally the child slept.

The sunlight was fading. Killamah, the girl, sat beside me on the doorstep. The sleepy twitter of many birds—the solitary yelp of a distant coyote—the swish of the water as it lapped against the shore—merged into the sweet twilight and Killamah spoke.

“Will Sea Wind get—get well?”

“I cannot tell, dear; perhaps. I wish it more than anything in the world. And are you stronger now?”

“I am well.

“You are young, Killamah, and—alone?”

“Yes,”

“And is Sea Wind your child?”

“Yes.”

“Has she a father, Killamah?”

The girl’s dark eyes turned full upon me. “Yes.”

For an instant her lips quivered, then she dropped her head in my lap. I stroked the thick, dark hair. “Tell me, little one.”

The musical voice was infinitely sadder and more beautiful than anything I had ever heard. Sometimes it faltered; sometimes the force of it thrilled me.

“Margaret Hill, you understand. You have a child?”

“No, Killamah.”

“Then you have loved? You not speak—Margaret Hill, you turn your head away. Are you angry?”

Ah, poor little one, and had she loved—too?

“No, Killamah, I am not angry. Go on.”

“No person has ever heard, and you—you, Margaret Hill—you would not tell?”

“No, dear.”

“Killamah is not an Indian. Her mother was half-breed, her father a Nehalem. Sixteen times since the birth of Killamah the wild geese have come to the marsh and have flown northward. When I was a child my father taught me to shoot and to paddle. He showed me how to trap the great bear and to steal softly, softly up to the deer. Killamah was his only child—she was wild and free. She knew no ways of a house. In the summer nights she slept under the starlights, and she killed and ate and gathered berries when she was hungry. She swam in the deep, cool streams in the forest when the sun was hot, and no one asked where Killamah had been.

“And then—then the mother went out over the trail, out over Necarnie—for provisions, she said, but my father had plenty. She went to a city—Astoria you call it. And then when she came back my father drove her away. She went back to the man. He was white.

"And my father and Killamah hunted and fished. But the big fire burned the forest, and he had to work for the company. He worked in the mill. There was a woman there—she cooked their food. She was white—ugh!—white, with fair hair and little blue eyes. She was fat and red—ugh!—and her voice it was harsh like the marsh crane. And one day she made my father marry her. She told my father that she would cook for him and earn money—and—and he married her.

"She hated Killamah. She beat Killamah, and cut her hair, and made her cook, and take care of the baby. And Killamah ran away. Then my father was sick—he wasted away, and Killamah went back to him. My father died.

"The woman beat Killamah—because there was not food for me and her baby too. And she put this here with a hot iron when she was angry."

I shuddered. There was a long white scar on her breast.

"And Killamah ran away again. It was winter and the Great Whiteness was deep—deep. I went to the mill people. They had known my father. They laughed at me. They yelled, 'Get out of here—you half-breed. Go to your Injuns—they'll help you.'

"The Indians of Nehalem lived on the other side of the Great Canyon. I knew not the Indians. They had disowned my father, because he had married my mother. But Killamah went to them. Sometimes she crawled like the great bear, on her hands and knees. Sometimes she walked. Killamah's moccasins were cut—when Killamah stepped, there was red on the Great Whiteness. For three days Killamah crawled and walked, and then she saw the Indians. They were poor—the women were cold and sick, and there was little food. But Killamah wanted just one buckskin to wrap around her and die.

"They set the dogs on her and cried 'Shame!—a half-breed! She is half-white! Go back to your white people! Go back to the company—mongrel, cur, half-breed!'

"Killamah didn't hear it all—she crawled away and lay on the Great Whiteness—the cold wind was freezing—the hungry wolves—and the big, still night—"

The girl trembled as I put my arm around her. Then, after a silence, she went on:

"When Killamah was nearly dead she opened her eyes—and there was some one kneeling beside her. Ah!—Margaret Hill—he was so strong and beautiful. He was a Nehalem. He was dark and deep-chested like my father. And he lifted me, like a baby in his strong arms—and we glided along on his great snow shoes. Then, Margaret Hill, he took me to a cabin—far, far up in the hills.

"Killamah wasn't beautiful then, but he loved her. And my father's people—his people—said they would kill him if he came back. And his father, the great chief, told none to speak his name, or they, too, would die as he had—to them. But Sea Cliff only laughed at them. He would take me in his arms and say, 'Killamah, little one, my people are the Sea. They

storm, and beat their tempests against the Sea Cliff, but the Sea Cliff stands silent and stern and unmoved. And Killamah is the dancing waterfall, which dashes over the cold rock and makes it beautiful—beautiful.’

“The Great Whiteness melted, and went back to the river and to the sea. And when the summer came, and the violets grew in front of the cabin, the Sea Wind was borne to us. Softly, gently, she came, and Sea Cliff and Killamah were happy.”

The girl had raised her head and was sitting upright, her face turned toward the evening sky. A long shaft of amber twilight fell full on her face, on the low broad forehead and the eyes with their dark lashes; on the beautifully moulded chin and the curved lips, which could express the depths and heights of her passion. The night wind blew the short skirt in graceful folds about the lithe, young limbs. The buckskin mackinaw, the bared feet and ankles, the long coil of dark hair, stamped themselves indelibly upon my memory. At last she turned her face away. The tears which she could not shed were in her voice.

“Margaret Hill—the great fire came again, and burned the cabin and the forest—and—Sea Cliff.”

“Yes, Killamah.”

“I cannot go—go on.”

“And Sea Cliff died?”

“No.”

“Did—did he go away, little one?”

“No.” I could scarcely hear the faint whisper. At last: “He—he worked in the mill, and a—a log fell on him. They sent him away from me—to the hospital—you call it. A moon ago, and he has not come back. The Sea Wind dies, and Sea Cliff is alone—alone. Killamah cannot go to him—she knows not where—she has no money. It may be that Sea Cliff has weakened and fallen, and the Sea rages over him. Killamah does not know.”

There was a long, long silence. The twilight deepened. The girl at my side did not move.

Then suddenly she jumped to her feet—her chin uplifted, her eyes strained towards the bay. There was a faint sound which suggested the rhythm of a paddle—a quick step sounded on the shore.

A tall, dark youth, with flashing eyes and quivering lips, thrust me aside and strained the girl to his heart—“Killamah—Opitsah.”

The sweetest word in all the Chinook is “Opitsah”—sweetheart.

I strolled off toward the bay and bowed my head. The starlit water, the sweet incense of the firs, the wind, the magic of the night had never failed before, but I could not raise my head.

And, finally, when I went back through the trees Killamah and Sea Cliff still sat on the doorstep.

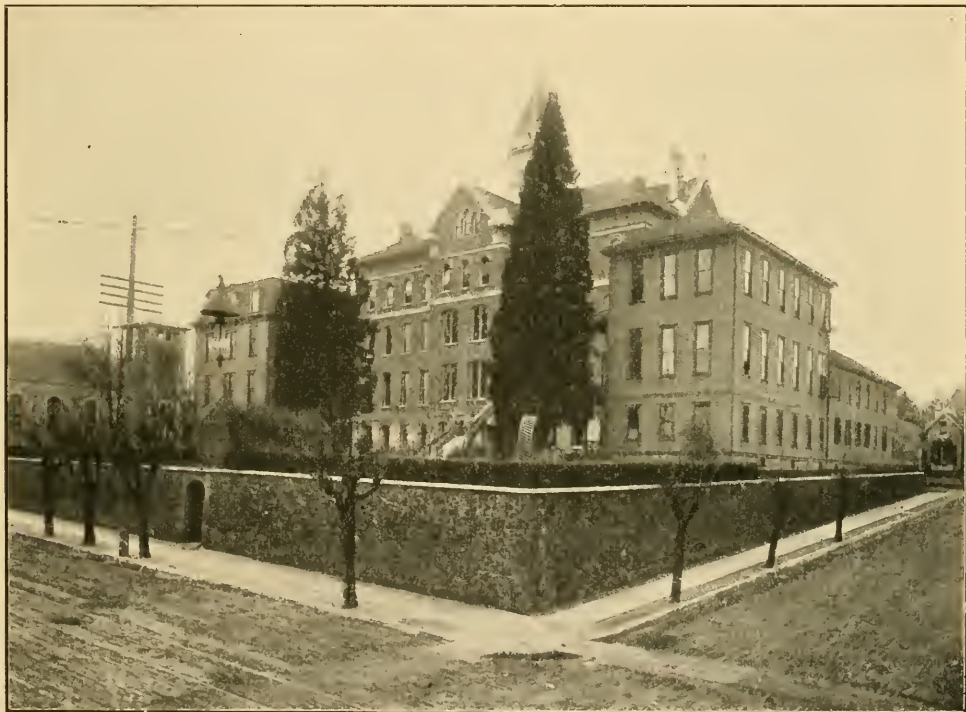
“And did the little one think Sea Cliff would not come back? But he is here, Killamah. The Sea Cliff did not fall though the Sea beat against it—and the Sea Wind, opitsah, will come back to us, as she came before, Killamah.”

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY AND COLLEGE



ST. MARY'S ACADEMY AND COLLEGE enjoys the distinction of being the first educational institution founded under Catholic auspices in the State of Oregon. Heads of the community, then laboring in Montreal, appreciating the needs and possibilities of this Northwest, sent twelve of their Sisters to Portland in 1859, and October 21 saw the modest beginning of St. Mary's Academy.

Notwithstanding the countless obstacles encountered in the upbuilding of an educational institution in a new and thinly populated country, the Sisters met all difficulties with courage, industry, and perseverance, and to-day St. Mary's Academy, with its splendid buildings, extensive equipment, well-trained faculty, and three hundred students, stands as a glorious monument to the zeal, wisdom, and sacrifices of the noble religious.



Nor has its character as a Catholic institution ever narrowed its sphere of usefulness. During the forty-five years which have passed since its foundation it has received students of all denominations; and graduates, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, have shared the refinement and culture which it has ever labored to impart.

Manifesting the vigorous life of a well-organized institution, it gained the confidence of the state authorities, with the result that St. Mary's is qualified to confer collegiate degrees and academic honors; successful examination before the state board entitles her students to state certificates.

The past history of St. Mary's Academy presages splendid achievements for the future. Having served the cause of education faithfully and well for nearly half a century, the hope is indeed well grounded that, as in the past, so also in the future, she will ever prove herself a true and valiant "Alma Mater" to the young women of the West.

R. G. T.

Ezra and Lucy Taft Fisher

BY SARAH FISHER HENDERSON



My parents, Ezra Fisher (born January 6, 1800) and Lucy Taft (born March 21, 1805,) were natives of Wendell, Franklin County, Mass. They were married at Wendell, February 7, 1830.

Ezra Fisher was a descendant, in the seventh generation, of Anthony and Mary Fiske Fisher, of the parish of Syleham, County Suffolk, England. Anthony, their second son, came to New England in the ship *Rose*, June 26, 1637, and through this line we trace our ancestry. We have no early record of the Taft family.

My father, when eighteen years of age, accepted the tenets of the Baptist faith, and soon began fitting himself for the ministry. Lack of means and a severe illness conspired to hinder his progress, but he took the classical course at Amherst, supplementing that with theological studies at Newton.

His first two pastorates were at Cambridge and Springfield, Vt. During the pastorate at Springfield he received and baptized eighty converts.

In November, 1832, the American Baptist Home Missionary Society commissioned Rev. Ezra Fisher to take up mission work at Indianapolis, Ind. There, at Quincy, Ill.; Davenport and Muscatine, in the then Territory of Iowa, and lastly at Rock Island, Ill., he prosecuted his work of organizing and strengthening churches and building meeting houses. His services in that rapidly developing section of the Middle West covered a period of about twelve years.

Sent as missionaries to Oregon, he and Rev. Hezekiah Johnson, on May 20, 1845, began the journey across the wilderness which lay between them and the goal of their desires. For mutual safety some fifty families traveled in company. After enduring many privations, the two missionaries reached the point on the Columbia River where now stands the city of The Dalles. While camped in that vicinity my father preached to his first Oregon audience.

At the cascades of the Columbia the flatboat upon which the two families depended for their transportation, was lost in the attempt to shoot the rapids. Left without the means of continuing their journey, two men were sent to Dr. McLoughlin, asking help. He sent a batteau to the Lower Cascades, and in that all were brought to the Willamette Valley.

Deacon D. T. Lenox, who came to Oregon in 1843, had sent his son, Edward, to pilot my father to Tualatin (then called Tuality) Plains. Mr. Lenox's family of ten lived in a two-room log cabin, that had a small addition on one end. A widow occupied the small room. One of the principal rooms was partially vacated for my father's use, and December 22, 1845, we (six) went into winter quarters there. All cooking was done by the open fire. Boiled wheat was our staple article of diet.

During that winter my father taught a school. In the spring of 1846 he spent some weeks traveling in the interests of the denomination. He served a few months as pastor of the West Union Church, but soon removed to Astoria. Old residents of Astoria tell that he erected there a house built of clapboards, all of which were split from the trunk of one fir tree. At Astoria he organized and superintended a Sunday school, preaching also on Sundays.

The first day school for the children of the pioneer settlers on Clatsop Plains was taught by my eldest sister, L. J. G. Fisher, during the winter of 1846-47, and early in 1847 my father removed to Clatsop Plains. There he built a house for school and church pur-

poses. During his stay there he maintained preaching and Sunday school services, my sister continuing to teach the day school.

In the spring of 1849 my father, feeling hampered in his work by lack of means, joined the number of goldseekers who were flocking to California. He realized there his modest expectations, and soon returned to his family.

In the fall of 1849 he removed to Oregon City, and with my sister for his assistant for two years taught the school that was being carried on in the little Baptist meeting-house. In 1851 he was appointed exploring agent for the Home Mission Society. My mother was ill able to assume the added responsibilities imposed by her husband's frequent absences from home; but she bore this, as all other trials, with rare Christian fortitude. We hold our mother's memory sacred, not alone because she was our mother, but also on account of her gentle, self-sacrificing life. I cannot remember ever hearing her speak an unkind word. January 20, 1854, she was taken from us.

On June 27, 1854, my father married Mrs. Amelia Millard, a pioneer of 1851. She conscientiously discharged toward his children the duties of a mother, and endeared herself to all.

In 1856, my father, finding his health much affected by exposure, ceased to act as exploring agent. During his four years' service in that capacity, he penetrated almost every sparsely settled section of the Willamette and Rogue River Valleys, preaching and organizing churches and Sunday schools among the pioneer settlers.

From November, 1856, to about 1870, he served weak churches near Sodaville and Washington Butte, Linn County, and at The Dalles, Wasco County, supporting his family mostly upon the proceeds of dairy, nursery and garden, working often sixteen hours on week days and preaching and teaching in schoolhouse or courthouse on Sundays.

When about seventy years old he removed to the neighborhood of San Diego, Cal., hoping to end his days in that equable climate; but a year later was persuaded to return to The Dalles to fill the pastorate of that church, for which he had previously done so much. After returning to Wasco County he was elected superintendent of the public schools, adding this to his other responsibilities.

In the discharge of his duties as school superintendent he contracted the disease that proved fatal, November 1, 1874. Throughout his life he had conscientiously striven to perform his whole duty toward his fellow-men and his God. At his death he was honored by all who knew him.

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COURTESY OF
PACIFIC
MONTHLY

Dame Nature's Monument



ONE of the most wonderful miracles that Nature ever wrought is to be seen in the Thunder Mountain gold region, State of Idaho. This curious freak consists of a rough shaft, composed of boulders and gravel towering seventy feet high. It tapers slightly and is crowned by a huge rock, whose weight is estimated approximately at fifty tons. This remarkable formation is undoubtedly the result of centuries of erosion, and the process is still in operation. The space of time required to erode the earth and rocks from this seventy-foot monument may be only faintly realized when it is considered that there are full grown trees near the shaft.

O Nature, ever strange in mood!
Why rearest thou this noble shaft
In mountains' deep retreat?
Wouldst thou no other eyes,
Save the bright stars above,
Should thy rare monument behold?
Dost thou no other praises seek
Than that the winged warblers give,
Or rattling thunder peals aloft
In language of the gods?

M. O. D.

"The Two Islands"



DR. THOMAS CONDON, the geologist, and the most noted man of science the Northwest can claim as her very own, has given to the world an invaluable contribution, "The Two Islands." This book, explicit in detail and so simple in construction that it is within the grasp of a child's mind, is yet so rich in scientific lore and so deep in research that a sage may peruse its pages with profit.

Dr. Condon is at home in this work, for the book is a recital of his own study of the field. In this Northwest, the home of "The Two Islands," he has faithfully labored for half a century. Digging deep into the earth, he has uncovered its story and opened its pages that all may read. Included in this exhaustless library is also a record of the vegetable and the animal kingdoms as they appeared in the different stages of the formation of the earth's crust.

Through explorations and excavations, he brought to light, in the John Day country in Eastern Oregon, fossil beds of vast extent and of inestimable value to science. He was first to find, near The Dalles, on the Columbia, a fossil of the earliest prehistoric horse. This little creature was but eighteen inches high. Now, although past 80 years of age, Dr. Condon still tells the interesting story of this land so rich in geological treasure.

Wherever The Souvenir goes it gladly bears this testimony to the work of our honored and beloved citizen, and happily calls the attention of its readers to his book, "The Two Islands."

M. O. D.

Sealth and Angeline

By MISS E. L. DENNY, of Seattle



CCUSTOMED as we are to hear these two famous names prefixed by "old," it may require a little effort to think of them as once having been young,

"In a far-off time,
That golden mist of distance doth enfolden,
They were in their prime."

In such a time Sealth was a young "tyee" of the Soljampsh Indians of Puget Sound, possessed of a vigorous physique, a keen eye, an unerring hand. In common with other Indian lads, he had learned wood, water and hunting craft. He became an important figure in his world of wild nature and wild men. As time went on he married, obtained slaves, became rich, a "hyas tyee" (big chief). Sealth had more than one wife, and three sons and five daughters. Schweabe, a tall Soljampsh chief, was Sealth's father. Woodsholitza, a Duwampsh woman, was his mother. Of them but little is known. In his dealings with the white race, Chief Sealth was just, peaceable and generous. He was known to the pioneers as the chief of a number of tribes, and as exercising considerable influence, mainly by his oratory. When the roving bands drew up their long, dark canoes to the pebbled beach, Sealth's majestic voice rang out in power and convincing argument on the listening ears of warrior braves gathered about the council fire. He was not a great fighter, although he made several war expeditions upon his enemies in which he was successful.

During the Indian war of 1855-6 Sealth was friendly to the whites, and counseled his people to keep the peace.

The pioneers modified the name of Sealth to Seattle, generally speaking of him as "Old Seattle." The honor and esteem in which he was held found expression in the naming of the newly platted "town" of Seattle in 1852.

Chief Sealth, baptized Noah Sealth, died and was buried at Port Madison reservation, being of the (supposed) age of 80 years. A beautiful monument of Italian marble, provided by A. A. Denny and other prominent pioneers of Seattle, marks his resting place.

Of Chief Sealth's descendants, his daughter, Ka-ki-is-il-ma, called Angeline by the whites, is the best known. Her mother was the first wife of Sealth. There is only a meager account of her mother, who must have died some time previous to the coming of the white people. And the grown-up young Ka-ki-is-il-ma, with smooth brown cheeks, round limbs, bright, full eyes, abundant hair, sound white teeth; how different from the one we have known! Wrinkled, leathery, lame, poor old Angeline!

Do-kub-kun, the Skagit chief, came from the northward, to place the courtship poles against her father's wigwam at Sma-qua-mox (Alki Point) on

a mild September day, ankuti (long ago). Sealath consented, for what price, if any, we know not. She stepped, as a princess would, into the big canoe of the "tyee" from the Skagit and went a proud and willing bride to dwell with his tribe for a time. Doubtless she wore, as she described to the writer, her newest robe of deerskin and collar of shells. Left a widow ("Taliska"), a Duwampsh chief took her to wife, and he in turn departed to the spirit land. Her two daughters, Che-wat-tum, or "Betsy" and "Mamie," were married to white men.

Unlike her father, Sealath, who remained quietly on the reservation allotted to him, Angeline persisted in living near the white people in Seattle. For a long time in her old age she lived in a little shack on the water front with Joe Foster, her grandson. She was a Catholic, and a good woman according to her light. She worked for white people until too old, and was then provided for by the pioneers. I believe neither she nor Sealath ever partook of the white man's intoxicants; the natives never made an alcoholic beverage.

Angeline died on May 31, 1896, probably near 90 years of age. She was buried with honors by the pioneers and others, reposing in a canoe-shaped coffin as though voyaging to unknown shores. Rev. X. Prefontaine conducted the services, which were attended by a great concourse of white people. According to a wish she had expressed, she was buried near her old pioneer friends in Lakeview cemetery, Seattle, and the children of the city of Seattle placed a stone at her grave.

Angeline was industrious and honest; showed courage and determination; had affection for her children; had faith; said she "knew God saw her all the time," and in failing years that she never lay down to sleep without saying her prayers. "For," said she, "I might die in the night."

THE ALLEN PREPARATORY SCHOOL

The Allen Preparatory School, established three years ago, has deservedly won a place among the academies and college preparatory schools of the state. The best advantages are here offered to earnest students preparing for college, and also to those who do not wish to fit for college, but who desire a thorough course of study and advanced work in special branches. Classes in grammar school studies are formed at the beginning of each term and are under the charge of competent instructors. These classes cover the essential work of the eighth and ninth grades of the public schools. The aim of the school, as set forth in the catalogue, is "to teach pupils how to study, to help them to gain a mastery over self, and to develop character." A faculty has been selected, each member of which is in entire sympathy with this aim, and the school is characteristic for a high sense of honor among its students, and for the harmony and good-feeling between teacher and pupil, and among the pupils themselves. The school building, located at the corner of Sixth and Main streets, Portland, Oregon, has recently been enlarged to accommodate the largely increased attendance. School opens September 19, and the school year closes June 23, 1905.

Pioneering in Legislative Halls



THE FIRST APPEARANCE before a legislative assembly by official invitation in any part of the Pacific Northwest, of which the compiler hereof can find a record, occurred in the autumn of 1871, in the capital city of Olympia, Washington Territory, when Abigail Scott Duniway, accompanied by Susan B. Anthony, was graciously accorded a hearing by invitation of a joint session of the two houses in advocacy of the enfranchisement of women. The addresses of these famous leaders attracted wide attention, but failed to secure the legislation desired, though they opened the way for subsequent action.

In the month of September, 1872, Mrs. Duniway, being clothed with discretionary power by the executive committee of the Oregon State Woman Suffrage Association, visited the Oregon legislature and began a peaceful struggle for the enfranchisement of the women of Oregon, of which the compiler cannot do better than to quote from her personal narrative (see *History of Woman Suffrage*, Vol. III, p. 770). Mrs. Duniway says: "My first experiences at the capital city were especially trying. I spent two days among my acquaintances in Salem in a vain attempt to find a woman who was ready or willing to accompany me to the state house. All were anxious that I should go, but each was afraid to offend her husband, or make herself conspicuous by going herself. Finally, when I had despaired of finding company and had nerved myself to go alone, Mrs. (afterwards Doctor) Mary P. Sawtelle volunteered to stand by me, and together we entered the domain, hitherto considered sacred to the aristocracy of sex, and took seats in the lobby, our hearts beating audibly. Hon. Joseph Engle, perceiving the innovation, at once arose, and after a complimentary speech, in which he was pleased to recognize my position as a journalist, moved that I (as editor of the *New Northwest*) be invited to a seat within the bar and provided with table and stationery, as were other members of the profession. The motion carried with only two or three dissenting votes; and from that time forward the way was open for women to compete with men, on equal terms, for all minor positions in both branches of the legislature—a condition they have not been slow to avail themselves of, scores of them thronging the capitol in later years and holding valuable clerkships, many of them sneering, the while, at the efforts of those who had opened the way for them to be there at all."

Continuing her narrative, Mrs. Duniway says: "In September of 1878 I was again at my post circulating my *New Northwest* among the law-makers. An opportunity was given me at this session to make an extended argument before a joint session of the two houses, which occupied an hour in delivery, and was accorded profound attention.

"I was much opposed to the growing desire of the legislature to shirk its responsibility upon the voters at large by submitting to them a proposed

constitutional amendment to enfranchise women. The constitution nowhere prohibits women from voting, and I labored to show that all we need is a declaratory act extending to us the elective franchise under the existing fundamental law. Dr. Mary A. Thompson followed in a forcible speech, and was courteously received.

"When the legislature met in 1880 it was decided by the Woman Suffrage Association that I should try to 'raise the blockade' caused by the failure of our attempt to induce the legislature to take the responsibility of the initiative by returning to our original work for amending the state constitution. Pursuant to this decision a resolution was offered in the senate by Hon. C. W. Fulton, and in the house by Hon. Lee Laughlin, which, after considerable discussion pro and con, in which I was graciously invited to participate on the floor of both houses, was passed by a two-thirds majority.

"In the autumn of 1881 the legislature of Washington met in Olympia one afternoon to listen to arguments from Hon. William H. White and myself in advocacy of an equal suffrage bill. The bill passed the house on the following day by a majority of two, but was defeated in the council by a majority of two, thus showing that the vote would have been a tie taken under the joint ballot rule.

"Returning to Oregon I renewed the contest in our home assembly, and in the autumn of 1882 we were all gratified by the passage of the pending constitutional amendment by a very nearly unanimous vote of both houses. In the autumn of 1883 I was again at Olympia in the interest of an equal suffrage bill. This bill, which had been prepared by Professor William H. Roberts, passed the house early in the session, but the assembly had nearly completed its deliberations before final action was reached in the council. The matter had been thoroughly canvassed in the council, and no member offered a word for or against its adoption. The deathly stillness of the chamber was broken only by the clerk's call of the roll and the firm responses of the 'ayes' and 'noes,' and was carried by a majority of one." (For further particulars see *Woman Suffrage History*, Vols. III and IV. Ed.)

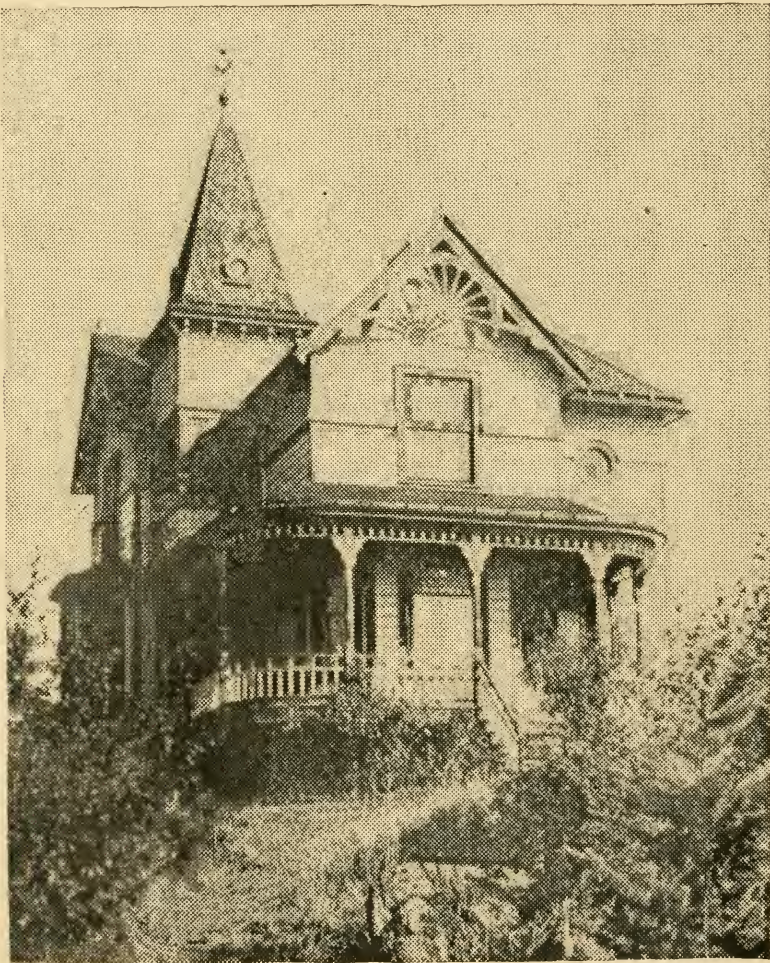
The territorial legislature of Idaho was addressed by Mrs. Duniway in behalf of a bill to enfranchise women in 1887, and in 1889 she appeared before the constitutional convention at Boise in behalf of an equal suffrage plank in the state constitution. A large majority of delegates in the convention favored the measure, and pledged it their support in the near future. In 1893 Mrs. Rebecca Mitchell appeared before the Idaho state legislative assembly in behalf of an equal suffrage bill, which was defeated by two votes.

Under the able leadership of Dr. Annice F. Jeffreys, a joint resolution was proposed for submitting the question to the electors of Oregon, and passed in the legislative assembly of 1895 by a practically unanimous vote. But, as the solons of the legislature fell to quarreling among themselves when they met in 1897, and failed to organize for business, the question went over till the assembly met in 1899, when the action of the assembly of 1895 was promptly ratified.

M. O. D.

The Home Life of Eva Emery Dye

NEAR and far has radiated the genius of Oregon's gifted author, Eva Emery Dye—even to lands beyond the seas. Wherever her books are read, the charm of the spirit that enlivens every page is felt; but within her home in Oregon City, overlooking the Willamette, beams the effulgence of mother love and wifely devotion. The world has the author, but the home holds the wife and mother. Out from this realm, hallowed by love and made merry by the prattle and song of children, have come two of the most widely read books the Oregon Country has produced. These books have brought before a remote public the early



HOME OF EVA EMERY DYE

heroes of the West. The author has painted these heroes in the coloring of her rich imagination, and adorned with grace of expression the life history of those who first broke the silence of the wilderness with the heraldry of civilization.

The influence of the author's personality directs in a measure the reader's trend of thought. Happy is it if the written page has embalmed the sentiments of truth and of right; more important far is the spirit that dominates the home, for wider into the world reach the waves it sets in motion. The sweet home life of Eva Emery Dye will continue to live in the lives of her children. To the world it affords the testimony that women, who would send abroad a message and earn undying fame, need not divorce themselves from home life nor avoid that most sacred function, motherhood, but through the faithful discharge of these high offices gain a fullness of soul that may enkindle in the minds of their readers aspirations for higher and holier living.

M. O. D.

In the Very Early Days of Oregon

Before the finding of gold in California money was very scarce. The little that was brought in by the immigrants was quickly spent for the family and the farm.

My mother's dress supply after the long journey was very limited. One day a neighbor came to her for advice about some sewing. Mother was busy over the wash tub, and the neighbor offered to exchange work. The washing was soon out to dry—but not on clothes lines. No, no, that would have been a luxury—but on the fence around the house and on every bush and brier near. Among the garments hung out was mother's dress, the only one besides what she wore. The family cow was near, and before it was noticed she had chewed the dress beyond repair. I think it was pieces of this dress that were afterwards used as binding for the spelling books that we had in our first Oregon school.

Mother was at first in despair—no money, nothing to sell, and Oregon City sixteen miles away through an unbroken wilderness. But, oh! those pioneer women, how full of resources they were! There stood the ever-ready ash hopper, without which no family was equipped for living. They were soon at work leaching the ashes for lye, and the soap kettle was boiling. Each had a bucket of soap, and in the early morning they mounted their horses and holding their bucket of soap in front of them were off for Oregon City to exchange it for at least mother's first Oregon dress. What the neighbor got I do not know.

M. H. D'A.

ST. HELEN'S HALL



T. HELEN'S HALL was established by the Right Rev. B. Wistar Morris, D. D., and first opened in September, 1869. The ground upon which the school was built was secured through the liberality of Mr. John Wolfe, of New York, and his daughter, Miss Catherine Wolfe, the property consisting of three-fourths of a block on Fourth street, between Madison and Jefferson. In 1869 this was considered the best part of the city for private residences. During the first year, notwithstanding the difficulty of insufficient room and a small staff of teachers, the number of pupils steadily increased to one hundred and thirty-two. This success was largely due to the character and ability of Miss Mary B. Rodney, the principal. Trained at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, the school founded by Bishop G. W. Doane, of New Jersey, she brought to Oregon that standard of Christian education for which St. Mary's was noted. In the course of study, the choice of text books, the arrangement of the school day, and the beauty and dignity of the chapel services, St. Helen's Hall followed closely the traditions of St. Mary's, and the graduates of both schools were known by the same characteristics, cultivation of mind, refinement of manners, and love for the church under whose protecting care they had passed their happy school days.

St. Helen's Hall continued its work in the original building until the year 1890, when the property was sold to the City of Portland for the use of the city hall. On June 9, 1890, the cornerstone of the present building was laid, and on February 24, 1891,



the school was moved to its new home, a handsome edifice of brick and stone, whose cross-topped turret is known far and near. Here Miss Rodney continued her work until removed by death April 15, 1896. In September, 1896, Miss Eleanor Tebbetts, Ph. D., became principal, and remained so for eight years. In 1904, by request of the board of trustees, the Sisters of St. John Baptist (founded at Clewer, England, 1851, and affiliated in this country in 1881) undertook the charge of the school, with the hope that God may bless their endeavor for its prosperity and increased usefulness.

St. Helen's Hall aims to provide the best facilities for complete education during the whole of a girl's school life. A little maiden of five may begin in the kindergarten, where the work is chiefly well directed play, and ascend by gradual steps through primary, intermediate and academic departments, till in due time she receives a diploma as the suitable reward of her years of interesting and well-ordered study. If after graduation she chooses to return for advanced work equivalent to the first and second years of college, or for a special course in music, art, or literature, St. Helen's Hall will still supply all she needs. It is emphatically a Girls' School, for girls of all ages, temperaments and desires, and as such has always held a unique position in the Northwest. No education is complete which neglects the highest part of human nature, its spiritual side. This is met at St. Helen's Hall by the beautiful services of the Book of Common Prayer (Episcopal), held morning and evening in the chapel, and by such religious instructions as shall help the pupils to become Christian women.

Bishop B. Wistar Morris

By MRS. BELLE J. SELLWOOD



THE Right Rev. Benjamin Wistar Morris, D. D., S. T. D., the second missionary bishop of Oregon, was born in Willsboro, Pennsylvania, May 30, 1819. He was graduated from the Veil Theological Seminary, New York, in 1846, was ordained deacon in St. Philip's Church, Philadelphia, on the 28th of June, in the same year the Right Rev. Alonzo Porter, D. D., and presbyter in St. Matthew's Church, Sanbury, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of April, 1847, by the same prelate. The bishop



BISHOP B. WISTAR MORRIS



MISS MARY B. RODNEY

received his degree of S. T. D. from Columbia College, New York, and that of D. D. from the University of Pennsylvania. He was rector of St. Matthews' Church, Sanbury, for four years, and of St. David's for six years, when he was appointed assistant minister of St. Luke's Church at Germantown, where he remained until his election to the episcopate during the session of the general convention October, 1868. He was consecrated missionary bishop of Oregon and Washington Territory, December 3, 1868, in St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, by the Right Rev. Alfred Lee, bishop of Delaware, assisted by Bishops

Odenheimer, Vail, Clarkson, Randall and Terfoot, not one of whom is living.

Bishop Morris, with his family, sailed from New York on the 21st of April, 1869, reaching Portland June 2. In 1880 the bishop was relieved from the oversight of Washington Territory. In 1889 Oregon became a diocese, and at the first convention held Bishop Morris was elected diocesan bishop. His administration has been marked by wisdom, zeal, energy and consecration to the arduous task set before him. With clear business foresight, in the early years of his episcopate he secured property at a reasonable cost and founded churches and other institutions whose benefits will endure—a lasting memorial to their worthy founder. In his 86th year he still attends to the duties of his office, preaching once and often twice on the Lord's day. He spends a portion of each day at his desk, and daily receives many callers. Thus he still labors with unabated devotion, the glory of a noble life about him.

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ELECTRICITY

This is the age of electricity. To move with it, to catch step and fall into line, is the business of the hour. In the great Northwest, toward which so many faces are now set, some important work has already been done, and much larger development is in contemplation.

The Pacific Electric Company, 94 First street, Portland, Oregon, is a reliable place to seek information. Mr. R. H. Tate, the manager, has had sixteen years' practical experience, and associated with him are other experts in their lines. Orders for electrical supplies, machinery or installations entrusted to them will be sure of prompt and thorough execution.

Woman's Work Among the Friends or Quakers

By MRS. ELIZABETH A. T. WHITE, Woodburn, Or.



OMAN, in the Friends' Church, stands the equal with man, and is not barred from any office or any work of the church.

The late Rebecca Lewis, wife of Judge D. C. Lewis, and mother of Mrs. P. J. Mann, was the first Friend to come to Oregon. Portland was then but a small village. Rebecca Lewis formed a wide acquaintance with people of all churches. Everywhere she was known as the "Quaker Lady." She never varied from "thee and thou" when speaking to others, and always spoke of her husband as "David Lewis." For many years she was the only Friend in the state, but she was ever loyal to her faith, and rejoiced when other Friends came.

Mary B. Pinkham, of Iowa, a minister of the gospel, when almost 70 years of age, received a call of God to come to this far West and look after Friends who had migrated thither. She and her husband came and spent two years in Oregon. She soon found Rebecca Lewis, and exclaimed: "The Lord sent me across the continent to see thee."

Mrs. Pinkham held gospel meetings in various places; she visited the sick, whether their malady was in mind or in body, and was a blessing alike to rich and poor. She felt that the Lord bade her open the work of Friends in Oregon, and that others would follow her to carry it out. Long before coming here she had seen, as in a vision, Friends' meetings established.

In October, 1874, Rebecca Clawson, from Indiana, also a minister of the gospel, and a cousin of Rebecca Lewis, came to Oregon with her daughter. The wonderful meeting in far-away Oregon of the two Rebeccas, who had not met since girlhood, was a theme of which they never tired.

Rebecca Clawson resided in Oregon nine years, and was often engaged in missionary work. She preached the gospel as the Lord directed, and way was opened through invitations from the pastors of the churches. She also held services in country school houses. The chaplain of the state prison invited her to go with him and fill his place in preaching to the prisoners. It was evidently of the Lord. She went at different times. Many of her listeners were melted to tears, and there were definite conversions of men who, when freed, lived changed lives, and thanked God that the prisoners had been remembered.

Mrs. Clawson was deeply interested in temperance work, as indeed most of the women Friends in Oregon have been. She organized the Portland and the Albany Unions of the W. C. T. U., and when the first state convention met in Oregon under the leadership of Frances E. Willard she was elected delegate to the national convention to be held in Philadelphia. She made

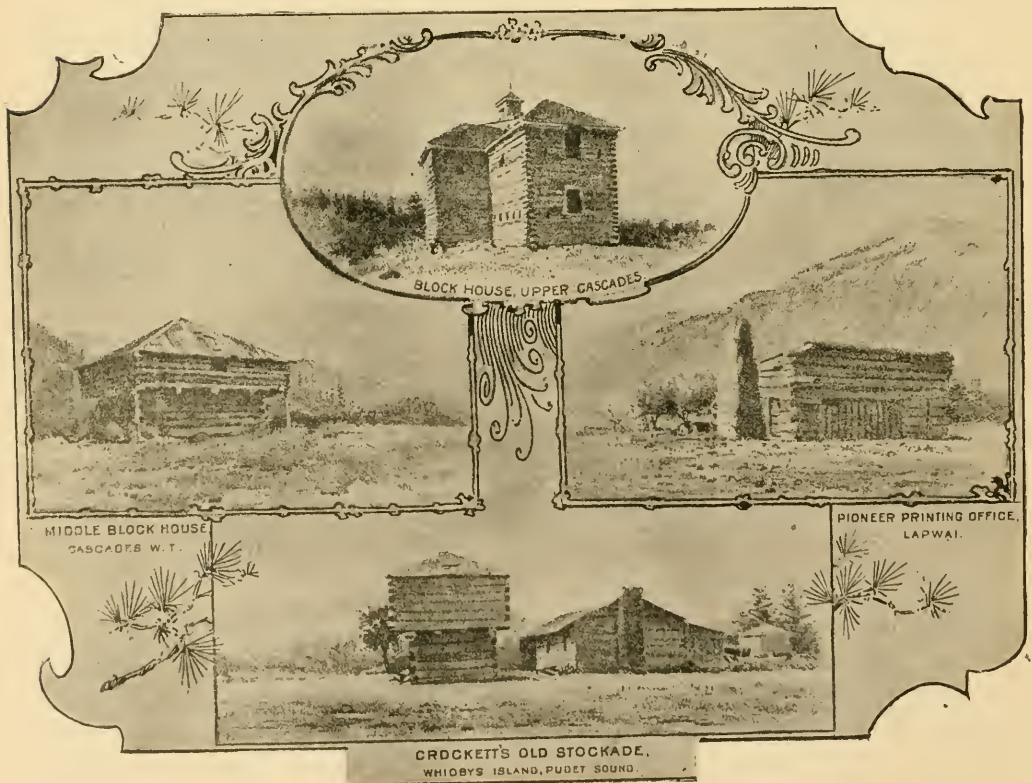
ready to go, visited all her children, and officiated at the marriage of a granddaughter, Mrs. M. A. Ogden, of Portland. Finally taking leave of all, she journeyed eastward. The effort proved too great for her strength, and she passed peacefully away from earth at the home of her nephew in Indianapolis, Ind.

Frances E. Willard said of her to Mrs. White: "Few have been blessed with such a mother as was the dear soul whom you have lost and Heaven has gained. Instead of her wise counsel for us, we held memorial services for her."

Jane E. Weeden, a member of Friends' Church of Ohio, was at one time city missionary for Portland. She seemed to know just where to find the worthy poor. She practiced rigid economy that she might give from her own purse. She also gave of her time and strength freely. She, too, was a zealous advocate of temperance. Her intellect was keen and bright, and her addresses were listened to with deep interest.

The home and foreign missionary fields are receiving earnest attention from the women Friends in Oregon. They have supplied two or three missionaries in Alaska, and the one at Kohe Island is very prosperous.

As a result of these pioneer labors a large yearly meeting has been established at Newberg, Oregon; also Pacific College at the same place.



Mrs. Emiline Himes

By GEORGE H. HIMES.

MRS. EMILINE HIMES was born in Le Roy, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, December 27, 1821. Her maiden name was Holcombe, her father, Hugh Holcombe, descending from Thomas Holcombe, who came from England to Massachusetts, in 1860, on the ship "Mary and John." He removed from Connecticut to Pennsylvania in the year 1796, and settled in Bradford County, which was on the extreme frontier at that time. It is a family tradition that Mrs. Himes' mother, Prudence Bailey, descended from one of the company which made tea in Boston Harbor. Mrs. Himes was married to Tyrus Himes in Bradford County, May 1, 1843, and to this union eight children were born, five boys and three girls, four in the East, two boys and two girls, the first boy, George H., in Pennsylvania, May 18, 1844, and the other three children in Illinois, to which state the family removed in the autumn of 1846, settling at Lafayette, Stark County. In 1838 Mr. Himes became imbued with the idea of going to Oregon as a result of hearing Rev. Samuel Parker, D. D., of Ithaca, N. Y., lecture on Oregon in Bradford County, Pa., in 1835. Mr. Himes really started for Oregon in 1846, but illness caused him to stop in Illinois.

On March 21, 1853, the westward march was again begun, and after a trying journey of seven months the family arrived at Olympia in what is now Thurston County, Washington. At the date of starting on this journey Mrs. Himes had a little daughter six months old. This child had beautiful auburn hair, and this fact caused the Indians through whose country the "Oregon trail" passed to observe her very closely—in fact, the Indians at different times wanted to buy the child, and one chief on the western slope of the Blue Mountains offered some hundreds of ponies for her. As may be imagined, this desire upon the part of the Indians caused considerable apprehension at different times on the part of my mother.

Our train was the first to enter the Puget Sound Basin direct, and the experiences of that expedition over a most rugged road, with scanty food much of the time during the month we were in the mountains, were most trying to all, but particularly to mothers of little children. The little ones when hungry could not understand why food was not forthcoming. After arriving at the settlements on Puget Sound and securing shelter in the rudest of log cabins for the first winter, my father was compelled to be away from home a great deal in order to earn funds to keep the food supply going. Everything was high, and mother patched clothing for the children and herself and also spun yarn from wool that she got on shares from neighbors, made socks and stockings for a family of six, and in addition knit at least three pairs of men's socks a week to sell, besides making garments whenever father could get ahead enough to get a piece of clothing stuff. Her life was a strenuous one, indeed. My father was a very industrious man, so between the two the family began to get on, and at the end of two years the way seemed clear for a little relief from the incessant toil which had been the lot of both parents; and the children large enough to work had their allotted tasks. In October, 1855, the Yakima Indian war of 1855-56 broke out, and continued until September, 1856. During this time the family removed four times from one blockhouse or stockade to another, all the while apprehensive lest the Indians would make an attack. During those perilous months Mrs. Himes bravely bore her part without complaint, and never gave in any public way the slightest hint that she was at all disturbed.

One of the hardest experiences she had to undergo frequently for months at a time was the lack of religious privileges. For the first five years in the Puget Sound Basin there were but few religious services of any kind oftener than once in three months, and

these were held in a log schoolhouse, with a puncheon floor, three miles distant. When an appointment was made she always attended with my father, the children accompanying, all walking, as the family had no team. Social intercourse was scant, aside from the Indians, which she could not tolerate on account of their uncleanly habits; yet she always treated them kindly and honestly; and that is probably the reason why the family was not cut off, for it certainly was in great danger a number of times. Occasionally she would visit a neighbor, particularly in case of sickness—there was but one physician in the country, and he five miles away, and his lowest fee for a country visit was \$10.00—walking five to ten miles, and would knit socks while she was walking. My father died April 22, 1879, and mother managed the farm five years with the aid of two sons in their teens. At length she sold it, and in 1885 returned on a visit to her girlhood home in Pennsylvania, after an absence of thirty-nine years. That was a red-letter experience in her life; but she could not be prevailed upon to stay in the East, and so, after a visit of six months, returned to the Pacific Coast, better satisfied than ever with it, and took up accustomed round of duties, mainly in keeping house for an unmarried son. While thus engaged she sustained a serious accident, the breaking of the right hip, and for three and a half years thereafter she was compelled to remain in bed, as the broken limb never united. During these grievous years her sturdy character shone more brightly than ever. Once she said to me, "I do not know why I am permitted to live; I am of no use to anybody whatever—just a burden." I repeated her expression to another old lady, and she said: "I know why your mother is permitted to live. It is for her good example, her cheerfulness under trying circumstances, and the excellent counsel she always has ready for those in trouble. She never complains, but always makes the best of everything. The influence for good and right living emanating from your mother's bedside is not second to any church influence in this community."

This tribute from an intimate friend of my mother who had known her for more than forty years amid almost every trial that can be conceived of, was certainly deeply appreciated by me. But the end came finally on October 28, 1898, and one of the best of mothers passed on to her reward beyond, leaving behind her six children, twenty grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Among the many good lessons she taught her children none stand out more prominently than the precept which was a part of her daily life—"That if one could not speak well of another, it was best not to speak at all." Whatever she might have thought of a neighbor, or any other person, she was never known to speak disparagingly of them.

Reminiscence of Mrs. Julia A. Wilcox (a pioneer of 1845), widow of Ralph Wilcox, who was the first school-teacher in Portland, Oregon: "In crossing the plains on Meek's cut-off we were without water for thirty-six hours. The cattle had disappeared; they were found by a spring where they had found the water. A great many of the company were taken sick and died from eating the cattle that had been driven so far. Food was scarce and the cattle had to be killed and eaten. In some places the mountains were so steep that the wagons nearly stood on ends; the oxen were taken off the wagons and the men had to hold on to the back of the wagons to keep them from tipping. An Indian swam the Deschutes River and carried a rope across. The wagon beds were fastened to the rope, and the people and provisions were carried across this way."

Dr. Robert Newell in 1840 brought the first wagon over the mountains from Fort Hall and left it at Whitman's Mission.

Julia (West) Lindsley

By MELDON.



HE life of a saintly woman is generally lacking in the spectacular features which attract the historian, but it is none the less the chief cornerstone in the foundation work of family and state, without which any nation must in time topple to its destruction.

As the wife of Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., LL. D., the subject of this sketch was enabled to exert a powerful influence for good, though silently and to the careless observer perhaps imperceptibly. Dr. Lindsley was for over eighteen years the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, coming to it in 1868.

Julia West was born in New York City in 1827. Christian parents surrounded her by the best influences. As a little child she chose reading rather than play, and later graduated with high honor from Rutgers's Female Institute, having received the previous year the gold medal for proficiency in composition. In 1846 Miss West's marriage took place, and her first training in pioneer missionary work was received in what was then the frontier—the Territory of Wisconsin. Privations and hardships were endured patiently in the happy home where love reigned and Christian usefulness was the ruling motive of life.

After five laborious years, in which her husband's health broke down, they removed to South Salem, N. Y., to recuperate—a charming country retreat where sixteen happy years were spent. Unremitting pastoral work, to which was added the arduous care of a private school within their own home, filled this period. Health and strength and training were here received for the responsibilities awaiting them on the Pacific Slope. After repeated calls from the Portland Church, Dr. Lindsley brought his family to Oregon, and here Mrs. Lindsley shared most faithfully and unselfishly in pastoral and humanitarian work.

Largely through her efforts a foreign missionary society was organized, which, there is good reason to believe, was the pioneer on this coast. An immense amount of correspondence and unwavering faith were required to create and hold the interest, but at last these early efforts were crowned with success, and in after years the work expanded into the Woman's North Pacific Board of Missions, an organization now comprising a very large number of the Presbyterian women of the Northwest, and one which has accomplished untold good in spreading Christianity and education in the dark places of our own and other countries. Mrs. Lindsley is a life member and an officer of this board. The quarter centennial celebration of the organization of the first missionary society was held in 1896, and was a marked event in church circles.

Mrs. Lindsley also joined heartily with her husband in his efforts for the spiritual advancement of the whole of the Northwest. The Indians of several tribes were included in their broadly human sympathies, and efforts were made to introduce schools among the Chinese, at one time a little class for them being held nightly in the pastor's home.

In 1877 Dr. Lindsley introduced Protestant missions into our new possessions to the far North, then recently purchased by Secretary Seward. Of these it has been as concisely as truthfully stated, "Alaska Missions were born in Dr. Lindsley's study."

In the very voluminous correspondence which these labors of love involved, and in missionary journeys, as well as in incessant parish visiting, Mrs. Lindsley bore an important part. Into the haven of her well-ordered Christian home were welcomed as guests not only many congenial friends of the clergy and laity, but also many a way-worn traveler who had faltered or fallen in the race, and to whom such encouragement was more than healing balm.

After eighteen years of service in the Portland church, whose remarkable influence and expansion are widely known, Dr. Lindsley accepted a professorship in the San Francisco Theological Seminary in 1886. In the leisure obtained by freedom from the duties of a pastor's wife, Mrs. Lindsley continued to prosecute with zeal and vigor her missionary work. She became a life member and an officer of the Occidental Board of Foreign Missions, whose headquarters are in San Francisco, and she took an active part in other philanthropic measures.

Since Dr. Lindsley's death, in 1891, Mrs. Lindsley has made her home in Portland among her children and a host of warm and appreciative friends of long years' standing.

Washington Women's Clubs

By JENETTE S. MOORE, Olympia, Wash.



HE position which Washington occupies among the states of the Northwest with regard to its status in the affairs of Woman's Clubs is rather a distinguished one. She was the first to recognize the importance of club organization and the benefits derived from it.

The club movement in Washington proved no exception to the proverb, "Great things from small beginnings grow," as it owes its origin to one small club of nine members who met for mutual improvement along literary and domestic lines and to encourage a fraternal spirit among women. This club, the "Woman's Club of Olympia," was organized March 10, 1883, at the home of Edmund Sylvester, the founder of Olympia. The idea of forming the club originated with Miss Mary E. Shelton, who had lately returned from San Francisco, where a club had just been organized. Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart was the first president. Being a woman of executive ability, skilled in parliamentary usage, she was a great aid in the development of the club and in making it a permanent institution. For some time the Woman's Club of Olympia had the field to itself.

One club came into existence in '89. The Classic Culture Club of Seattle, and in the early '90s many more sprang into life. Now there is hardly a town of any considerable size but has its club or clubs. Women throughout the state were eager to join in a movement so widely beneficial.

The Woman's Club of Olympia, being the pioneer, was very conservative. It was an experiment, and until the experimental stage was passed it hesitated about taking up subjects outside of what might be classed literary, artistic, musical or domestic.

As the number of clubs grew the question of forming a state federation began to be agitated. Many of the clubs had joined the general federation, and a meeting was held in Tacoma in the autumn of 1896 to consider the advisability of forming a state organization. The idea met with approval, and twenty-two clubs formed the nucleus of a federation that has grown into large proportions and has become a recognized power in the state. The first meeting was held the following June in Olympia. The first to serve as president of the state federation was Mrs. Amy P. Stacy, of the Oloha Club of Tacoma, who by vote of the federation bears the honored title of "Federation Mother."

Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane have each a city federation, and several other cities are preparing to federate. Two clubs in Washington own their club houses, the Woman's Club of Olympia and the P. L. F. Club of Bellingham.

All over the state the woman's clubs have had an uplifting influence upon their surroundings.

The Civic Improvement Clubs and the Floral Associations have helped to beautify the cities; the Educational Clubs have worked in education; the Art Clubs have helped to develop a love of the beautiful; the Musical Clubs have done much to raise the standard of music.

Although no club for purely social purposes has been organized, each club has more or less social life connected with the regular club work. Through the efforts of the clubs fine lecturers, musicians and dramatic readers have been brought to the state and exhibits have been held and floral displays made; in addition prizes have been given for the neatest gardens, public parks improved, historical buildings preserved, traveling libraries bought and put into circulation, school and city libraries increased; and indeed this influence has reached out in every direction.

Woman's Clubs of Washington have done much to awaken an interest in the history of the state, and have made valuable collections of data, relics and photographs. They have encouraged legislation in behalf of philanthropic movements, notably with regard to juvenile offenders; they have brought the subject of domestic science to the attention it deserves.

The National Federation recognized Washington last May at the meeting in St. Louis by electing Dr. Sarah Kendall, of Seattle, auditor. It is an honor appreciated not only by Dr. Kendall's friends, but by all the club women.

BEHNKE-WALKER BUSINESS COLLEGE.

The Behnke-Walker Business College is an institution of which the City of Portland can well feel proud. It was founded only five years ago. To-day it is classed as the leading institution of its kind in this part of the country. Within the past four months they have enrolled more than 300 pupils, this number being only 100 less than during the twelve months previous.

The equipment is of the latest, complete in every detail. They have left no stone unturned for the benefit of their pupils. The business practice department has ten offices: Retail, commission, real estate, insurance, bank, etc., each having a different set of books. In this way the pupils become familiar with all phases of bookkeeping, from the simplest to the most complicated transactions.

This college possesses the unique feature of being the only college in the United States that equips each of its offices with a typewriter. The bank is equipped with an adding machine, the only one used by a business college west of the Mississippi River.

The business and shorthand departments are connected by a private telephone. The business department is under the direct supervision of Mr. I. M. Walker, one of the proprietors. The shorthand department is in charge of Mr. H. W. Behnke, president of the college.

The Pernin system of shorthand is taught. It employs no shading, no position, has only a few word signs, and connective vowels follow consonants in their natural order as in longhand. This system can be learned in one-third the time required to learn the Pitman, Graham or Munson. The standard for graduation is 125 words per minute for five consecutive minutes.

The college is in session throughout the entire year. A night school is also conducted for those unable to attend during the day.

St. Peter's Church and its Ivy - Clad Tower

By ELIZABETH McCARVER HARRIS



T. PETER'S CHURCH in Tacoma had its beginning thirty years ago, in midsummer of 1873. Tacoma was then a town of 200 people. The support of the church was derived almost entirely from the sawmill and the ships and logging camps connected with it. Washington then was included within Oregon in one diocese. Right Rev. B. Wistar Morris was bishop. Zealous for the church and confident of the great destiny of Tacoma, he was soon on the ground. He secured the lot since occupied by the church from Mr. Edward S. Smith, and assigned to the new field the Rev. Charles R. Bonnell, for some time prior of Salem. The necessary lumber and other material were obtained and men put to work building the church. The Protestant Episcopalians were brought together and organized, the first board of vestry being Messrs. George E. Atkinson, C. H. Botsford, T. Pitt Cooke and Charles Prosch. The house was quickly finished, plain, unplastered and unpainted, at a cost of \$300. Its furnishings, meager and economical, accorded with the style and manner of the building. August 10 the services of God began within its walls, directed by Mr. Bonnell and participated in by an interested congregation.

At the suggestion of Mr. Charles B. Wright, the Rev. Mr. Davies, now bishop of the diocese of Philadelphia, who was then the rector of St. Peter's Church, of Philadelphia, laid before St. Peter's Sunday School of that city the advisability of presenting a bell to St. Peter's, the pioneer church of Tacoma. Sufficient money was at once subscribed by the members of the Sunday school, the bell purchased and shipped by the way of Cape Horn and was received here at Tacoma October 12, 1874, making necessary a tower. This was soon provided by the chopping off of a large tree standing close to the front of the building. There, forty-eight feet above ground, the bell was placed upon a tower erected by the hand of nature and estimated to be more than 300 years old, and was rung the first time for church services by Captain John H. Smith, of the United States Navy,



ST. PETER'S CHURCH—TACOMA

October 18, 1874. And there it is now, announcing in clear and ringing tones the services and calling to them, the congregation.

Planting of the Ivy.—Ivy was planted by Mrs. Jane A. Walters and other church women at the foot of the stump, or tower, which has since grown to the very top and covered every inch of the surface, the chief credit of which belongs to Mrs. Walters, who not only planted the ivy, but watered and cared for it until it had gotten sufficient start to take care of itself. This 300-year-old tower is, as all know, one of the features of Tacoma most interesting to tourists, and one in which our own citizens take much pride.



"THREE SISTERS"—VIEW OF NORTH AND MIDDLE PEAKS.

YOUR EYES

If, after reading a short time, your eyes begin to trouble you, why not have this ailment relieved, by properly fitted glasses? We have an expert optician, and do our own grinding. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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My Mother's Flower Garden

By CHARLOTTE MATHENY KIRKWOOD



MY mother, Mary Cooper Matheny, spent her childhood and youth under the vine-clad arbors of an old Kentucky home, flowers, vines and trees her constant companions. In preparing to come westward she carefully gathered seeds from flowers and shrubs. These she brought across the plains. Mother's seed sack occupied the safest corner in wagon or tent. After leaving the wagons at The Dalles, she carried her seed sack at the horn of her saddle through the Cascade Mountains to Oregon City, where the company arrived November 8, 1843.

In the spring of '44 my mother planted some of her seeds on a plot of ground near the present site of the town of Hillsboro. Later in the season my father bought a farm on the Willamette River just opposite the old Methodist Mission, then in ruins. To this place mother removed her flowers, and also planted other seeds. The result exceeded expectations; her garden became a dream of beauty. All the sweet old-fashioned favorites vied with each other in the blending of brilliant hues; throngs of gaily tinted butterflies and emerald and bronze humming birds reveled in the perfume-laden breath of pinks and roses.

Of the pinks she had a fine collection. The second year, when they began to bloom, she carefully culled the plants, saving only the most perfect. This she continued to do until her pinks in size and beauty were almost equal to the modern carnation. Also she rescued the old "Mission Rose" from the ruins of the mission, where it was having a hard fight to maintain its standard over native brush and bramble, as the only living representative of the civilized home. It blooms to-day in my own garden.

Among her collection were seeds of the old English sweet brier, prized for the beauty and fragrance of its foliage as well as for its dainty flowers and scarlet berries. A beautiful hedge shrub in some countries, but kissed by the bright sun and warm rains of Oregon, its elsewhere gentle nature has developed qualities most aggressive. Borne on the wings of bird and bee, it now presses its long prickly branches into the depths of our forests and along our lanes from the Willamette to the Pacific.

My mother was justly proud of her garden, for it was the first real flower garden in all this Northwest country. Many a plant and seed has been carried from it to brighten other homes throughout the Willamette Valley. Travelers always stopped to admire mother's flowers and engage seeds for next year's planting, which she gave a free-will offering. To-day a scion from the old historic "Mission Rose" sheds its fragrance upon her narrow bed in the cemetery near her home on the banks of the Willamette.





A BURR 1902

Nomenclature of Northwest Mountains

By GEORGE H. HIMES



HERE are three principal mountain ranges in Oregon. The first is the Coast Range, taking its name from the fact that it runs parallel with the Pacific Coast. The average height is about 3000 feet. The highest point is "Mary's Peak," which has an altitude of a little over 5000 feet. The name was derived from the fact that a lady named Mrs. Mary Lloyd, an immigrant of 1845, was the first white woman to cross a stream entering the Willamette River from the west, a little south of the present city of Corvallis. This led to naming the stream after her—Mary's River; and as it heads in the mountain above alluded to, that was called "Mary's Peak." The Indian name is "Chin-tim-i-ni."

The second, the Cascade Range, is a continuation northward of the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California. In early days, probably in 1832, it was called the "President's Range," it is believed, by Hall J. Kelley. Mr. Kelley was born in Maine, but in early life removed to Massachusetts, was educated there and followed the vocation of teaching. He was the first person to agitate the question of colonizing Oregon, beginning his efforts as early as 1820, that year marking the date when the "American Society for Encouraging the Settlement of the Oregon Territory" was organized in Boston.

The snow-capped mountains in this range are as follows, beginning just below the 42d parallel:

"Mt. Shasta"—"Mt. Jackson," by Mr. Kelley. "Shasta" was the name of a tribe of Indians in the vicinity.

"Mt. McLoughlin," in the Cascade Range, west of Klamath Lake, was named after Dr. John McLoughlin, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon from 1824 to 1842, as early as 1838, by the British fur traders. The mountain bore this honored name, almost without interruption, until 1863; then, at the instance of a civil engineer by the name of Colonel George H. Belden, it is believed, the mountain began to be called "Mt. Pitt," and this has continued almost without interruption up to the present time. Since there was no historical connection between the name "Pitt" and any circumstance or incident in Oregon history, the writer of this sketch, after careful investigation of all the facts bearing upon the matter, began a movement to re-establish the name of "McLoughlin," and prepared resolutions setting forth the reasons for the proposed change, which were recently adopted by the Oregon Historical Society, the Oregon Legislature, the Mazamas (the Alpine Club of Oregon), and by the Woman's Federated Clubs of Oregon, requesting that the geographical department of the United States at Washington give its official

sanction to the change desired. Mr. Kelley's name for this mountain was "Mt. Madison."

"Mt. Thielsen" was named about 1875 in honor of Mr. Hans Thielsen, the chief engineer in constructing the Oregon & California railroad from Portland to the California line—now the Southern Pacific. Kelley called this "Mt. John Quincy Adams."

"Three Sisters," so called because of the close proximity of three snow peaks to each other; but the date when this group was so named, and by whom, I cannot give with certainty.

"Mt. Jefferson" was named by Captain William Clark on April 3, 1806, in honor of President Thomas Jefferson.

"Mt. Hood" was named by Lieutenant William Broughton, of Captain George Vancouver's exploring expedition, on October 29, 1792, in honor of Lord Hood, of the British admiralty. Mr. Kelley called this "Mt. Washington." It was called by some of the Indian tribes "Pah-to," signifying "high mountain," a name, however, which it is understood applies to any high mountain.

"Mt. St. Helens" was named by Broughton on October 20, 1792, in honor of the British ambassador at the Court of Spain.

"Mt. Rainier" was named by Vancouver on May 7, 1792, after his particular friend, Rear Admiral Rainier of the Royal Navy. It is interesting to note that it was upon this date that Captain Robert Gray, an American navigator, sailed into what is now called Gray's Harbor, supposing it was the mouth of the Columbia River. Kelley's name for this peak was "Mt. Harrison."

Mt. Olympia, one of the highest peaks in the Olympic Range, in Jefferson and Clallam Counties, Washington, was named by Captain John Meares, an English navigator, on July 4, 1788. This is the "Mt. Van Buren" of Mr. Kelley.

The peak called "Mt. Scott," near Crater Lake, was called "Mt. Monroe" by Kelley.

"Mt. Baker" was named by Captain George Vancouver on April 30, 1792, after Lieutenant Baker, one of his officers, who saw it for the first time on that date. Mr. Kelley called this peak "Mt. Tyler."

"Mt. St. Elias" was named in 1741 by Vitus Beering, a Dane, selected by Peter the Great of Russia, because of his approved courage and nautical skill, to take charge of an exploring expedition.

"Mt. Edgecumbe" was named by Captain James Cook on May 2, 1778.

"Mt. Fairweather" was named by Captain Cook on May 3, 1778.

The third range is called the "Blue Mountains," because of the bluish appearance when looked at from a distance, caused by the pine-covered summits. While large bodies of snow lie upon these mountains the greater portion of the year, it has no perpetual snow peaks.

A Grandmother's Story of Early Days in Washington

(Author unknown)



N the spring of '53 I started with friends across the plains, a long, tedious trip, but by no means uninteresting to a girl of 20. October 22 we arrived at Mound Prairie, in Thurston County. We moved out of our wagons into a bachelor's cabin of one room for ten.

We partitioned it off with wagon covers into several apartments.

The first party I attended was during the holidays of '54. There were six besides the host and hostess. The supper consisted of beans, ginger bread and coffee, eaten in a little side kitchen without any floor. Our host and hostess of that evening are now living in Portland, Oregon, and are very wealthy society people.

I was told that if I would get married I would get 180 acres of land, so, of course, I got married and got my land.

Wheat was \$5 a bushel, and everything else in proportion, but we never went hungry. On our farm we built a neat log cabin. We had a bed, stove and a few dishes, but that was all. There was no furniture to be had. My husband made a table of split boards, and I went to work making stools, which I cushioned with moss and covered with oil calico. I made a rocking chair out of a sugar barrel, cushioned and covered in the same way. Cupboards and other conveniences I also manufactured. I was very proud of my new home, so simple and plain. In it I entertained all kinds of people, rich and poor, preachers and lawyers, when I had but two rooms to cook, eat and sleep in.

The spring of '55 the Indians east of the Cascades broke out, so the neighbors decided to build a fort. By the time it was finished word came that the Indians were coming on this side of the mountains, and we hastened to the fort, where we stayed sixteen months. There were thirty families, which included all the people from Centralia to Bush Prairie. While in the bastion we had preaching and Sunday school every Sunday. We lived as close together as we could, there being just a partition between us, and none had a falling out. I suppose we were afraid the Indians would kill us, and we wanted to die in peace with all mankind. As soon as the war was over we returned to our homes.

We had grand, good times in those days. We did not have many neighbors, but what we did have were good and kind.

The summer of '58 we concluded to go to Gray's Harbor. We sold all our household goods except what could be put into canoes. It took two weeks to go to Olympia and return.

The first quarterly meeting held in our county was at Wynoochi by Elder Doane and the pastor, Rev. Franklin. There were only four communicants, but we had a good meeting. We drew very near to God that day.

The first Fourth of July celebration in the county was on the slough just above Cosmopolis. There were about twenty persons in all. We took our baskets and babies and boarded a large scow with Old Glory floating on the breeze. The eagle screamed and we sang patriotic songs and had such a good, jolly time. The next celebration was at Father Smith's. I shall never forget that Fourth. Early in the morning Mrs. Scammon and children, Mother Byles, myself and children got into a canoe with an Indian to row, and started up the river to the Melville Slough. There we got out and carried our babies, with the help of the Indian. We would take one at a time part of the way, put it down and go back for another. The bushes were so thick we could get but one through at a time. I had four children and Mrs. Scammon had four. Finally we reached Father Smith's.

We had a sumptuous dinner with a great big cake baked in a milk pan, with frosting and red candy over it. It was made by Father Smith. We had strawberries of his own raising. The table was set under the oak trees, for the house was too small for us all to get in at once. John Medcalf came riding an ox with the Stars and Stripes afloat from its great horns and John blowing a horn. There was a fiddle, and John played while Father Smith and John Brady danced. We sang patriotic songs and squealed the eagle hoarse, but we had no smoke, as there was no powder. Those were memorable days. How happy we were, for we had everything in common. Late in the afternoon all went their own way and took to the brush to find their canoes. When we got to the slough, behold the tide was out." "Tide waits for no man." We had to sit down and wait for the return tide.

The first election was at Westport. I told my husband I wished to attend, so we started very early in the morning with Messrs. Arch, Campbell, Karr, Milroy and Young, myself, husband and babies in a large sailboat. We had smooth sailing until we got opposite James' Rock, when the tide left us. We would have to wait for the tide, so I said I had rather wade out the half mile to James' cabin than to sit there for six hours. So the men took a baby apiece and started for shore. My husband and Mr. Karr wished to carry me, but I preferred to wade, so took their arms and stepped out, sometimes knee deep and sometimes waist deep, but I made it. On reaching the house the difficulty was in getting dry clothes—Mother James and her daughter being very small and I very tall. But I got into Mother James' clothes, and I'd give a dollar if I had had my picture taken. My dress just came to my knees, and the stockings just touched the hem of my dress. After we got through laughing I put my dress out to dry. The boys all sat in the sun till they dried off. When the tide returned we started for the polls to vote, but after all they would not let me vote. Don't tell me that women can't go to the polls.

The spring of '60 my husband went to the Salmon River mines, having lost all we had. I was left all alone with my children, without a neighbor nearer than ten miles except Edward Campbell and Mr. Karr.

The first time I was at Montesano I came up the river in a sailboat.

Mother Medcalf and her son John met me at the river with an ox cart. John walked in the mud up to his knees and we had to lie down in the cart to keep the brush from pulling our heads off.

After my husband returned from the mines we concluded to take a homestead up the river. My husband and his brother-in-law had been "baching" in a little log cabin on the place. When my husband came to visit me in our old home I said I was going up with him. He told me the house was too small. "That makes no difference," I said; "where you live, I can live, and I am going," and I did. So on the 3d day of July we reached our new home. We put our things in the house, ate our dinner, then my husband returned to bring the cattle. I was left alone in the woods for three days, and a never-to-be-forgotten experience I had, with no lock on the door and holes in the chimney. Darkness coming on, I put the children to bed and sat down to read a chapter in the Bible. All at once the wild cats began to screech, the owls to whoo-whooh, and the wolves to howl. I jumped into bed almost frightened to death. I believe that was the only time in my life I wished to die. I just asked the Lord to take me and the dear little ones straight up to heaven before we were all eaten up by wild animals. Away in the night something began to pat, pat on the floor and make a squeaking noise. I just lay still, afraid to breathe. Next morning I looked to see if my hair was white. The next night I had the same experience. On the third day—Sunday morning—I looked out and saw a young man and a young woman coming. I said, "The Lord surely sent you," and I told them of my experience of the two nights before.

I proposed to sell my gold watch and chain for lumber to build a house. My husband seriously objected, but I said I would never wear a gold watch and chain and have no house. Soon after a man came along who had a saw-mill, and I asked him if he would give me lumber to build a house for my watch. He said he would. We built a house and started to make a home, and were happy working and waiting.

People say to me, "What did you do for a doctor?" We worked hard, ate hearty, and slept sound. When we felt indisposed we took a tea, made of wild cherry and dogwood bark, and rested a while. The first doctor that came to the county was Dr. Casto. Then the people began to get sick, and they have wanted a doctor ever since.

I love pioneering. I look back to those days as being my happiest days. When I hear the newcomers growling about the old mossbacks not doing so-and-so I feel like Josiah Allen's wife: "I want to set down on 'em." I don't know how they would have gotten here if it were not for the mossbacks. God bless the old pioneers, and may they all go to heaven when they die. There are few of them left to tell the story. Some of us are left to see the wilderness blossom as the rose. I know it is evening time with me, my work is almost done. I am watching and waiting.

HILL MILITARY ACADEMY, PORTLAND, OREGON

DR. J. W. HILL was born in Westport, Conn., May 28, 1856. He received his preparatory training in Selleek School, Norwalk, Conn. He was graduated from Yale in the class of '78, now famous because of the number of distinguished men it contained, among whom were Hon. Wm. H. Taft, Secretary of War; Hon. Wm. H. Hunt, Civil Governor of Porto Rico; Hon. Herbert W. Bowen, Minister to Venezuela; Hon. H. S. Van Buren, United States Consul to Nice; Roger Foster, author of Foster's Federal Pleadings, and others.

In September of 1878, Dr. Hill came to Portland to take charge of the Bishop Scott Academy, at that time the only private school for boys in this new and undeveloped country. Portland was then a city of about 18,000 inhabitants. Schools were few in number, and the standard of education was by no means high. Only those who labored earnestly to better it know of the bitter disappointments endured and the overwhelming discouragements experienced. Good teachers could scarcely be secured at any price. Dr. Hill was, however, particularly fortunate in this respect; not only did he secure good teachers, but he kept them with him for many years. Being naturally fond of boys, tactful, and an excellent disciplinarian, under his able management as lessee and principal, the institution grew rapidly, becoming widely known throughout the Northwest.

During the twenty-three years that Dr. Hill was connected with the Bishop Scott Academy, more than 1,200 boys were under his care. Many of these completed their education within the walls of the old school; others, desiring college training, passed from the school to the higher institutions of learning, Yale, Harvard, West Point, Berkeley, Stanford and others. To-day these "boys," scattered throughout the Northwest, occupy prominent places in the business world. One and all, they attribute not a little of their success to their early training received in the old school under the supervision of Dr. Hill. There is a saying among them, "Once Dr. Hill's boy, always his boy." Many of these men have sons whom they sent to be educated in the Bishop Scott Academy while Dr. Hill was still there, and later placed them under his care when he established the Hill Military Academy.

Untiring devotion to his life-work has characterized Dr. Hill throughout his long and successful career. He has overcome many of the problems which beset the pathway of the educator, and is, in fact, recognized as one of the leading educators on the Pacific Coast. His aim has ever been threefold, to train the boy mentally, morally and physically. Believing that this can best be accomplished in a private school with military discipline, he has devoted his life to the realization of an ideal military school.



Early Portland Schools

By ALICE F. CORNWALL



THE first school in this city was that of Dr. Ralph Wilcox, opened in the fall of 1847 in a small frame building on Front and Taylor streets. It is recorded that a dozen children comprised the first attendance. This first educational venture evidently lasted only a few months, for in April or May of the succeeding year Miss Julia A. Carter, who had recently arrived with her family from Ohio, was conducting a school in a log cabin. The marriage soon after of Portland's first woman teacher to Joseph L. Smith left the settlement without a teacher, and the advent of number three was awaited. He promptly appeared in the person of Aaron J. Hyde, of whom it is related that in the winter of 1848-9 he taught a school in what was known as the cooper's shop. It was located on a lot which, as was commonly reported, a former owner had bought for the consideration of two pups.

The temple of learning in the future Northwestern metropolis seems never to have lacked a priest. Before the close of 1850 no fewer than seven instructors had come and gone in rapid succession. Like everything else on the coast, in those early days tuition was somewhat dear, \$10 per quarter being the regulation fee.

Though teachers were changing frequently, it was evidently the determination of the pioneers that the new town should have a permanent school. The historian relates that the fourth to wield the wand of office, Rev. Horace Lyman, opened a school late in December, 1849, in a frame structure built by Colonel William King for church and school purposes. It was located on the west side of First street, two doors north of Oak. On this building was placed a bell, which now hangs in the steeple of the Taylor-Street M. E. Church. The following year the school, under the fifth teacher, Cyrus A. Reed, had attained an average attendance of sixty-two pupils. The town had come to stay.

Sylvester Pennoyer, afterwards governor of Oregon, was, in 1855, appointed teacher of the Oak-street school, while the other was in charge of J. M. Keller. Rev. N. F. Boyakin, a Baptist clergyman, at this juncture held the post of county school superintendent. Among Governor Pennoyer's interesting recollections of those primitive days is the fact that when the school board formally conducted him to the home of the superintendent for an examination as to his professional ability, they found that official with sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, bravely wrestling with the family washing. Wiping the soapsuds off his arms, he "examined" the candidate, pronounced him quite satisfactory, and the future head of the state was forthwith installed in the Oak-street school.

CITY OWNERSHIP OF SCHOOLS

Not satisfied with merely achieving the establishment of schools, however, the promoters of education began to move in the direction of buildings owned by the city instead of renting. The County of Multnomah had been organized in December, 1855, and in May of the following year a committee of citizens was appointed to ascertain the cost of different sites for school grounds. A report was shortly submitted in favor of the James Field block, on which the Portland Hotel now stands, and the suggestion meeting with approval, it was purchased for \$1,000. Here a two-story structure, known as the Central School, was erected at an expenditure of \$6,000. On May 17, 1858, it was formally opened, with L. L. Terwilliger principal and Mrs. Mary J. Hensill and Owen Connelly assistants. In July following the names of 288 pupils were on the rolls. In 1883 the board of directors sold the block on which the school stood for \$75,000.

PORTLAND ACADEMY AND FEMALE SEMINARY

In 1849 Rev. James Harvey Wilbur, D. D., located in Portland. A pioneer of the highest type, he was destined to leave a lasting impress educationally as well as religiously upon the whole region. Physically strong, himself a competent carpenter, and possessed of unlimited energy, the erection of the Taylor-Street M. E. Church was his opening endeavor. With his own hands he felled the trees which covered the lot. Recognizing that education and the progress of intelligent religion are indissoluble, the church was scarcely finished when Mr. Wilbur set about the establishment of a denominational school, which should be superior to anything yet attempted on the coast. Mechanics' wages were \$12 per day and lumber \$120 per thousand, but the realization of his project went forward with dauntless zeal, and, under the style and title of "The Portland Academy and Female Seminary," the building was opened in 1850 or 1851 at an outlay of \$8,800. Mr. Buchanan was first placed in charge, but he was succeeded the year following by Rev. C. A. Kingsley and wife, who conducted it with success for eight years. Faithful and earnest work was done in "the academy."

FREE SCHOOLS

With all due deference to the academy, the founders of Portland became desirous of establishing free schools, similar to those of the Eastern states. Most prominent in the movement was the Rev. George H. Atkinson, who began to agitate the subject immediately after the organization of the territorial government August 13, 1848. Mr. Atkinson arrived in Oregon in June of that year, bringing with him a quantity of school books of the latest and best authors. Despite some opposition and after much discussion an organization was at last completed. The board of directors consisted of Anthony L. Davis, Alonzo Leland and Reuben P. Boise. This board announced that John T. Outhouse "would begin a school in the school house next door to the City Hotel on Monday, December 15, 1851. Books to be

used, Sanders' reader, Goodrich's geography, Thompson's arithmetic, and Bullion's grammar." Portland's first public school teacher was a young man only 22 years old, a native of New Brunswick. The salary paid him was \$100 per month. He began with twenty pupils, but so rapidly did the attendance increase that before the close of the first year an assistant was deemed necessary.

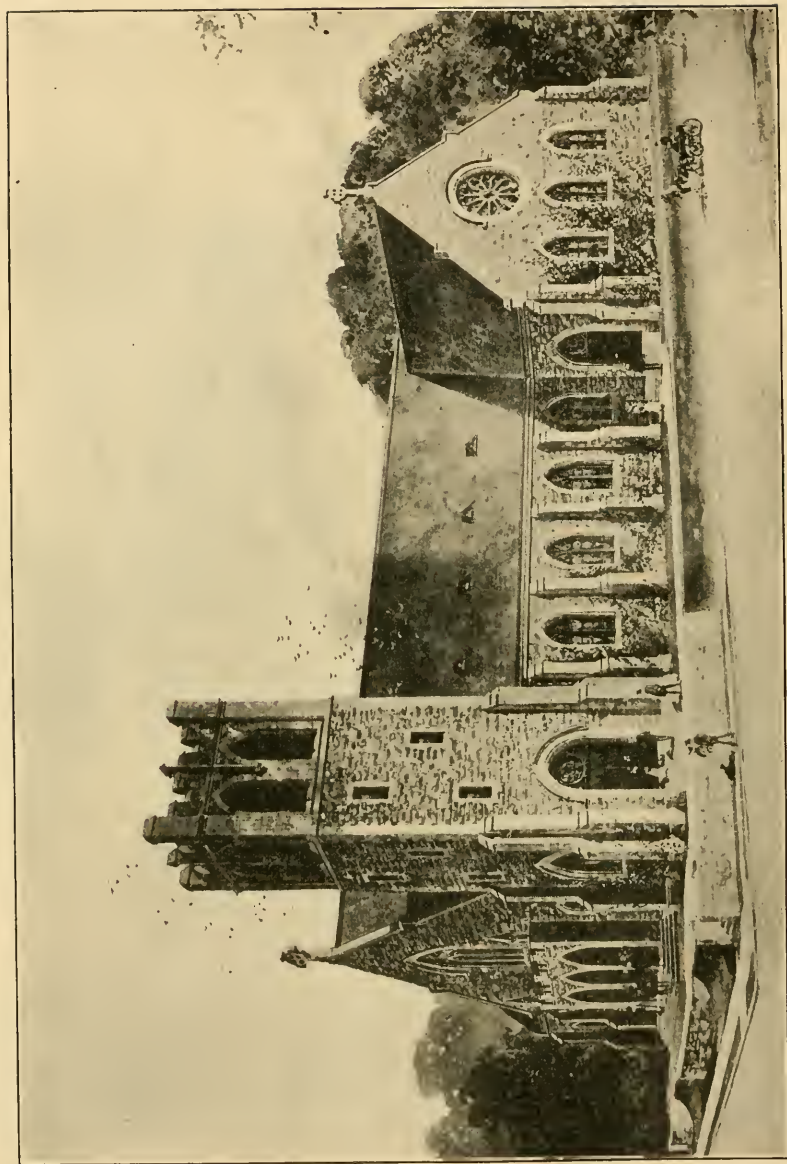
THE HIGH SCHOOL

This division of the city's public school system had its origin in 1869. In 1883 Portland's handsome High School building was projected. Its erec-



tion occupied two years. It represents an investment, including site, of \$160,000.

It can safely be asserted that no city in the Union has devoted more attention to education and achieved better results, according to its commercial growth and increase in population, than the City of Portland, Oregon.



TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, PORTLAND, OREGON (1905)

The Women Workers of the Episcopal Church

By LOUISA A. NASH



THE Episcopal Church could hardly have found its present firm footing in the Pacific Coast States but for the women who helped to pioneer it. Sometimes the clergyman's wife helped with a church school (as in Corvallis, Or.), which was to become the nucleus of a strong church. Latterly, the rector's wife at the All-Saints' Mission, Portland, won the way to the hearts of the people through the kindergarten attached to her own home. Often the little church building has been seen standing in the small country town, awaiting its rector, while its guild of faithful women kept alive the Sunday school for months, and their busy fingers worked to make all things ready against the arrival of an unknown but welcome rector.

Is there a debt hanging over the church, or a deficit for the running expenses, or is there repair needed?—the Woman's Guild is every ready for the emergency. Their inventive genius can always coin money by one method or another.

While \$750 (as the figures of Trinity, Portland, show) seems a large sum for a city church, yet in the little country parish \$40 or \$50 represents the same degree of zeal and diligence.

The Woman's Guild usually confines itself to home help. A bazaar is often the nest egg for a small outlying chapel, when it has to content itself perhaps with but a monthly service. Substantial gifts gladden the local hospitals at Thanksgiving and Christmas, as well as at other times.

The "Daughters," sometimes called the "King's Daughters," sometimes after their own particular church, emulate the matrons in their church ministries; and, like them, not scorning the humbler work of cleaning and lighting fires in God's house. They raise money, and they save money by what they gladly do with their own hands. They teach in the mission kindergartens, and start the children's societies in the right direction.

The children, whether called the "Sunbeams," the "Young Helpers" or "Little Workers," piece their quilts, voting, when complete, whether the home hospital, or the half-frozen Alaskan Mission, is to receive them. They are pretty sure to wish the Arctic Mission School to have it, even if it takes six months to reach its destination. Each Christmas the "Juniors" of Seattle (where naturally Alaskan interest is strong) send a box to the Sunday School of Ketchikan. The first child's cot of the Good Samaritan Hospital, Portland, was started in the small Sunday School of Corvallis, about twenty years ago. Every Christmas since the Sunday Schools throughout the state have contributed to this object, and there are now with Bishop Morris' help three or four cots in perpetuity ready to receive the tiny sufferers brought there for treatment. One of the children's societies worked until it had

made \$30 that a country church might have a bell in its belfry. The children of Grace Church, Astoria, support a scholarship (the Lottie S. Short Memorial) in the Tokio Divinity School, that trains any boy that wishes to become a minister. It is the children of the Sunday Schools that fill the Lenten and family boxes—their Easter offerings for missions amounting to hundreds of dollars in each diocese. From Oregon went \$830 last Easter.

The Woman's Auxiliaries, that spread like a network all over our Pacific states, are the most potent factors for mission work, both at home and abroad. Outlying missions often in desolate localities are started and kept alive with its Sunday School, and often its library and reading room. In Portland they have a Chinese Mission for the Chinamen working in the city.

In connection with All Saints Cathedral, Spokane, the Woman's Auxiliary maintains a working girls' rest room and home as a memorial to Dean Perine, which they hope, under Deaconess Nosler's efficient guidance will become self-supporting. In this work women of other denominations are now aiding. The women of East Washington have been very broad-minded in working with others in the Lewiston (Idaho) Public Library; likewise for the Yakima Hospital, and keeping up and beautifying the cemetery of Palouse, which had been left a forsaken field. The Church of Dayton, Wash., was largely built by one woman, who had worked hard to earn the money. The important mission to the miners at Coeur d'Alene receives the zealous support of the auxiliaries. In Washington they have pioneered many churches. In the case of Colfax money has been raised for heavy street grading, as well as church repairs, with no rector to encourage their hearts.

From the oldest church school in the diocese, St. Paul's, Walla Walla, mothers are now scattered all over the Northwest. Wherever they are, they are found to be loyal workers for their beloved church. In connection with St. Paul's, as with the "Annie Wright Seminary," the name of Mrs. Wells, as Miss Garretson, will be ever lovingly remembered. When the wife of the bishop, she was principal to St. Mary's (now Bronot Hall). For twenty-five years she worked untiringly for the advancement of young women.

St. Luke's Hospital at Spokane was started and maintained for years by the church women. As for the Portland "Good Samaritan," for years the only Protestant Hospital on the Pacific Coast (which now ranks the third largest this side of Chicago), Bishop Morris says: "But for the women there never could have been a hospital at all."

Idaho, with its three large Indian Reservations, Wind River, Fort Hall and Lemhi, naturally expends much interest on its Indians. The national church has sent clergymen, and the local auxiliaries "do all in their power to lead them to better things—these people, still ignorant and savage in great measure, who led the first white men over the mountains, and prepared the way for so many Christian homes." Bishop Funston writes further of his charge of the mission to the Shoshones, the friends of the great explorers. He says: "A boy of 16, who was, it is considered, with the party, and afterwards called 'Old Ocean,' died at a great age, not so very long ago, at the

Fort Hall Reservation. It is part of our woman's work to help these Indians to a knowledge of Jesus Christ. The Rev. St. Michael Fackler came from Oregon in 1864 and established the first church, which is still standing at Boise City. He formed the first Woman's Guild, the forerunner of our auxiliaries. Strange to say, some of its most important members are still our most active workers in promoting the good cause among Indians and whites, and also in forming and encouraging like societies all over the inter-mountain region."

The Woman's Auxiliary reaches out its hands to the ends of the earth, helping remote mission stations. Gift boxes, that find room for dolls and toys, are sent to Alaskan missions, visited by steamboats but once or twice a year. As is natural to its proximity, Western Washington shows great interest in this. The auxiliaries of Seattle and Tacoma sew with deft fingers for the mission boxes, containing, besides other things, drugs and books. New mining camps, such as Tanana, etc., are not forgotten.

Oregon sends useful reading matter to the soldiers at Manila; to the seamen on the broad ocean; to small reading rooms, as an antidote to the saloon; and to lonely ranch men, starving for mental food. The Grace Church Auxiliary of Astoria supports a Bible woman in China, who goes amongst the women where no one else could have access. The Sisters of St. Helen's Hall aid the Chinese Mission of Portland, and many help with their presence and talents at the Seamen's Institute. Oregon supports a scholarship in the Beaufort (colored) School of North Carolina and in St. Mary's Hall, Shanghai, where 120 native girls are educated. Eastern Washington supports two in the latter place.

The women of Boise City have been very active in work for the St. Luke's Hospital of their city, and have made much pioneer effort throughout their sparsely settled diocese.

Besides all the local and individual activity, the auxiliaries of the four dioceses subscribe about \$800 annually for the general mission fund of the church. They never forget either to put by for the "united offering" that is laid on the altar at each triennial convention. This offering amounted this year in Boston to the sum of \$150,000, of which our four dioceses bore their own noble part. No wonder the following resolution was passed with unanimous warmth:

"Resolved, That we heartily approve the suggestion made by one of the delegates at yesterday's missionary meeting (October 20) that, in view of the magnificent work of church women, including the raising of \$150,000 by the Woman's Auxiliary, the Episcopal Church work should be hereafter carried on by men and women working together and not in separate divisions."



MISS HELEN F. SPALDING
(Photographed in 1891)

Helen F. Spalding

By MRS. CATHERINE A. COBURN



LIST of the educators of the state would not be complete without the name of Helen F. Spalding, and no record of the part that the women of the state have borne in its educational work would be complete without at least a brief mention of the part that she has had in it.

Miss Spalding was born in Chelmsford, Mass., and received her first instruction in the matchless public schools of that state in the days of Horace Mann. At an early age she began teaching. She alternated this work with attendance upon private schools under eminent instructors, and when about 20 years of age she graduated at Westbrook Seminary, Maine. Upon completing her course she was chosen head of the woman's department at Westbrook Seminary, a position that she filled successfully and acceptably for six years. She went from there to Fitchburg, Mass., where for some time she was first assistant in the High School. On the opening of Buchtel College at Akron, Ohio, Miss Spalding was given the chair of English literature, a position which she held for three years. Her health becoming impaired by constant application to the duties of her profession, she asked and obtained leave of absence, and improved the opportunity thus given to visit her brothers in Portland, Oregon. Finding the climate beneficial to her health, she later resigned the chair of literature at Buchtel College and accepted a similar position in the Portland High School. With this work Miss Spalding was identified for a period of thirteen years, during which time she laid a shaping hand upon the lives of hundreds of the young men and women of the state. For obvious reasons the true record of this endeavor must forever remain unwritten except as it is recorded in the character and attainments of those who as the years went on passed out of school into the active duties and responsibilities of life.

Careful investment of her earnings grew with the growth of the city into business interests that required her personal attention, and in 18— Miss Spalding reluctantly resigned her position in the Portland High School and retired from the profession to which she had devoted so many useful years.

Though Miss Spalding withdrew from the teachers' ranks, her active sympathies are still enlisted in the cause of education, and to this extent she has never dropped out of the work, but in a quiet, earnest, helpful way continues to promote its interests. A busy woman, active in good works and ever ready with good words, she is a dependable force in all lines in which true womanly endeavor is enlisted for the public weal. Active in the cause of liberal religion; a humanitarian who is always ready to voice the wrongs of the voiceless, she is passing gently down the sunset slope of life. And when at last its evening shadows enfold her she will gratefully be "remembered for what she has done."

Woman Suffrage in Washington Territory

By JOHN MILLER MURPHY,

Editor of the Washington Standard, Olympia, Wash.

PROBABLY it was the drift of popular sentiment towards enlarging the sphere of American citizenship, and extending political privileges incident thereto, with special reference to the enfranchisement of the negro, which led to discussion of the propriety of extending the ballot to the women of this country, who had so unquestionably earned that privilege by their aid in making the government, as well as promoting its welfare whenever attacked by enemies from within or without. This question began to be agitated immediately at the close of the war, during the reconstruction period, and culminated in 1868 by the fourteenth amendment to the constitution, defining citizenship, and in 1870 by the fifteenth, declaring that the right to vote should not be denied, or abridged, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

It was just about forty years ago that the subject of woman's enfranchisement came up as a prominent political issue in Washington Territory by introduction of the measure in the legislature, when that noble woman, Susan B. Anthony, and the no less admirably persistent advocate, Abigail Scott Duniway, publisher and editor of the *New Northwest*, appeared in the legislative halls to advocate favorable action. While their earnest and logical appeals had a mighty effect, both on the law-makers and their constituents, the time was not yet ripe for action, and the measure was defeated, with about an equal number of both parties—democrats and republicans—voting for it. About this time, likewise, the *Washington Standard*, a weekly newspaper published at the capital, became an earnest and determined advocate of the ballot for women, and for eighteen years, up to the passage of the suffrage act, persisted in the battle for equal and exact justice to be extended to the better portion of mankind.

It must be borne in mind that, fair as this proposition may seem, when gauged by ordinary methods of determination, there were many who were controlled by the most bitter prejudice, and they were not confined solely to the male sex. Many were the objections, mostly frivolous, but some entitled to consideration, because honestly held and because, too, of the fact that the measure was over untried grounds; but all had to be met and weighed to make opinion on which the proposition depended for success. Some thought that woman's sphere should be confined strictly to the home; others thought that the feminine mind was not capable of grasping or properly weighing the great matters of statecraft; still others thought it would be demoralizing to women to go to the polls, where they were likely to be jostled by the low and vicious. But woman's champions met these, and many other

objections, with a confidence that was impregnable, and, thank heaven, one that was fully justified by the subsequent trial.

So determined became the opponents to impartial suffrage that, in 1871, an act was passed, and approved November 29, "in relation to woman suffrage" (the title), in which it was enacted that "No female shall have the right of ballot, or vote, at any poll or election precinct in the territory, until the congress of the United States of America shall, by direct legislation upon the same, declare the same to be the supreme law of the land." In looking at the law now, with all feeling aside, one cannot refrain from an expression of surprise that solons of the law-giving power should have attempted such a futile method of stemming the tide that would inevitably overwhelm them. Any subsequent legislature could, of course, repeal the act which so magnanimously accorded to congress the privilege of reversing their act. It was probably intended to be merely an expression of the assembled law-makers, but it shows with what intensity it was held, and the wonderful change implied in passage of the measure a few years afterward.

It was at the legislative session of 1883 that an act amending Section 3050 of Chapter 238 of the Code of Washington Territory gave the ballot to women. It was simply an act to omit the word "male" in the amended section and provide for interpretation of the pronoun "his" and its variations, to be construed to mean "her" as the same might require. The act was approved by Governor W. A. Newell November 23, 1883. It passed the "council," as the upper branch of the legislature was then called, by a majority of one vote. It conferred absolute equality upon women as voters, jurors and officeholders. Under it the women voted in 1884 and 1886. Their influence at the ballot box contributed in no small degree to the success of Charles S. Voorhees as delegate to congress, representing as he did the interests of the people against the grasping demands of the railroads to augment their land grant.

On February 3, 1887, the Territorial Supreme Court, in a decision rendered in a "whisky case," entitled *Harland v. Territory of Washington*, by Judge George Turner, declared the act invalid, as the grand jury which had indicted him was partly composed of women. The concluding part of the decision, written by Turner and concurred in by Associate Justice Langford, Judge Greene dissenting, was as follows:

"If the law conferring the elective franchise on females was not a fruit of disobedience to the wise and salutary restraint of the organic act, as has been charged, and if there is a public sentiment in the territory which favors such a measure, the next legislature will probably re-enact it."

Even in this utterance of an austere man can be seen respect for power behind the ballot, when reference is made to the possibility that "popular sentiment" might finally repudiate the courtly edict. And be it noted that after the woman had finally lost the ballot, much of that chivalry which had been accorded them as voters was lost. Politicians who had lifted their hats to the fairer portion of humanity while the law was in effect passed

them by with averted eyes, becoming literally Pharisees after the law was repealed.

The life-line thrown out by the court was, however, justified, as the legislature a few months later re-enacted the suffrage law, with the judicially declared objectionable provision eliminated. In an act "prescribing the qualification of voters in the Territory of Washington," approved January 18, 1888, appears the exact phraseology of the act amending section 3050 of the code, with this proviso, that "nothing in this act shall be so construed as to make it lawful for women to serve as jurors."

The act was not, however, allowed long to remain on the statute book by its implacable foes, acting through the Supreme Court. August 14, 1888, in the agreed case of Nevada M. Bloomer against the election board of a ward in Spokane, backed by the liquor interest, the law was finally blotted out of existence. It was carried up for that special purpose, and Judges Jones, Langford and Allyn lent themselves to the conspiracy, and they declared the term "male inhabitant," which fixed the qualification of the first voters of the territory to apply to the term "citizen," as subsequently used in the same act, who, it declared, should be accorded the elective franchise at all other or subsequent elections—a forced construction to say the least. But it was important to have the matter settled before the territory became a state, and so the courts were worked "overtime" to secure that result. It is hardly probable that this use of the higher court to accomplish what could not have been done by the people through their legislative representatives would have been possible had it not been for the influence of a strong trade combination which through some means swayed the court of final resort.

While the vote of the women on such local option cases as came before them was judicious, as it was predicted it would be, favoring license of law-abiding applicants, the women did insist upon compliance with laws for protection of minors and preservation of order; and it was probably the inordinate zeal of Judge Greene, of the Seattle court, to force women to the front for these objects that led to organization for repeal of the suffrage act. Mrs. Duniway predicted this result, and urged moderation, until, at least, such time as the right might be engrafted into a state constitution, saying: "Be careful of the bridge that has carried you over; it is frail as yet and cannot bear excessive burdens till strengthened by a stronger foundation." But her advice was unheeded, and by a class of people, too, who had afforded very little aid in the passage of the law, but wished to use it as a force to regulate the morals of the people. Men who considered it a religious duty to institute crusades and compel acquiescence, instead of appealing to reason, became most persistent in urging the use of the ballot for this purpose by women.

In conclusion, I would say that the great body of women made intelligent voters and honest and conscientious officeholders, so far as their service had extended in that line of duty, and capable jurors specially fitted for protection of family and fireside. Although at first more radical in that line

than prudence directed for lasting results, they were daily growing in discretion as well as knowledge, and it would not have been long till they would have become potent factors of a model system of civil government.

Instead of women being the objects of insult by a rabble at the polls, the booths ceased to be the rendezvous of the vicious or intemperate, and they were as quiet and orderly as elsewhere wherein woman's gentle influence is felt. Had a disposition been displayed to make it otherwise, there would have been enough of true manhood present to afford ample protection to women. Then, again, many avenues were opened to woman for honorably making her way forward in the rigorous struggle of life which she must meet when thrown upon her own resources.

These are, in brief, the impressions of the writer, based upon the facts presented in the experimental test of woman's capability for political rights in the Territory of Washington. That it was a success in all respects makes it the more to be regretted that a branch of our government we have been taught to reverence and honor should have been used as the only available method for triumph of the machinations of a business which a no less authority than the Supreme Court of the United States says should be regulated and restrained by law—the embodiment of the people's will in statutory form.

Disheartened, disorganized and disfranchised by this means, the suffrage party was in no condition to make a successful effort to carry the suffrage clause of the state constitution in 1889; but a vote of 16,527 was polled for woman suffrage, and 35,613 against it. The women's votes would have added quite enough, it is safe to say, with the influence they would have carried with the politicians, to have placed the power irrevocably in the constitution of the State of Washington. But the end is not yet.

THE SECURITY SAVINGS AND TRUST COMPANY

266 Morrison Street, Portland, Oregon

The Security Savings and Trust Company was formed July 20, 1890, and incorporated under the names of the following gentlemen: C. H. Lewis, Henry Failing, H. W. Corbett, C. A. Dolph, C. F. Adams and A. Bush. The present officials of the corporation are: President, C. F. Adams; secretaries, R. G. Jubitz and G. F. Russell.

From the start the bank has maintained a high standard and ranks as one among the safest depositories in the Northwest. It has filled the want of just such accommodations as its name implies. To those of small earnings it means much to have at hand a place where their savings can be deposited and at the same time yield interest. This means more than the mere opportunity to deposit money in small amounts. The very possibility is an inducement to save and cultivate the spirit of economy, and also help to overcome the disposition to consume all of one's earnings in daily expenses. Hence it acts as a moral stay to the people.

The resources of this bank are \$3,576,490, distributed as follows: Loans, \$2,232,078; bonds, \$862,154; real estate, \$11,188; cash and due from correspondents, \$471,069; capital stock and surplus, \$375,000; deposits, \$3,170,681.65.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY NAMES, SEVENTH AVENUE, SEATTLE, WASH.

On June 15, 1905, this institution of learning for young girls will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. Upon its past work God's benedictions have been shed, while upon its future rests the crown of promise. Within two years the general government of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary hopes to have erected and completed one of the finest academies of the Great West. The site has already been secured on Capital Hill, which commands from this point a magnificent view of the Cascades and Olympic ranges and the grand water environments of the Queen City.

In 1880 Very Rev. F. X. Prefontaine laid the foundation of Holy Names Academy on the corner of Second and Spring streets. The work of these twenty-five years lives in the hearts of hundreds of pupils who are the joy and solace of their Alma Mater.



Work of Baptist Women in the Pacific Northwest

By MRS. ELLEN SCOTT LATOURETTE

FROM the time of the organization of the first Baptist Church in the Northwest, the call came to our women to be co-laborers in lines of Christian work which especially appeal to women. This was the giving of the gospel to women in pagan lands. Besides these duties, the Baptist women have not been unmindful of the individual needs in their home churches and neighborhoods, or of the opportunities for service in various directions, as is evidenced by the Ladies' Aid Societies in our churches, the systematic calling upon strangers and the sick and poor.

For a time the mission circle was auxiliary to the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West, which, with its sister society of the East, had been formed only the year before. Thus quick were the sisters of this remote territory to respond to calls and opportunities for help. By 1874 the missionary idea had so grown up on the coast that there was formed in San Francisco the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the Pacific Coast, which claimed as one of its constituents this little band at Olympia, and also two more which had been formed by this time at Elma and Seattle. (The "White Temple")



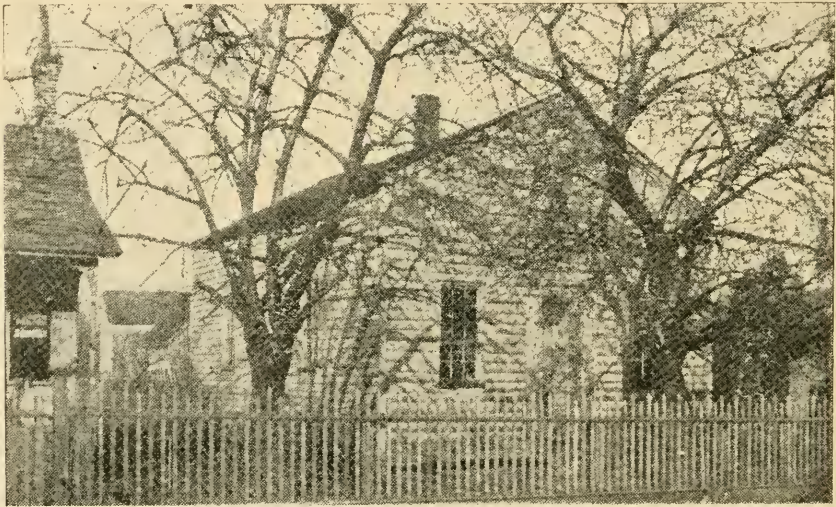
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

In 1876 Mrs. J. C. Baker, of Oakland, Cal., came to Oregon and organized some circles, among them one at Oregon City and another at Salem, making them auxiliary to the same general society at San Francisco. But two years later, as the distances were so great, making it impossible for delegates to gather from the remote fields, another general society, called the Woman's

Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the North Pacific Coast, was formed having for its constituency Oregon, Eastern Washington, North Idaho and British Columbia.

In 1882 Oregon voted to leave the North Pacific Coast Society, and become directly auxiliary to the Missionary Union. Its constituency at this time was twelve circles and six mission bands—a few of these being in Eastern Washington.

In 1883 Miss Adele M. Fields, of Swatow, China, made a hasty tour of Oregon and Washington, and enlisted many circles in a plan for providing a training school for Chinese women in a part of the Swatow district. The circle at Seattle in particular gave important aid in this work. Mission work among the Japanese and Chinese at Seattle has resulted in the formation of a church for each of these nationalities, under the auspices of the first



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH WEST OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS
(The birthplace of McMinnville College)

church; the Tabernacle church of the same city has sent a missionary to the Philippines; work among the Danes, Swedes and Norwegians also has received much attention at the hands of Seattle Baptists.

In 1884 Oregon decided to assume the support of a missionary, and Miss Minnie Buzzell, of Nebraska, was sent to Swatow, China. For only a few years did her health allow her to labor there; but on her return fruitful work was done in Oregon for several years, being marked by a large increase in missionary interest, and by large contributions, reaching in one year the sum of \$1,875.

From that time until now the Oregon society has had in the foreign field a number of representatives—Miss Pursell at Nowgong, Assam, sent by the Young People's Societies; Miss Skinner, an Oregon girl, at Cumbum, India; Miss Elia Campbell, sent to the Hakkas, in China; Miss Kate Goddard

to Ningpo, China, and Miss Stella Ragon to Shevegyin, Burmah. It also sent to the training school at Chicago Miss Addie Williams, of Oregon. Since 1885 Mrs. E. S. Latourette has continuously served as corresponding secretary; Mrs. M. L. Driggs as president since 1889, and Mrs. James Failing as recording secretary from 1888 to 1903. The society was incorporated in 1890.

In Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho the home and foreign mission work have for the most part gone hand in hand, Union circles pledging support to both causes having been the rule. Miss Allen, general missionary, took charge of the Chinese mission work in Spokane in 1895. The general work was also actively prosecuted, nearly every church in the field being enlisted.

Some of the specific work of the women in this field has been the education of one young woman at the training school, the support for a time of the Scandinavian mission at Spokane. Another opportunity for help was given our women about 1894, by Rev. S. W. Beaven, a resident pastor on Vashon Island, Washington, at Burton, between Seattle and Tacoma. The need for another home for the children of foreign missionaries, beside those already in Massachusetts and Illinois, had long been apparent. Mr. Beaven's proposition was that he and his wife, assisted by his two sisters, should take the initiative in providing such a home if the women's missionary societies on the coast would co-operate. In 1895 a large house was built by Mr. Beaven, the women's societies and individual friends assisting in the furnishings. Later it, with its grounds, was purchased by the denomination on the coast and placed under the management of a representative committee of fifteen, five to reside near the home. Mr. Beaven and his wife were retained as superintendent and matron. Their care and the home has proved ideal, thus softening the sorrows of missionary parents whose children must have their early education in the home land, away from those most dear to them.

During the past two years all the women's foreign missionary societies on the coast have become affiliated with the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West, and the probabilities are that the home at Burton will also come under the same management.

Pioneer courts, as well as pioneers of all other sorts, have a history peculiar to themselves. The first court opened in Corvallis was in a little log house, the home of Mrs. J. C. Avery. Judge Pratt, with all due dignity and the usual ceremony, pronounced the court open, and then Joe Meek, clothed with the authority of United States Marshal, stepped outside the door and called in a loud, sonorous voice, "Hear ye! hear ye! come into court," though there was not a person within hearing save Mrs. Avery, nor another object that broke the stillness save the dasher of her churn, as she sat by the fireplace composedly churning during this imposing ceremony, the formal opening of the first court in that judicial district.—(Notes furnished by Mrs. George R. Helm, nee Miss Frances Avery.)



MOUNT HOOD, IN OREGON
(In plain view from Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Oregon)

COURTESY OF PACIFIC MONTHLY

Scenic Attractions of the 1905 Exposition

By WILLIAM BITTLE WELLS

Editor of the Pacific Monthly



ALTHOUGH the Lewis and Clark Exposition will have many unique features, the one thing that will make it stand out as different from any other exposition that the world has ever seen will be the scenic attractions of the Exposition and of the city in which it is held. Without exaggeration we may say that certainly no other city in the United States is more beautifully located than Portland.

Standing on any of the heights which border the western side of the city, one may look upon a most inspiring and beautiful scene. The striking and



MOUNT ADAMS, IN WASHINGTON

(A snow peak visible from Lewis and Clark Exposition)

unusual feature of the landscape about Portland is the sea of verdure-clad firs which stretches as far as the eye can reach. The crowning features of the landscape—valley, hills and plain—that greets the expectant eye of the sight-seer are the majestic peaks of five snow-capped mountains that rise above the distant mountain chain, clear and insistent. Whether, therefore, the

Exposition will reach the expectations of visitors or not is, after all, immaterial, for no lover of nature could gaze upon the beauties which surround Portland without feeling that he has been paid many times over for coming to this part of the world.

The location of the Exposition is in itself one of rare beauty. The green hills at the rear, green throughout the year, will be a great relief to those who come from the parched regions of the South or the dry and alkaline plains of the Middle West or the scorched regions of the East. In the hottest of July days, when in the East the thermometer is sweltering at from 90 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, the cool breezes of the Willamette will blow upon the delighted visitor, bringing with them refreshing odors of the Pacific.

In laying out the grounds themselves, nature was disturbed to the least possible extent. Sturdy old firs, hundreds of years old, have been used with great decorative effect, and paths that twist and turn along the hillsides have been made to adapt themselves to the natural beauty of the grounds. Looking to the north there is one expanse of water, and although the summer days in Portland are hardly ever disagreeably warm, the sight of this beautiful lake, with the government building in the distance, will lend a charm even to the most unpoetic of beings. We can never get away, however, from the sturdy, majestic, awe-inspiring peak of old Mt. Hood, that stands like a sentinel to the right. Old as time itself, it stands there almost like a living, sentient being, now thrusting its existence upon us in an unexpected manner and seeming only twenty or thirty miles away, and again cold, distant, formal. Although four other snow-clad mountains are to be seen from the height back of the city, two of them higher than Mt. Hood and one of them almost as high, none of the others has that majestic appearance which has endeared itself to the heart of every loyal Portlander like old Mt. Hood. There is therefore a charm, a delight, a memory that will never fade away, to the expectant visitor to the Exposition. He may come to see the Exposition, and his greatest expectations will be more than realized, but he will return, if he returns at all, having seen Nature, and he will be charmed, for the works of nature are ever greater than the works of man.

CHIROPODY.

Corns and callosities have afflicted the race since the introduction of footwear. The first mode of treatment was to cut these growths, and there were professional corn parers, later known as chiropodists. The apothecaries compounded preparations from acids warranted to remove corns and callouses, which often produced serious results. Mr. Deveny, of the firm of the Devenys, believing that safer and more effectual treatment should be employed, made a comprehensive study of the subject, and by careful experiments in compounding essential oils, he has produced an ointment which causes a separation, and the corn can be peeled off without pain or soreness. There are many kinds of corns; the one having a fistula under it is perhaps the most serious. Since a special treatment of each must be applied, scientific knowledge of the work is required. This knowledge the Devenys claim to possess, and use it with skill, to which thirty years of successful practice testifies, twelve of which have been spent in Portland. Their parlors are in the Drew building, 162 Second street, room 203, Portland, Or. There all sufferers will receive careful and prompt attention.

Raising the Flag Over a Northwest School House

By DR. N. J. A. SIMONS



THE WAR was at an end. We were a school of patriots. The Fourth of July was coming. I conceived the plan to purchase a flag and have it raised over my school house that day. I wrote out a subscription paper, and in a short time I had \$40, with which we bought a nice, large bunting flag ready for the celebration. The following is a copy of the subscription paper:

"We do hereby promise to pay to the bearer the sum of money we affix to our names subscribed herein for the purpose of purchasing a flag for the Delta school house, to be held as its property."

The glorious Fourth of 1866 came. The sun rose in all his glory; a stiff breeze was blowing and it would not be a hot day. The people were full of the spirit of patriotism. The purchasing of the flag had aroused them, and for the first time in the history of that little valley they were to celebrate the Fourth of July.

I had secured Rev. H. H. Spalding, who was passing through that part, to act as chaplain on this great occasion. Father Spalding, as he was familiarly known, was sent out thirty years before as a missionary to the Nez Perce Indians by the Presbyterian Board of Missions. He had written out his prayer on separate sheets of paper, and while he was offering the petition the wind whisked one of the sheets away out of reach, but the prayer went on, and we felt sure the Lord knew the blessings asked for on that piece of paper, and we doubted not that they were answered.

Our schoolroom was small, so stakes were set in the ground near by on which rails were laid and then a covering of fir boughs. This arbor covered a space large enough to accommodate all the friends who came. Including my pupils, 150 people were present. My little melodeon served as an instrument to accompany the singing, and it was as grand to the assembled people as if it had been a pipe organ.

The order of exercises held on the Fourth of July, 1866, at the raising of the flag over the school house by pupils of the Delta Academy, under the direction of the teacher, Mrs. N. J. A. Simons, was, in part, as follows:

Prayer by Rev. H. H. Spalding.

Singing, "America," by the young ladies.

Raising the flag, by the teacher and pupils.

Reading of Declaration of Independence, by Mr. Looney Bond.

Singing, "Star Spangled Banner," by the school.

Reading, "History of the Flag," by Melissa Cox.

After the exercises were over we had a picnic dinner under the arbor. I doubt not that some of these children, now gray haired and heads of families, can recall this glorious Fourth and repeat the story to their children

of the raising of this flag, the first to wave over a school building in the Pacific Northwest.

(Mrs. Simons, the leading spirit and chief actor in this little drama, well worthy to be chronicled as a part of our Northwest history, is yet living, bright and active. Though for years totally blind, upon the walls of her memory glow the pictures of the past and in her heart, still sing the same sweet songs of love for country, God and humanity. Her days are full of work and helpfulness, though sightless her eyes. Through a device of her own inventing she is enabled to write very legibly, and wrote with her own hand the foregoing article. She also does wood carving and makes portfolios of leather. Not the least of her helpfulness is her sunny, contented spirit, which surmounts her affliction and radiates into the heart of every one who finds way into her delightful presence; to these she is a lesson and a benediction.—M. O. D.)

ROBERTS BROTHERS' DEPARTMENT STORE

The marvelous growth of this house speaks volumes for the possibilities of Oregon and the Northwest. In the short space of fourteen years this firm has grown from a very small beginning to one of the leading department stores of the Pacific Coast. Their



new store building on the corner of Third and Morrison streets occupies a central position in the city, and is one of the most modern equipped in the West. Their method of doing business has won the confidence of their patrons, and their large and commodious quarters are always filled with buyers.

Woman Suffrage in Idaho

By WILLIAM BALDERSTON.
Editor of Boise Daily Statesman



WE WANTED IT; we went after it, and we got it. After we got it we liked it, and we find ourselves liking it better after an experience with it reaching over four campaigns.

That is the story of equal suffrage in Idaho.

The ballot was placed in the hands of the better half of the population of this state at the election held in 1896, and the results of the change have fully justified those through whose efforts the reform was brought about.

A brief review of the subject may, however, be of interest to the reader, and for the purpose of such a review we shall turn back a few years and recall the circumstances under which the change occurred.

The first political step toward the enfranchisement of women was taken in 1894, when the state republican convention adopted a resolution pledging the party to submit the question to a vote of the people. This was brought about through the activity of an equal suffrage association that had been maintained for two years, and was aided by national suffragists, including Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Ida M. Johns and Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway.

True to its pledge, the party, at the ensuing session of the legislature, submitted an amendment to the state constitution giving women the right of suffrage. The equal suffrage association then went to work with great vigor to carry the amendment through, and its efforts were crowned with success at the election in 1896. On election day there were workers at the polls who called the attention of voters to the amendment at the last moment, and all were rejoiced when the returns were received to find the reform had been carried by a safe majority. One obstacle remained, however, a question being raised whether less than a majority of all the votes was sufficient to carry an amendment. This question was carried into the Supreme Court, where it was decided that it was necessary only to have a majority of all those voting on the amendment.

The change went into effect as smoothly as though the women had always been accustomed to voting. There was, though, a remarkable improvement in the conduct of elections. A better tone was observed at once. The presence of women at the polls had an effect similar to their presence at any other place—rowdiness disappearing and giving place to a quiet, genteel polling-place atmosphere comparable to that observed in a dry goods store, or any other place where the sex gathers.

Some women have become officeholders, but there is no disposition among them to crowd into politics in that manner. In nearly all instances women are selected as superintendents of schools in state and county; some have been elected as county treasurers, and we have one female county clerk.

When the change was made a few women were elected as members of the legislature, but there seems to be no disposition to demand places there, and for some sessions none has appeared.

Women have generally taken part in our elections: they manifest a lively interest in them, and their influence is felt in all contests. There may be a few who do not embrace the opportunity to vote, but the writer has no knowledge of such.

In connection with this feature of the subject, it may be stated that the lesson taught is that the placing of the ballot in the hands of women has not brought about any such conditions as are always portrayed by opponents of equal suffrage. It has not changed or lowered women; it has not started them out as politicians; it has not taken them from their homes. It has simply made them a power in determining who shall be chosen to make and administer our laws. Those who have served in public positions have reflected credit upon their sex and upon the state.

The influence of the women vote is felt in the convention. It has improved our ticket, better men being nominated as a rule. Whenever an important question, especially one of a moral nature, is before the people, the women can be relied upon to carry the election for the right. While that is true, they cannot be stampeded by politicians who seek to play upon their emotions when the facts do not justify the action asked of them. They are sane and sound in their political action, but when, in a practical manner, a moral question comes up for decision at the polls, the women vote is on the right side in far greater proportion than that of the men. This has always been the hope of the conservative supporters of equal suffrage, and that hope has been fully justified by the results of women's voting in Idaho.

Fear of the women vote deters legislatures from taking action that would have been a forgone conclusion in the days before the wife and mother appeared at the ballot places to aid in deciding as to men and measures. We had gambling licensed in Idaho prior to the reform, but at the next session of the legislature the law was changed. That was because the members realized the women would smash those who might defeat such action. In municipal elections the women sweep the foundations from under those who wink at violation of the law we now have against the vice.

Soon after the adoption of the amendment a woman's club in Boise prepared an ordinance prohibiting expectoration on sidewalks and in public places. It was sent into the city council with request that it be passed. The members looked at each other and indulged in some badinage, all being plainly ashamed to father the measure. But something had to be done; a powerful club of voters had made the demand in the name of decency, and this ordinance, which would not even have received consideration in the old days, was passed without a dissenting voice.

God bless the women of the state! They are a tower of strength for all who enter the lists in the cause of civic decency and righteousness, their votes being always ready to support a reasonable, just and practical demand.

The Ladies' Relief Society

MARCH 20, 1867, a little band of women met in the basement of the First Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Third and Washington streets, to consider how best to systematize their efforts for the relief of the poor of Portland. Previous to this the few families needing aid were chiefly those who had crossed the plains, and who had exhausted their little means. When, in the fall, the long trains of emigrant wagons wended their way down through the valleys they were cordially met and their wants relieved. Thirty-two ladies composed the society, which was then organized under the name of the "Ladies' Relief Society." These women represented no one denomination.

For several years the mode of raising funds was by giving various kinds of entertainments, the well remembered amateur concerts, literary festivals, sociables, bazaars and charity balls. These were liberally patronized by all classes of citizens.

In a few years the great number of forsaken and neglected children appealed strongly to the sympathies of the members of the society, and the need of a home where they could be kept and cared for was discussed. A committee was appointed to look for a suitable house and also for a matron to take charge of it.

July 8, 1871, a special meeting was called to consider the expediency of purchasing a piece of land and erecting a building. The minutes of that meeting read as follows: "Two lots and a small house across the creek have been offered for sale at \$2000, which business men think cheap and desirable for our purpose." It was unanimously voted that the purchase be made.

Since at that time an incorporation composed of women only could not legally hold real estate, some of the leading business men of the city became members of the relief society, and acted as its board of trustees.

In 1880 a block of land in South Portland, on Corbett street, was donated by Henry Villard, of New York. Through the liberality of friends the handsome and commodious building erected upon it and now occupied as "The Home" was completed in November, 1884, free of debt. Beautiful grounds surround the home. From its broad verandas almost the entire city is in view, also the river and the mountains, above which arise the two great snow peaks, Hood and St. Helens.

The home accommodates 100 children. The age limits are, for girls, from 3 to 14 years; for boys, from 3 to 10 years. The nurseries are large and well supplied with beautiful toys and nursery books, showered upon the home by the children of the well-to-do and the rich, who delight to share their numerous gifts with the poor ones who find shelter here.

More than 2000 children have been cared for, many of whom were placed, by adoption, in good families, and have grown up useful members of society.

To fit the girls for self-support, training in domestic science is given insofar as means and circumstances will permit. A systematic domestic training school is hoped for in the near future.

The sick in the home have been attended by physicians of the city gratuitously.

For a few years a donation from the state was given the home, though for the greater part it has been supported through the efforts of the society and the munificence of the people. Several liberal bequests have been made, and the home now has an endowment fund, which is under the management of the board of trustees, the personnel of which has remained unchanged, save when a member has been removed by death. Mrs. Mary Holbrook, a woman divinely appointed, it would seem, for this work, served as president of the society for thirty years. Her term, too, closed only at the Master's call, "Come up higher."

The work of the relief society has not been confined to the maintenance of the home. Until the support by the state was withdrawn and the work of the home had grown into large proportions, the society attended systematically to its first work, ward visiting, thereby keeping in touch with the poor families of the city and ministering to their wants intelligently.

ILLUSTRATIVE SHORTHAND—BENN PITMAN SIMPLIFIED

Linda Bronson-Salmon, nee Pennington, whose portrait appears with this article, is the author of a popular and unique text-book on Illustrative Shorthand, and is the originator of the only Unvocalized System of Shorthand ever published, where the vowels were discarded from start to finish. This work was copyrighted in 1888, and a revised second edition in 1900.

This system is founded on the Ben Pitman System, simplified, classified and arranged, but with such eliminations and additions as are made imperative by the demand of the day for accuracy and speed. This not only simplifies the method employed, but shortens the process of acquiring a working knowledge of it, as the complete course, including Commercial Correspondence, Law Phrasing, Editorial and General Reporting, is completed in twelve weeks, with a movement of 120 to 200 words per minute, with perfect legibility years hence as on the day of writing.

Mrs. Bronson-Salmon was born in Baltimore, Md., and is a lineal descendant of the house of Muncaster, Cumberland, England. Educated at St. Luke's Academy, Philadelphia, and identified with educational work for the past twenty-five years in the City of Portland, Or., her adopted home, and where her studio, in the Washington building, is the recognized head of schools in the Eastern States as well as in Australasia.

Offices 56-57-58 Washington building, Fourth and Washington streets, Portland, Or.



Woman's Club Work in Idaho

By EMILY L. SAVIDGE and MARY L. NIXON, Boise Idaho



THE Woman's Columbia Club came into existence in 1892, when some of the women of Boise, Idaho, decided to furnish the Idaho building at the Columbia Exposition in Chicago in 1893. After this good work was completed these women decided that the club should continue and that its work should be (1) to establish and maintain a circulating library and free reading room; (2) to take up any line of work which shall be designed to promote the highest interests of the city.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Boise had collected some books which they kindly turned over to the Woman's Columbia Club, and this formed the nucleus of the Boise library. Club members at first took turns in keeping the library open, but soon after Miss Ella C. Reed was chosen librarian. The city giving the necessary room, the library was placed in the city hall. Through the efforts of the club a traveling library was started, which has proved itself a power for good in the more remote parts of Idaho. In 1901 the members of the Columbia Club realizing that Boise should have a library building, determined to try to secure aid from Mr. Carnegie toward the erection of a building. A committee of three, composed of Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Ridenbough and Mrs. Richards, was appointed by the club to take the matter in charge. To the untiring and continued effort of the committee is mainly due the results finally accomplished. They found that before securing any promises from Andrew Carnegie they would have to show on the part of the city a suitable site and a fund for annual maintenance. Accordingly after the necessary time had elapsed for advertising, voting and selling bonds, the sum of \$4000 was available for the site, and a fine half block, centrally located, purchased from the city school board. Then the city council voted an annual maintenance fund of \$2500 and created a board of five library trustees, three of whom were the members of the club committee in charge of the work. In response to a request, Mr. Carnegie donated the sum of \$15,000. While we had hoped to receive \$25,000, we were not discouraged, but went to work to raise at least \$5000 in the city. The club consented to continue its maintenance of the library, thus allowing most of the \$2500 given yearly by the city to accumulate towards the building fund. Through the influence of a personal friend Mr. Carnegie gave to the library an additional \$5000. The building is now under way, and will probably be ready for occupancy by the 1st of January, 1905.

The club has thus gradually grown to its present proportions. It now has eleven departments of work, two hundred active members and twenty honorary members. It is a recognized power in the community. Although partially a literary club, its strength lies in its public work for the betterment of the city and the state. There has been space for only a brief men-



SHOSHONE FALLS OF SNAKE RIVER—60 FEET HIGHER THAN NIAGARA.

COURTESY LEWIS AND CLARK JOURNAL

tion of its most important achievements. Many lesser ones which may have had as great an influence for good must go unmentioned.

Eastern club women tell us that we are especially favored in receiving the aid and co-operation of state legislators and city officials in our efforts to improve prevailing usages and correct existing abuses. They hint that it is largely due to our possession of the ballot. But we prefer, and justly, to attribute this to the native courtesy and kindness of our western man. Be he governor, mayor, legislator or private citizen, he has always responded generously to our appeals, and on every occasion he has more than seconded any effort made by the club for useful reforms.



Scenes about the Home of My Childhood

By MARY OSBORN DOUTHIT



N the fair County of Linn is Prairie Home, the donation claim of my father and mother. 'Mid its enchanting scenes my childhood was spent. On the east, near by, is Sand Ridge. Upon its gently rolling surface is the schoolhouse, and not far away the burying ground. Just beyond, Washington Butte stands like a benign guardian of the peaceful homes and happy people clustered about its base, or spread out over the expanse of the beautiful prairie. The prairie is charmingly diversified by the woods that skirt the banks of the streams, and in spring time over its verdant landscape wind broad sloughs like ribands of silver. Back lie the hills and mountains and further beyond rise majestically five snow peaks—Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson and the Three Sisters. Some distance to the north is little Knox Butte, fair to look upon with its smooth round knolls and plain and wooded slopes of evergreen. To the south standing out from their sister hills are Ward's and Saddle Buttes, with faces bare and bold, but beautiful in their graceful outlines. West, across the Willamette Valley and beyond the Willamette River—pride of Oregon—stretches the Coast Range densely wooded and low, but high enough to seem a protection to the valley against Old Ocean with his threatening roar when wintry storms rage 'round him. This scene in its entirety, be it in sunshine, or when "Oregon rains are raining," or when the harvest moon shines pale and calm upon it, holds memory's eyes entranced by its loveliness and grandeur, but no other part of its sublime whole is so near and dear to us, or has left upon our hearts an impression so indelible, as the buttes. They seem to have stepped out from the mother range to make friendly overtures to the valleys and the prairie, to reach down in their gentle slopes and say to the denizens of the plain, "Come up out of the vale, and from our heights

catch a broader view: in the enchantment of the beauty spread out before you forget the greed and strife that mar the lives of men."

O Buttes of Linn! O Buttes of Linn!
Ye speak to me in tones as clear
As when my infant eyes looked on thee
And girlhood's dreamy thoughts
Spun 'round thee strange sweet fantasies.

Upon thy face, O Washington,
A picture I could see so true
It all but spake to me.
It was of him the great and good
Who gave the name of Washington.
Our country's own whose name is thine.
Strong-featured, beautiful thou art!
Adown thy sides on north and south
The waving trees seem like the locks
That flowed from his great brow,
His noble face adorning.

At evening time, when day's last beams
Shed o'er thee soft and gentle light,
How oft I've seen my mother stand,
In awe enwrapt, and gaze on thee,
And low, in words, scarce whispered, say
"How beautiful! how beautiful."
Through long years past come back to me
Re-echoed from thy face her words,
"How beautiful! how beautiful!"

O Buttes of Linn! O Buttes of Linn!
Ever to me the story tell
What ye alone can say,
Of happiest days, of loves most loved,
Of glorious dreams of future deeds.
O speak! and let me feel once more
The thrill that warmed me then;
The fireside love and hearthstone dreams
Within the walls of home.

O Buttes of Linn! O Buttes of Linn!
The world is wide and fair,
But nowhere in its great expanse
Can any place, however grand,
Bring to my heart the solace sweet
I find imprinted in thy forms,
For love and home are pictured there.

Frances Fuller Victor

By EDNA ISABEL PROTZMAN



WOMAN of rare charm and ability was Frances Fuller Victor, who died in Portland, Oregon, December 14, 1902.

Frances Fuller was born in the township of Rome, New York, May 23, 1826. Early in life she married Henry C. Victor, a naval engineer, who, in 1863, was ordered to California. At the close of the war husband and wife moved to Oregon, which state Mrs. Victor so loved that she devoted herself with enthusiasm to its fascinating history, and thus gained for herself the distinction of a most versatile figure in Pacific Coast literature. Faithful, precise, unprejudiced was Mrs. Victor, displaying in all her work historical genius, that genius which can "see the nobler meaning of events," even though the events be near at hand.

The first book written by Mrs. Victor on the history of Oregon was "The River of the West" (1870), a biography of the old trapper, Joseph L. Meek. This tale, full of merit, was introduced by a poem, entitled "Sunset at the Mouth of the Columbia."

"All Over Oregon and Washington" (1872) was the second work, touching on the Northwest. The preface to this closes with these words: "The beautiful and favored region of the Northwest Coast is about to assume a commercial importance which is sure to stimulate inquiry concerning the matters herein treated of. I trust enough is contained between



FRANCES FULLER VICTOR

the covers of this book to induce the very curious to come and see."

Mr. Victor was lost at sea in November, 1875, and during 1878-1890 Mrs. Victor lived in California, engaged in historical writing for Hubert Howe Bancroft.

In 1893 Mrs. Victor, authorized by the legislature, compiled a history of the early Oregon Indian wars, which was published the following year. Her contributions to the *Overland Monthly* and to the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* were of great value. Mrs. Victor's style of writing was graceful, and, by her pen, dull facts were made interesting. Laboring weeks and months at a time, she found in her work a pleasure that more than compensated for all the ills of life. She had ready wit and a keen sense of humor, and greatly enjoyed those writers possessed of this rare gift, especially Barrie and Ian Maclaren. Artistic in taste, deft with her needle and by nature charmingly domestic, she was withal a woman's woman.

There was much sorrow in Mrs. Victor's life, for, one by one, her dear ones passed into the world beyond, leaving her at the close entirely alone. The sister, Metta, was also a writer, and in the last days Mrs. Victor would often speak of "Singing Sybil" with exquisite tenderness and love. Hers was a spirit full of that cheerfulness which Thackeray describes as a pure heart, a loving, kind disposition, humility and charity, a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self.

All honor to Frances Fuller Victor! She loved Oregon, and Oregon will not forget her.



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The Oregon Women's Flax Industry

By MRS. W. P. LORD, Salem, Or.



T the present time we, as a nation, are in the enjoyment of such great prosperity it is difficult for us to look back to those years in the '90s when the reverse was the case. When we see the market quotations, "hops 31 cents," can we recall, not so many years ago, when hops were 4, 5 and 6 cents a pound—a loss of 2 cents a pound to all those unfortunate people who had grown them? Wheat was 38 cents a bushel, butter 15 cents a pound, and so on down the long list of the commodities, which our farmer friends depend upon for existence. While on a visit East in 1893, the agricultural depression being everywhere the subject uppermost in discussion, some ladies connected officially with the Chicago Fair urged upon the writer that she should bring to the attention of the people of Oregon the fact that the world's supply of flax is year by year failing to meet the demand of manufacturers for raw material; also to call to their attention the remarkable showing made at the Centennial, when Oregon's flax took first prize in competition with the best product of Ireland and of Belgium. Surely the time had arrived when Oregon's long "buried talent" should see the light of day.

Mrs. Candace Wheeler, who had been a factor in the development of the silk industry, was greatly interested in the idea of an American linen industry, which she felt could be realized in a country where soil, climate and water combined to produce ideal conditions for the growth of flax. Mrs. Oberg, of Minnesota, had already started a flax crusade in her state, and my introduction to her by letter brought a prompt response, with literature and personal information on the subject. The writer returned to Oregon pledged to do her uttermost to start the ball rolling.

At this time a station in Whatcom, Washington, under the auspices of the fiber department of the Agricultural Bureau, was being conducted under Dr. Thornton. He consented to give some illustrated talks at the State Fair, and bring with him specimens of flax he had grown. This was the opening wedge. The writer supplemented it with talks at Farmers' Institutes and Grange meetings, and with frequent personal visits to farmers.

This work continued the first year. An opportunity was then offered to present the subject through the medium of a talk at the Woman's Club in Portland, the outcome of which was the forming of an association for the development of flax culture. A stock company was formed and the members devoted themselves industriously to the work. Farmers responded beyond our expectations in willingness to make the effort, and offered of their best land for planting. A scutching mill was established, a superintendent secured, and every detail was carefully attended to. Some of the foremost

of Portland's business men gave us freely of their time and counsel in conducting the financial affairs of the company. It was our hope that, beginning in a modest way, carefully studying the methods employed in each flax-growing country and proving by experiment their adaptability to conditions prevailing in our own, we could finally merge into a company, which would offer to home capital a safe and remunerative investment.

"The cotton crop has made the South; why not the flax crop make the Northwest?" was our plea, for surely flax and linen are quite as important as cotton.

By investigation we found that linen is protected by the highest rate of duty, from 44 to 65 per cent, while raw material, in shape of fiber, had received no consideration. The attention of the Dingley tariff being called to this unjust discrimination, Senator Hoar became our champion and urged the justice of our claim. Notwithstanding the allied interest of the linen trust was quickly on the ground to defend its protected privileges and to assert its claim that flax cannot be grown in the United States, our claim was recognized, and in the readjustment raw fiber received from \$10 to \$60 duty per ton.

When the finished fiber was ready for sale, samples were forwarded to Eastern mills, and the contemptuous reply was received, that "the stuff was not worth 3 cents a pound." The Fiber Bureau also came under the displeasure of the trust, and was therefore abolished. Up to the time of the work on the Pacific Coast the bureau had been considered harmless. However, Mr. Dodge, chief of the bureau, was sent to the Paris Exposition. He took with him some of the despised 3-cents-a-pound fiber, and received for it the bronze medal. This recognition was supplemented by many requests from foreign manufacturers to furnish their mills with fiber.

We had gone through four years of hard work; we were then looking for development through a foreign firm, one that had tested our fiber in various grades of linens and found that it met all requirements. It was the intention of this company to further our work, but severe domestic affliction occurring at this time in the family of the head of the firm, the plans were retarded.

At this juncture, in behalf of an Eastern company, Mr. Bosse, a foreign expert of great reputation, pre-empted the field. He supposed that he was engaged in a legitimate enterprise, and was surprised to find he was wanted merely as a tool to prevent the development of the industry. After some months of work and much expenditure of money, he was told to abandon the field, and was offered heavy remuneration to write a report that flax cannot be grown profitably in Oregon. Mr. Bosse was too honest to lend himself to such a scheme. Aided by capital which has taken great interest in the work inaugurated by the Woman's Flax Association, he has devoted his efforts to the work of development. Mr. Bosse, being familiar now with the conditions, and realizing all the discouragements encountered by the association, asserts that it would have been well nigh impossible for him to

succeed in this work but for the labors of the association which had paved the way. Farmers are now following up the work. Large farms are being divided, dairy farming sharing the interest, and, as dairying can go hand in hand with flax culture, we look for a speedy development of what must prove one of the greatest resources of the Northwest.



MIDWAY, OREGON
JANUARY, 1902
ON LINE OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

Pine Needle Industry

By MRS. W. P. LORD, Salem



ONE of the unique industries of the country is located at Grant's Pass, Oregon—that of the Pacific Pine Needle Company—the development of which is in the hands of a woman, Mrs. Mathilde Cords.

Mrs. Cords is German by birth, the descendant of a family noted for philanthropic work. Her father was a patron of Froebel, and aided him financially in developing his kindergarten theory. Miss Kinehardt (Mrs. Cords), at that time a young girl in her teens, and under his instruction, took charge of one of the first kindergartens.

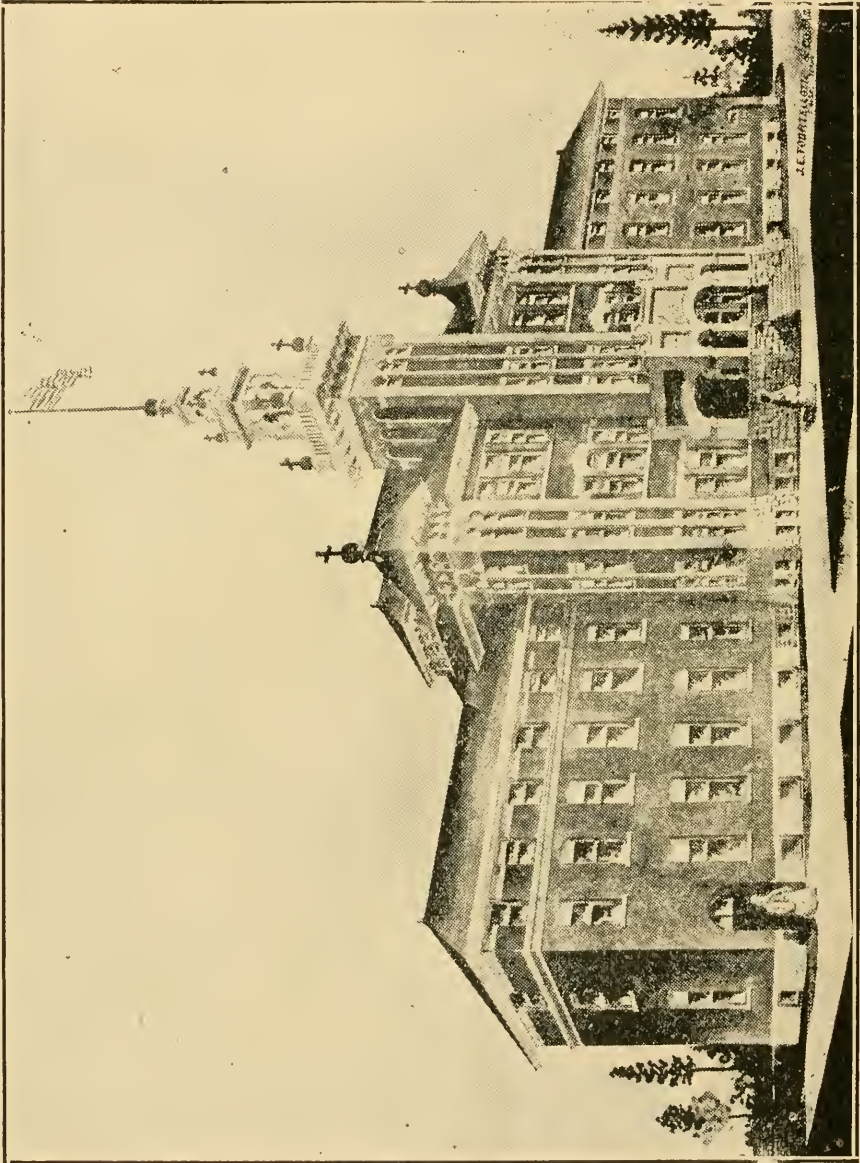
Mrs. Cords has had an eventful career. Inheriting a fortune, and losing by death nearly all of her nearest of kin, she joined a brother in Mexico, and at his death came to San Francisco, where she married Mr. D. A. Cords. She became interested in the benefits of the pine needle remedies, which are manufactured in Norway, and for which the demand in this country is great. Being acquainted with the process, she placed a factory at Grant's Pass, near the sugar pine forests. The machinery not being satisfactory, she invented improvements on the old patent, which greatly enhanced the value of the product. Then she secured patents on both product and process. Her abandoned machines were bought and used by unscrupulous men to flood the market with inferior goods. But notwithstanding these difficulties, the value of her preparations are now recognized.

The gold medal for highest grade has been awarded her at three exhibitions—the last at St. Louis. The pure extract of pine needles is the basic principle in cough remedies, in catarrhal affection, and incipient consumption. Her hope is to be able to establish eventually sanitariums where the air will be charged with this life-giving and health-restoring principle.

To illustrate the spirit possessing many, in fact, most, of the pioneer women who came to Oregon in the early days, Mr. George H. Himes gives the following: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Riggs, who lived in La Grange, Illinois, became possessed of a desire to emigrate to Oregon as a result of the public discussions going on in the early '40s relating to the "Oregon question." At length they decided to make the journey, and Mr. Riggs said to his wife, "I will go out there and get a home started and then will return, or send, for you and the children." "No, sir," said his wife; "I will go when you go: I will follow you as long as there is a button left on your coat, and then I will sew on another." This family came to Oregon in 1853 and settled in Polk County. The husband went to his reward in 1872 and the wife passed away recently in her 87th year, surrounded by sons and daughters, who are numbered among the best citizens of that county.

ST. TERESA'S ACADEMY, BOISE, IDAHO.

This excellent educational institution is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross from Notre Dame, Indiana. It is beautifully situated in one of the most picturesque and healthful parts of the city. The high standard of education imparted is so generally conceded that it needs no comment.



The academy is supplied with natural hot sulphur water, it is lighted by electricity, and has an up-to-date and thorough system of ventilation. The grounds afford plenty of room for pleasant walks and healthful recreations. The school year is divided into two sessions of five months each. Boarders and day pupils are received. For further particulars, address.

SISTER SUPERIOR, St. Teresa's Academy,
Boise, Idaho.

Pioneer Days of Mrs. Matilda Frost

From notes furnished MRS. ELEANOR C. STEAVENSON

MY FAMILY and myself crossed the plains in the year of 1862. We were on the road six months. We went to California by the old Carson road. The train comprised eight wagons and fifteen men. A large train of 100 wagons and 300 men dropped in with us for a few days while we were on the Sweetwater in Wyoming. In this region there was danger from the Indians. From there we took the Carson route and the large train left us. The day we parted from them they were attacked by the Indians and fought for three days and nights without unhitching their animals. All that the emigrants ate during this time was a little flour and raw bacon. At the close of the third day this brave company overpowered the Indians. The train turned back over the same route and overtook us. The emigrants were overjoyed to find us alive. The Indians were stealing all the stock they could get and killing the people. Many of the small trains of emigrants were destroyed.

This large company traveled with us until we reached the Humboldt River. From there they went to Oregon. Our little train went on unmolested through the Carson desert, a journey of two days and nights. I had a funny little experience while on the desert. The second night the teams were very weary and nearly dead, so it was necessary to make some changes to get the animals through alive. My husband asked me if I could drive a yoke of steers, as my horses were needed to relieve another team. I said I would try. A long stick was given me to guide them with. I was told to say "gee" and "haw." I sat in the front of my wagon and, carrying out these directions, got along well till after midnight, when my yoke of oxen began to bellow, and started on a run out over the rocks and sage brush with me yelling as loud as my womanly voice would admit. Whatever caused them to act so no one could tell. I drove my own team across the plains, and rather enjoyed it.

After many hardships we landed in the foothills near Red Bluffs, California. The next fall we went to Honey Lake Valley. But few people were living in this valley and the Indians were hostile. Myself and two little children were alone in this dreary valley much of the time. Every minute I expected to be killed. Shortly after we left a family of eight were massacred by the Indians.

In '64 we heard of the gold excitement in Idaho, and in May we set out for the Eldorado. Several days after starting we camped at an old stone building, at one time a station for soldiers. Five men had been living there. The Indians captured them, burned four at the stake and one in the house. The soldiers heard of it. They came and buried the ashes, all that remained of these poor men.

Two young men who were traveling with us were in a great hurry to get to the gold fields at Bannock City, so they started on ahead, saying that they had no fear of trouble. The second night after they left us one of them was standing guard over their horses and the other was in camp asleep. The latter was shot and killed by the Indians, but the other, under the cover of friendly darkness, mounted his horse and escaped. We camped at the same place the next night and found there a circus train of about sixty men and a few women on their way to Portland, Oregon. Such frightened people I never saw before.

At the summit of Steen's Mountain I was taken quite sick, and we had to make camp there. That night the men tied four horses to my wagon. About midnight I heard some one untying the horses and I spoke to the men who were asleep on the ground. They jumped up quickly, with guns in their hands, and this frightened the Indians away. When the men went to drive in the loose cattle they found sticking in them arrows shot by the Indians.

In a few days we arrived at Boise, a place of about a dozen houses. The stores were tiny rooms, mostly in the dwellings. My first calico dress cost 50 cents a yard. I bought ticking for my feather bed, and paid \$20 for twenty yards. A lady friend was shopping with me. At lunch time we wished to get something to eat. We bought a pie and paid \$1 for it, and our cup of tea cost 25 cents. Our first supply of provisions cost us as follows: Flour, \$40 per 100 lbs.; bacon, 75 cents per lb.; sugar, 75 cents per lb.; butter, \$1 per lb.; syrup, \$15 per gallon, and everything else equally expensive. Gold dust was the only kind of money we saw. Most of it came from Idaho City, which had the richest placer mines known in the world at that time.

Mr. Frost had brought from California a mower, and he cut the wild grass which grew in great abundance in the natural meadows. This he sold for \$150 per ton.

As there was no lumber, my house was made of native timber, which was very small. My new home was 12 by 12 feet.

The Indians were troublesome all through this country until after the war in 1878. In that year the settlers near where we lived built a fort, and twice we were so frightened that the women and children stayed in it two days. A few miles from the fort thirty emigrants were killed. Only one, a boy of 16, escaped. During the terrific fight of that one night his hair turned white. A beautiful field of clover now covers the graves where these poor people were buried.

Our pioneers who helped to build up this desolate country are indeed getting scarce, and will soon be forgotten. As for myself, no words can tell what I experienced in those pioneer days, raising my family of nine children.

The Mercer Girls

By C. B. BAGLEY



IN PUGET SOUND the scarcity of women in pioneer days was a serious matter. From time to time the newspapers mentioned the continued scarcity of women, but nothing practical was done to improve conditions in this respect until early in 1861, when a young gentleman, Asa S. Mercer, arrived in Seattle fresh from college. His elder brother, Judge Mercer, was one of the oldest and most influential pioneers in the territory. Judge Mercer often made it a semi-jocose comment that there was a dearth of young women. He often suggested an effort to secure territorial aid for bringing out from New England a party of young women who were needed as school teachers and for other positions, far removed from that of household servants. This set young Mercer to thinking on the subject. He talked the matter over with the governor of the territory and with members of the legislature, and while everybody favored the proposition, the public treasury was empty, so he failed to get territorial aid. Nothing daunted, he obtained generous private contributions sufficient to enable him to go to Boston. There the proposition was placed before the public for such of the young women as chose who had been made fatherless by the civil war to accompany Mr. Mercer to Washington Territory. Quite a large number evinced a willingness to go, but eleven only found courage to leave their friends and make a journey of 7000 miles into a wilderness. Most of the eleven paid their own way. The party arrived in Seattle May 16, 1864.

Encouraged by his success, Mr. Mercer again went East in 1865 on a similar errand. Upon his arrival in the East he went to work and met with encouragement wherever he went. July 20, 1865, he writes: "I sail from New York August 19 with upward of 300 war orphans, daughters of those whose lives were given on plain and field in our recent war. I appeal to every true warm-hearted family to open wide your door and share your home comforts with these whose lot is about to be cast in your midst. I can cheerfully vouch for the intelligence and moral character of all these persons accompanying me," etc.

Acting upon this information, a large meeting was held in Seattle to devise ways and means for the reception and care of the young ladies mentioned. The response of the people was so generous that had the large number thus expected really appeared they would have received a royal welcome and have been cared for most tenderly. However, Mr. Mercer was doomed to many disasters in this undertaking, among which was a scurrilous article which appeared in the New York Herald, slandering him and appealing to the girls to stay at home. Everywhere the article was copied, and

before he could get his references printed and thus counteract the calumny two-thirds of the young ladies had written him, enclosing the article and declining further consideration of the matter.

After many disappointments and vexations he set sail from New York January 6, 1866, with about thirty young ladies and a number of families and a few single gentlemen.

Several engagements were made during the voyage. Even the arch-promoter of the immigration movement could not resist Cupid's entanglements, as the following notice will show:

MARRIED—On the 15th of July, 1866, at the Methodist Protestant Church, in this city, by the Rev. Daniel Bagley, Mr. Asa Shinn Mereer to Miss Annie E. Stephens, of Baltimore, Md.

The following is from a record of the trip kept by Miss Harriet F. Stevens: "The steamer, with lessened quota of passengers, left New York January 6, 1866, and ran at once into a storm, which lasted two days. As we recovered our normal condition we began to look about us. With great satisfaction we found that we had a party of intelligent, amiable, sprightly people. The unmarried ladies are mostly from New England, and can boast a fair share of beauty and culture, which characterize the best society of that region. It is impossible that the lovely girls who are with us should have left the East because their chances of matrimony were hopeless. One must look for some other motive. Their bright faces, wit and sound sense are, however, such that they cannot fail to be desirable members of society in a new country."

Be it said to the honor of Mr. Mercer that he believed his mission was one of immense benefit to the territory and of great good to those whom he might induce to come out here. His every action toward those who entrusted themselves to his guidance and care was that of a pure-minded American gentleman. The years that have elapsed have verified his predictions. The young women who came have proved a blessing to the commonwealth. In public and at the fireside their teachings and their example have conserved the well-being of the people.

The following incident is related by Mr. J. B. Wyatt, one of Oregon's pioneers: "Just on the eve of my departure for a visit to my Eastern home (October, 1857), a friend, Jas. M. Blossom, called on me and said: 'I want you to do me a favor and take this elegant apple (a Spitzenberg) with you, and, if possible, give the same to an old friend, Rev. Chas. Beecher, a brother of Henry Ward, of Brooklyn, N. Y.' I packed the apple carefully and placed it in my trunk. Upon my arrival in Brooklyn I delivered the message and gave the apple to Henry Ward, who remarked: 'That is a fine sample of what Oregon can do in fruit. I cannot promise as to whether Charles will ever see it, as I am very fond of fruit myself.'"

The Portland Woman's Union

By ELIZABETH STORY HAMILTON



THE Portland Woman's Union was established October 21, 1887, in view of opening and maintaining a boarding house for young, self-supporting women, where, at a moderate cost, they would have the comforts and protection afforded in a private home. For seventeen years a board of faithful women has successfully carried on the work. The boarding house is situated on a quarter block at the south-east corner of Fifteenth and Flanders streets. The house is fitly appointed for the purpose. There are two parlors, two pianos, a library well supplied with books, and many of the best periodicals, a sewing room, and a laundry, all of which are open to the boarders day and evening. They also have free access to the lawn, fruit and flowers.

The union being entirely out of debt, a brick addition to the house is contemplated. To promote the interests of women—always the central idea of the union—the scope of the work became broadened as soon as the boarding house was self-supporting. In 1896 the Woman's Exchange was established by the union, though only in a small way. For many years a case of fancy work in the corridor of the Hotel Portland seemed all that was advisable, but in November, 1903, an exchange in the true sense of the word was opened under the auspices of the Woman's Union, and the success has been gratifying. Many women have been materially helped thereby.

The members of the union realizing that incompetency is the primary cause of suffering in the case of untold numbers of women, to the degree that "destroyed for lack of knowledge" could be written truthfully over many of their failures, questioned how can we add our mite to train and mould these to more thorough competency. Surely no better way could be devised than through the kitchen garden and sewing school to direct the lives of the women of the future. Mindful of this, the kitchen garden, with its three-fold object—to rescue the child from idleness and ignorance; to make the homes better and brighter; to make competent helpers—was opened in connection with classes in sewing. This industrial school was successfully carried on for four years, until the building in which it was held was sold. No other room being available, the kitchen garden was temporarily closed. The sewing department of the school is now held at the boarding house, and much interest is manifested by the mothers and the children as well as the faithful instructors.

The Portland Woman's Union is glad to welcome strangers within its doors, and trust that they who find entertainment there may cherish a kindly remembrance of the home.



EVA EMERY DYE

The College Girl

By EVA EMERY DYE,

Oregon City Or.

What becomes of the college girl,
 The girl of cap and gown?
 Does she sit apart, aloft, alone,
 A grim "bas bleu" upon a throne,
 Wrapped in her own renown?

What becomes of the college girl,
 The girl of lofty thought?
 Let our schoolrooms speak, where day by day
 Young pulsing hearts of plastic clay
 Are into beauty wrought.

What becomes of the college girl,
 The girl of mother-heart?
 At the cradle side she kneels with pride—
 Her willing hands by love are tied
 To life's divinest art.

What becomes of the college girl,
 The girl of book and pen?
 She is training sons, the future great,
 Creating heroes for the state,
 A mother unto men.

What becomes of the college girl,
 The girl of classic hall?
 In social walk or civic strife,
 In church or home or school, her life
 Uplifts and sweetens all.

What becomes of the college girl,
 From college classes flown?
 Praise spoils her not, nor blame dismays;
 Her cultured breadth gives power to raise
 A standard of her own.

What becomes of the college girl,
 The girl of purpose broad?
 As girlhood's faith contagious burned,
 Her woman's prayer mayhap hath turned
 Some nearer unto God.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. NARCISSA WHITE KINNEY.

By MRS. HENRIETTA BROWN, Albany, Or.

NARCISSA WHITE KINNEY was born in Grove City, Penn., in 1854, and died in Portland, Or., January 5, 1901. She was reared by Christian parents in the United Presbyterian Church, and in her girlhood was a member of the Harmony Congregation of Grove City. In this congregation her father, grandfather and great-grandfather worshipped. She always spoke of this "as my home church." After the old building was removed and a new edifice erected, she placed in it a "memorial window" as a token of her loyalty and affection.

Miss White received her primary education in the Grove City public school, and was later graduated from the State Normal School of Pennsylvania, with high honors, showing such marked ability as a teacher that she was immediately elected principal of the training school of Edinboro, Pa., where she taught with great acceptance. In the meantime the temperance crusade and its outgrowth, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, were claiming public attention. Miss White studied carefully the aims and methods of this new organization, and soon became deeply impressed with the importance of its work. She felt it her duty to take up the cause of temperance under that organization. She at once joined the White Ribbon ranks, and was elected president of the Grove City Union. She was soon called to take a place in the state executive, in the position of superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction. In that position she did a vast amount of work, lecturing, writing and pledging legislators to the support of temperance measures. Miss Willard said of her that next to Mrs. Hunt she was probably the most able specialist in that department. She organized the State of Pennsylvania by counties and arranged the departments so systematically that the organization in that state was held up as a model.



NARCISSA WHITE KINNEY

Miss White was next appointed a national organizer and lecturer, and in that capacity visited every state and territory in the Union and also made a tour of Canada. Her success as a platform orator was remarkable. Her presence was magnetic, her manner winning,

her arguments forcible. She brought to the platform an intense enthusiasm which at once enlisted the interest of her audience.

In 1884 Miss White was sent by the national officers to what was then Washington Territory, to assist the W. C. T. U. in a special campaign for securing the enactment of temperance laws. Under her persuasive eloquence and wise leadership, the most stringent temperance law ever presented to any legislative body was passed unanimously by both houses of the legislature. Also, in spite of the bitter opposition of the liquor men and their followers, a bill was passed which submitted to the vote of the people the following June a prohibitory amendment, which resulted, later, in a grand victory.

During the two lecture tours Miss White made through Oregon, she became acquainted with Mr. M. J. Kinney, of Astoria. In 1888 she was united in marriage to him and came to the far West to make her home in the little city by the sea. She established a mission among the fishermen in the employ of her husband, and every Sunday afternoon the hall, which she fitted up and maintained at her own expense, was crowded with men and women. There she preached unto them the gospel of the crucified Christ.

Mrs. Kinney was also much interested in educational matters, and was called "the good saint of art and literature" in her town. She assisted materially in establishing the public library in Astoria and was for some time the president of the board of directors. At the request of the presidents of the state universities and colleges, Mrs. Kinney made a tour of the state and delivered before the students one of her most carefully prepared lectures. She also lectured before teachers' institutes, Christian Endeavor and Sunday school conventions, and other gatherings. In 1894 she was elected president of the Oregon Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in which capacity she served until one year before her death, when she was forced to resign on account of ill-health.

Mrs. Kinney neglected no opportunity to advance the cause of righteousness. Whatever she could do to lift up humanity was done, more than a duty—a privilege. Her great heart was full of love and compassion. Her last illness was of short duration. She attended, as usual, the mid-week prayer meeting and joined in the service with her accustomed vigor and earnestness; she urged upon those present the great need for more spirituality in the church, and more thorough consecration to the service of the Master. On her return home she retired feeling as well as usual, but before morning she was taken violently ill. When the pain was allayed she said to her husband, "I will go to sleep now." She fell into a coma from which she did not waken, and within forty-eight hours from the time she was stricken, her soul went out to meet the God who gave it. Her consecrated life was single-hearted and true. Her influence will rest like a benediction upon those who knew her, especially those who wear the white badge.

A selection from Mrs. Kinney's last lecture, "Witnessing for Christ Against the Saloon," follows:

"And what would you do about the saloon? The saloon, which tempts on every hand, the soul struggling back to God with cries for help and strength that would pierce the very heavens. The saloon that defies all law, that violates all ordinances, that desecrates the Sabbath, that debauches public officials, that intimidates witnesses, that perjures juries, that triply snares the hearts of men by linking to itself gambling and impurity. The saloon that entices through its side door young girls to be drugged and then destroyed. The saloon—Satan's own seat in politics. Answer me, Christian men and women."



ADDISON CRANDALL GIBBS, OREGON'S WAR GOVERNOR

By MRS. A. C. GIBBS



ADDISON C. GIBBS passed his boyhood on a farm in Western New York. His early education was obtained at the little red schoolhouse on the corner of his father's farm. Later he went to a neighboring village, Springville, where he spent two years. From there he went to Albany and graduated from the State Normal School. He taught in the school at Watertown, devoting his hours out of school to the study of law, until he passed the examination, which entitled him to practice in the courts of the State of New York. His father, Abraham L. Gibbs, of English descent, traced his ancestry back to the three Gibbs brothers who came to America before the Revolution. His mother belonged to a Holland Dutch family. She spent her early life and was educated in Troy, New York, a city which, in those days, boasted of the finest and most advanced school for young ladies in the state. To the circumstance that Rachel Scoley was educated in this school her children felt themselves indebted. Addison was the only son. He had four sisters, who taught district schools until they were married.

In 1851 Addison left his native state for California, where he remained a few months, when he went north to the Umpqua Valley in Oregon. Here he took up a donation land claim on the site now occupied by the City of Gardiner.

One of his first ventures was a contract to carry the United States mail semi-monthly from the Willamette Valley to Umpqua City, at the mouth of the Umpqua River. For immediate service he purchased a cayuse pony and mounted it, with a flour sack for a mail bag. Thus equipped, he carried the first United States mail across the Calapooia Mountains into the Valley of the Umpqua. The mail carrier, who was hailed as he passed the far-apart cabins, stopped and, taking his flour sack mail bag into the cabin, emptied the bag and let each person select his own mail, tied up what was left and proceeded to the next cabin. This trip, however, he took but once officially, as he sublet the contract.

By President Pierce he was appointed Collector of Customs for the District of Cape Perpetua, which included Coos Bay and the Umpqua River, with the office located at Gardiner. This office he filled until Buchanan was elected to the presidency, when he resigned and moved to Roseburg. During this term of office he visited his old home in New York State and while there was united in marriage, January 10, 1854, to Miss Margaret Watkins, of Springville.

In 1858 Mr. Gibbs came to Portland, where he built a home and devoted his attention to the practice of his profession. He was an active member of the Taylor-Street M. E. Church and was for many years the president of its board of trustees. For a long time he filled the same position on the board of trustees of Willamette University at Salem, Oregon. He represented Umpqua County in the Territorial legislature in 1853, and was a member of the State legislature in 1860. In 1862 he was elected Governor of the state, the duties of which office, made more onerous by the Civil War conditions, he performed with untiring industry and fidelity.

Many people thought Oregon was entirely out of the war zone, but Governor Gibbs secured proof of a rebel conspiracy and for months had men in his employ who reported to him the meetings and doings of certain friends of the Confederacy, who he had good reason to believe were planning to take the undefended State of Oregon out of the Union. The outcome of his vigilance during this period was afterwards described by one of this same band. "Yes, Gibbs got the best of us, and as things have turned out I am glad of it." After the close of the war, Governor Gibbs gave much attention to locating school lands

for the state, which resulted in the reservation of ten thousand acres. This was the first move made in the state toward a perpetual school fund.

At the legislature which convened in 1866, Governor Gibbs received the caucus nomination of his party for United States Senator. When the ballot was taken he was two votes short of election—three republicans voting against him. Before the second ballot was taken he was told of the pecuniary needs of these bolters which must be supplied in order to secure their votes and thus his election. He refused to accede to their demands or to allow other persons to do so in his behalf. The balloting continued with no election until, near the close of the session, the Governor became convinced that he could not draw the recalcitrant members to him, and that if he remained a candidate the legislature would adjourn without electing a senator. He withdrew his name in spite of protests. Subsequently he served several terms as District Prosecuting Attorney and as United States Attorney. Later he entered into a partnership with men in the State of Kansas and New York City. The business of this firm took him to England in 1884, where he remained until his death in 1886.

During his residence in London, Governor Gibbs spent his hours of leisure in studying social conditions. He was surprised at the number of Mormon missionaries and their activity, especially among the laboring classes. As he had made a study of the Mormons and their methods during all the years of their growth in Utah, he spent much time delivering lectures in the communities where these missionaries had labored, that the people might not be misled. He also lectured for temperance organizations. His business would have detained him two years longer, and his last letter home disclosed his plans for his family to join him there. In this letter he mentioned having taken a severe cold. This cold developed into pneumonia, and in two weeks he slept the sleep which knows no waking. The Oregon legislature had his body returned home, and the 9th of July following his death he was laid to rest in Riverview Cemetery, on the banks of the Willamette River. His widow and two daughters still reside in Portland. Charles, the only living son, has a home in Idaho.

ONTARIO, THEN AND NOW.

By MISS MARY LOCEY, Ironside, Or.



IN 1883 the present site of Ontario was a wind-blown, sagebrush desert, where sand piled in great heaps, and wild coyotes and black-tailed rabbits scurried unmolested. Only a pioneer could have dreamed of the resources waiting there to be developed; but the pioneer sees far into the future sometimes, and the very fact that the Oregon Short Line Railroad crossed Snake River and ran through Malheur County for twelve miles without a station was enough to arouse hopes that a station on the Oregon side might spring into a town and later grow even to a city. This dream is being realized.

The first house in Ontario was built by William Morfitt, one of the firm who located and first laid out the town. The first business house was that of T. T. Danilson, which began operations in 1884. Thanksgiving day of that year was made memorable by a grand ball celebrating the opening of the Scott Hotel. (These men would wonder could they now see the numbers of fine brick business buildings that line Main street.)

There followed quickly a drug store, a harness shop, and a blacksmith shop, while dwelling houses dotted the townsite here and there. One day Death claimed the blacksmith, and a cemetery had to be located. This silent city on the hill has grown with the

town, and lately measures for its improvement have been taken that will transform it into one of the most beautiful burial grounds of Eastern Oregon.

Among the first buildings was the frame schoolhouse, which soon was filled to overflowing. In 1894 a brick schoolhouse of four rooms was completed. This, too, after a time failed to accommodate the numbers that flocked there, and in 1902, by the commendable enterprise of leading citizens, the size of the building was doubled, making a handsome structure of eight rooms, seven of which were occupied last year.

Soon after the first schoolhouse was built the Congregational Church was organized, and a neat building erected. The honor of building this church, also of purchasing the bell that still rings from its steeple, is largely due to a little body of earnest women, who felt that the new town needed this purifying influence. Three other churches have been added, and the Presbyterians have made use of another building for church purposes, making five church societies in all.

As the years passed secret societies gained a strong foothold, until to-day nearly all of the leading orders are represented, adding their share to the moral stamina of the place. For years the orders supported but one hall—that of the Odd Fellows; but lately a handsome new Masonic Hall, fitted up in the Lackey building, adds much to the comfort of those who frequent the lodges.

So the town has grown along various lines, and numbers at the present time twelve hundred inhabitants. Its citizens have worked with tireless energy for its improvement. It now supports two banks (one a national), several large stores and many other business houses. Two telephone lines connect it with the surrounding country. Streets are being graded and sidewalks added rapidly, while trees taller than the buildings have sprung like magic from the fertile sandy soil that only asked for water that it might change from a desert to a garden.

The prosperity of Ontario seems assured, for it lies in a most productive farming vicinity, where alfalfa makes three crops of hay in a season, and fruit grows in abundance. Besides it is the only convenient railroad point for a vast interior country, which pours into it yearly great wealth of wool and other products. Ontario is also a very extensive shipping point for cattle, sheep and horses from the interior. The largest stockyard of Eastern Oregon is located there.

In sinking wells about the town natural gas has been discovered, which will no doubt add greatly to the wealth of the city. One house is already lighted with it, and the experiment promises success.

One of the most interesting features of the town is its salmon hatchery. At this point long rocks extending across Snake River prevent the salmon from passing up the stream in the fall, and millions of eggs are secured for the hatchery. The new hatch-house is large and strongly built. It is 217x62 feet in size, and capable of holding thirty millions of eggs. The building contains row after row of troughs, through which water constantly rushes, raised from the river by a wheel, which sends up twelve hundred gallons per minute. Here one can watch the young salmon in all its stages, from yellow eggs to tiny fish. Last year by the end of the season there had been twenty-five million young fish turned into the river.

The inhabitants are justly proud of their thrifty little city and hope for great things in the future. Visitors, or persons seeking a location, are cordially invited to come and see for themselves that the story of the growth and resources of Malheur County's metropolis is not a myth.

Grant County, the Place for Homeseekers

GRANT, though one of the interior counties and not yet penetrated by railroads, offers inviting inducements to the homeseeker, since in its varied resources it is one of the richest sections of Oregon. Notwithstanding its high altitude, the climate could hardly be surpassed. Extremes of heat and cold are of short duration, and blizzards never prevail. The mountain air is clear and healthful. The pall of smoke that beclouds other sections during the summer months is unknown here. While an abundance of snow falls in the mountains, which insures a



SHEEP SHEARING—RANCH OF JAMES SMALL, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON

goodly supply of water for mining and irrigating purposes, in the valleys it is light, and hillsides adjacent are bare most of the winter. Through numerous springs and streams the whole country is supplied with cold mountain water. Delightful resorts for health and pleasure abound in mountain retreats and at the various mineral springs—soda and hot sulphur.

Roads, good most of the year, make traveling throughout the county a delight, and the varying scenery a continual charm. One of its chief scenic wonders is the Balmoral Hills, around which like stripes of ribbon run most delicate grays and drabs or deepest reds and bronzes. These hills are situated near the sequestered little valley, Hamilton, itself a fair picture with its cultivated fields and pleasant country homes.

In mineral richness Grant County ranks among the first in the state. From coal bed to gold deposit, both placer and quartz, there seems no limit

to its stored wealth, which the enterprising citizens are gradually resewing. Its vast area in good grass on mountain and plain affords sustenance to innumerable herds. The equable climate makes stock raising a comparatively safe industry. This same fine climate is also conducive to fruit growing, and Grant County's luscious fruits are not unknown. Notwithstanding the only means of transportation is by way of the "Prairie Schooner"—in other words, the slow and expensive freight wagon—Grant County's apples have found their way to the markets of the outside world. In this favored spot the worm pest is unknown, and the rosy-cheeked apples are unblemished by its devasta-



COURTESY OF LEWIS & CLARK JOURNAL

HYDRAULIC MINING—PIPEMAN AND A "GIANT" STREAM

tions. Garden produce, too, grows to perfection in Grant County's rich, black, sandy loam. Cereals are grown in some localities, and good roller flouring mills are in operation.

Grant County enjoys the advantage over most sections of Eastern Oregon in its limitless forests. Though mostly of pine, tamarack, mountain ash and small mahogany abound. The streams are skirted with willow and cottonwood, and juniper is plentiful on the low hills. Woods for fuel and fencing purposes are accessible to every part of the county.

Extensive coal fields have been found, and are being developed. Quarries of excellent building stone are numerous, and brick clay is also abundant.

The settlement of Grant County began with the discovery of gold in 1862, at the place where Canyon City is now situated. These rich placer mines attracted a great number of people to this locality, and, as is ever the case in

gold excitements, many enterprising people flocked here. That this county from the beginning has been peopled by a strong, energetic, enlightened class is evidenced by good homes, commodious school buildings, and suitable church edifices, as well as orderly citizenship. Forty-three district schools and three high schools are maintained. Many of the fraternal societies have organizations in here, and they are well supported.

There are in the county fifteen towns, six of which are incorporated. A telephone system connects these with the outside world. Two solid banks in Canyon City take care of the monetary circulation of the county.

Sawmills are in active operation working up Grant County's splendid trees into high grade lumber. There are also planing mills and sash and door factories. The long deferred railroad, it is believed, will soon be constructed into the heart of this county: then the homeseekers from less favored parts will pour in. Once there they will seek no farther. Many acres of public domain are yet open to settlement, and the price of cultivated land is not exorbitant. Within the boundaries of this most favored County of Grant are all things necessary to health, happiness and comfort.

M. O. D.

PORTLAND ACADEMY.

Thirteenth Street, Between Montgomery and Hall Streets.



THE SCHOOL is for boys and girls, and includes under the same management an elementary school, comprising primary and grammar grades, and a secondary school, or academy proper, which fits boys and girls for Eastern and Western colleges. The academy has a board hall for girls at 191 Eleventh street, well appointed and under careful supervision. A catalogue of the school, giving full information as to courses of study, rates of tuition, and corps of instructors, is published annually, and may be had on application at the office or by letter.

Portland Academy was founded by the late W. S. Ladd, Esq., in accordance with a cherished plan of his to found a school in Portland which should offer to boys and girls the principles of a thorough classical and scientific education. The school was organized by the present principals in 1889, and in September of the same year opened at 191 Eleventh street, with three teachers and forty-two pupils. In 1892 the school was incorporated, and three years later, having outgrown its first building, was removed to its present building, on Thirteenth street. The grounds on which the main building stands were given by the late Hon. H. W. Corbett, and the building was erected by the trustees of the W. S. Ladd estate, who have since purchased lots on the east side of Thirteenth street and erected on them two other buildings for the use of the school.

The present enrollment of the school is about four hundred and fifty in all departments, with a corps of twenty instructors. Working libraries and chemical and physical laboratories have been a part of the appliances of the school from the first, and have been enlarged with the school's growth, and are fully adequate for the work of college preparation in all departments. In the sixteen years of the school's existence more than one hundred and twenty-five boys and girls have been fitted for college; more than one-half of this number have entered Eastern colleges; the rest have been about equally divided between the colleges of Oregon and California.

Gillespie School of Expression

MRS EMMA WILSON GILLESPIE, Principal



ESTABLISHED in 1900, and the first institution in Oregon to be devoted exclusively to the study of the science and art of expression, the Gillespie School is widely known, and has the patronage of some of the brightest and most gifted young people of the Pacific Northwest.

It is the design of the school to give to its pupils such physical, mental, esthetic, and moral training as will fit them for the better pursuance of any vocation. "Growth" is the school-room motto, and as true growth is a development from within, not an outside accretion, the instruction is adapted to the requirements of the individual.

The course of training offered by the school is suited to those who are preparing for platform work, either as reader or speaker; to all who would become teachers of elocution, oratory, reading or literature; to those of all ages who are interested in the acquirement of physical health, beauty and grace, and bodily responsiveness, and likewise to that large number of non-professionals who aspire to a wider field of culture, and a fuller development of their inherent powers.

Good library facilities, instructive and entertaining lectures, art studies, repertoire classes, and ample opportunity for public practice are provided for all regular students.

In addition to its purely educational advantages, the social and moral atmosphere of the school is of a high grade, tending to the building of character, the refinement of manners, and the cultivation of the real amenities of life.

On the satisfactory completion of one of the three full courses, each of which embraces two years' work, students are granted, respectively, a Teacher's, Reader's or Speaker's Diploma. Partial courses are arranged for those who are not looking forward to graduation. Two years of post-graduate study and practice entitles the student to a Professional Diploma.

"The end and aim of all our work is the harmonious growth of the whole being."—Froebel.



Women in Medicine

By ANNICE JEFFREYS MYERS, M. D.



THE practice of medicine as a whole appeals strongly to women, because of their sympathy for the sick and afflicted and their innate desire to relieve such distress, while obstetrics and gynecology are the special branches that they naturally choose.

The first record with reference to a woman's practicing obstetrics is in Genesis. A midwife attended Rachel, the wife of Jacob, at the birth of her second son, Benjamin. History tells us that Rachel was in hard labor, and a midwife said: "Fear not; thou shalt have this son also." But poor Rachel died and was buried, though there is no evidence that the midwife was responsible.

Again, in the book of Exodus, it is related that the Egyptian king, who wished to deal wisely with the children of Israel lest they multiply too rapidly, gave command to the Hebrew midwives before the birth of Moses that they should destroy all male children at their birth. "But the midwives feared God, and did not as the king of Egypt commanded them, but saved the men children alive," giving the lame excuse that the Hebrew women were not like the Egyptian women, but were delivered before the midwives arrived. After the midwives disobeyed the king he gave his command to all his people, saying: "Every son that is born ye shall be cast in the river; every daughter ye shall save alive." That the king gave the command to the people, after the women had deceived him, would indicate that men did not practice obstetrics at that time; otherwise the king would have charged the men instead of the midwives to destroy the male children. There seemed to be no danger of "race suicide" in those days, or the king would not have issued this decree.

I have looked into the history of the practice of medicine in ancient Egypt, as far as I have been able, in order to find out more definitely what part women took in the practice of medicine in ye olden times. Mythology ascribes to the Egyptian Isis the duty of watching over the health of the human species, and the discovery of many drugs. Hygeia, the daughter of Esculapius, and Ocyrone, the daughter of Chiron, were learned in medicine, and Esculapius is portrayed as followed by a multitude of both sexes who dispensed his benefits.

The ancients considered that women had the right to the distinction of being, above all, the guardians of health, on account of woman's nurturing and caring for the young. So highly esteemed and worshiped by the Greeks was the Goddess Hygeia that a temple was devoted to this divinity, and even in our day, when a doctor, upon receiving his degree, takes the Hippocratic oath, he not only swears by Apollo, the physician, and Esculapius, the god of medicine, but by Health and Allheal—Hygeia and Panacea.

Herodotus tells us that physicians were allowed to study one branch of medicine only, hence women would be given obstetrics as rightfully belonging to them. The midwives of ancient Egypt were doubtless educated and capable, for we learn from Ebers' "Egyptian Princess" of the high position women held, that queens reigned in their own right, and that sons of royalty just as often traced their descent from the mother as from the father.

In the eleventh century before Christ there existed a college of physicians in Egypt for both sexes, and several women acquired renown as teachers in the great school at Salerno, and various universities of Italy.

Concerning Anna Mazzaloni, whose husband held the chair of anatomy at Bologna, "it happened that he fell ill, and she being a loving wife, sought to supply to him the place of his enfeebled powers, so she became an anatomist and delivered his lectures for him behind a curtain." It is interesting to note that she was offered a professorship in Milan, which she refused. However, in the year 1806 Marie Della Donne received her degree at Bologna and was appointed by Napoleon to the chair of midwifery in the university; and the names of Madames La Chapelle and Volvin stand pre-eminent in the annals of French medicine as the most renowned accoucheurs of their age.

These various instances testify to the fact that in all ages there have been women who possessed qualities fitted to render them successful practitioners of the art, and even promoters of the science of medicine.

The pioneer in the struggle for a medical education for women in America was Miss Elizabeth Blackwell. In the year 1849 she received her diploma as a leader of her class from the medical college of Geneva, New York. At the conclusion of her studies in America Dr. Blackwell visited Europe, where she was kindly received at St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew's, and a few other London hospitals. Here she met Florence Nightingale, and says she owes to her chiefly the awakening to the fact that "sanitation is the supreme goal of medicine, its foundation and its crown."

More than two thousand years ago Christ gave the command to preach the gospel and heal the sick, and Dr. C. E. Swain, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, enjoys the honorable distinction, not only of being the pioneer woman physician in India, but the first woman physician ever sent out by any missionary society into any part of the non-Christian world. After some years of successful service in North India she accepted an appointment as resident physician at the court of the Raji of Ketri. Through the influence of this woman and other missionaries, the Punditi Ramabai, a high-cast Hindoo woman, came to this country and completed a course in medicine in the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. She then returned to her native country, and is working faithfully for the welfare of her less fortunate sisters. It was principally through Lady Dufferin's work that women doctors have received so much recognition in India. Probably between 300 and 400 medical women are now working under the Dufferin fund, some in charge of hospitals, some as medical missionaries and a few

in private practice. It is good news to hear that similar work is being started by the French government in Algeria. The native women who are prevented by their social customs from consulting male doctors will now be able to consult qualified woman physicians free of charge.

Dr. Yamei Kin is the first Chinese woman to take the medical degree in America, and she intends to do work among the Chinese in this country. Women physicians are doing good work in Persia, in China, and the imperial household of Korea has one employed.

Dr. Anneta Newcomb McGee has the honor to be appointed to the United States Army, and did service in the Philippines. Last year she was elected president of the Spanish-American War Nurses. She kindly offered her services to the Japanese government, and was accepted, and for half a year she has been caring for the sick and wounded Japanese and Russians in the Mikado's hospital and aboard the Imperial Hospital Ship.

While woman physicians are achieving honors at home and abroad, we must not forget their work in the Oregon Country. Dr. Mary P. Sawtelle was probably the first woman in the Pacific Northwest to practice regular medicine. She located in Salem in the early '70s, and from there moved to California. Following her was Dr. Frances Carpenter Blumauer, a graduate of the Woman's College of Philadelphia, who is now enjoying her well-earned laurels in the City of Portland.

Later we find the names of Dr. Owens-Adair, now residing in North Yakima, who is still in active practice. Dr. Lydia Hunt King, Dr. Denlinger and Dr. Helen Parrish have passed to the great beyond. Dr. N. J. A. Simons, of Vancouver, Washington, one of the pioneer workers, and a graduate of the Homeopathic College of Boston, has retired from the practice of medicine on account of loss of sight. Dr. Victoria Hampton stands at the head of the profession as an expert chemist, and when the testimony of minute chemical analysis is required her authority is unquestioned. There are between two hundred and three hundred women physicians engaged in the regular practice of medicine in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

The woman doctor of to-day asks of her fellow practitioner nothing but her right of equal advantages for her sex, and of the world at large the opportunity to prove for herself that the time-honored profession of medicine may be successfully followed by her daughters as well as her sons.

In February, 1843, Mrs. Spalding was so sick it was feared she would not live. A Nez Perce chief said: "If it could be, I would gladly die in her stead that she might live to teach the people."

"Shortly after my arrival at Portland, in '52," says Rev. John Flinn, "I attended a marriage ceremony, a family wedding. The minister officiating received a pair of gloves and fifty dollars in gold for his services."



THE NORTH PACIFIC SANATORIUM

TWENTIETH, GLISAN AND HOYT STREETS
PORTLAND, OREGON

Work of Unitarian Women in the Pacific Northwest

By KATE STEVENS BINGHAM

THE one person to whom more than all others the Unitarian Church of the Pacific Northwest owes its origin is Mary Ellen Frazar, who, together with her husband, Thomas Frazar, and their six children, came to Oregon in 1853. Both were natives of New England and thoroughly imbued with that spirit of liberal Christianity which at this era, largely owing to the influence of the saintly Channing, was rife in that section of our country. They found Portland a city of six thousand inhabitants and well provided with churches representing almost every denomination except the Unitarian, whose followers were neither numerous enough nor strong enough to have a society of their own. The Frazar family for some years held private services in their own home, but in 1863, having made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Burrage, also New Englanders of the same religious faith, the two women, in December, 1865, with five others, namely, Mrs. Goodnough, Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Burrell, met at the Goodnough residence for the purpose of organizing a society "to promote and advance the cause," as the preamble reads. The organization effected two weeks later called itself the "Ladies' Sewing Society," and afterwards were added the words "of the First Unitarian Society, Portland, Oregon."

Three years before this date the Rev. Thomas Starr King, of San Francisco, a noted Unitarian minister and lecturer, had preached in Portland when upon a lecturing tour through the Northwest; and in 1866, a few months after the formation of the Ladies' Sewing Society, Dr. Horatio Stebbins came to Portland by invitation and for three Sundays preached in the basement of the Baptist Church. It was during this visit that the first Unitarian communion and baptismal service was held, the latter being at the suggestion of Mrs. W. W. Spaulding, a New England woman, at which seven children were baptized. The silver service used in this communion was bought by the "First earnings" of the Ladies' Sewing Society, and at this day is still in use. The society had in the meantime been holding its regular weekly meetings, where by sewing and getting up entertainments it was steadily raising funds for the cause it held so dear. In these ways and with an average attendance of but seven members, the society by the end of the first year had raised nearly four hundred dollars. The immediate result of Dr. Stebbins' visit was the formation in the following June of "The First Unitarian Society of Portland, Oregon."

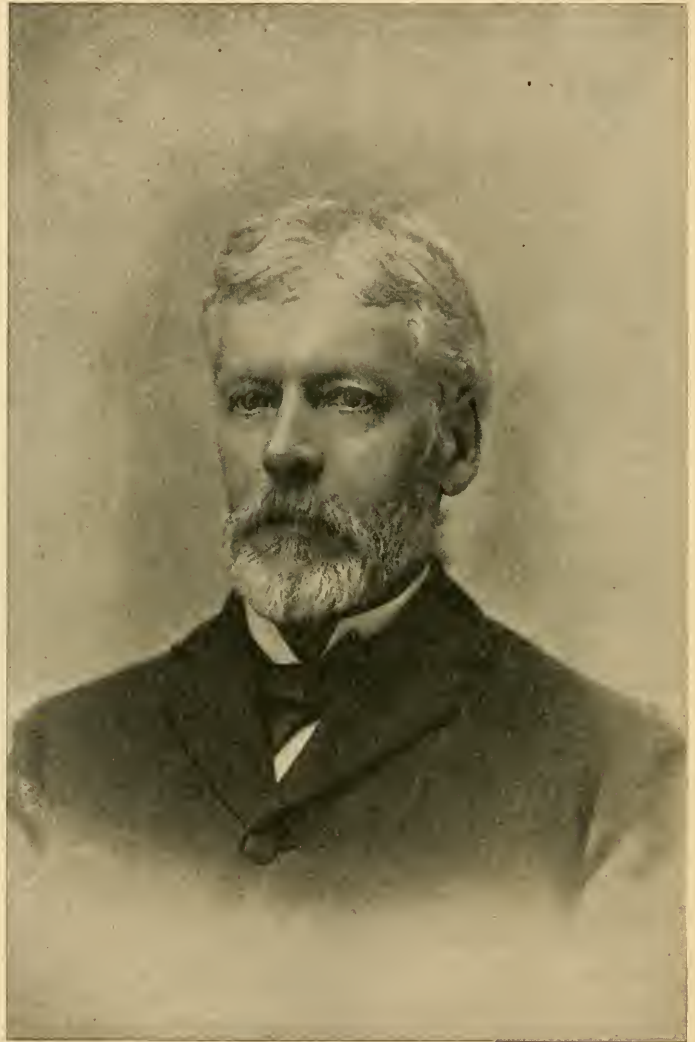
And now these two societies bent all their energies to the purpose of building a chapel and engaging a minister. By the end of 1867 an appropriate building had been erected upon Seventh and Yamhill streets. Their first pastor, the Rev. Thomas Lamb Eliot, with his wife and infant son, had arrived from St. Louis just in time to assist in the dedication of the new edifice. The

cost of the two lots, building and furnishings, had come to about four thousand dollars, one-fourth of this sum being the contribution of the Ladies' Sewing Society.

It was not long after the arrival of the "young minister." as he at first was called, from his youthful appearance, before his parish began to realize that they were particularly fortunate in the minister who had been selected for them, as he possessed a combination of qualities which especially fitted him for the work, largely missionary, which lay before him in this new country, and which made his future pastorate the success it has proved. His wife, too, rarely endowed intellectually and spiritually, seconded his efforts for the good of the church and the community generally so that in this, their life work, they labored together as one.

Dr. Eliot did not confine his efforts to the work of his church alone, but from the beginning

took an active interest in all philanthropic and educational matters throughout the city and state. In all of this work he was ably assisted by the Ladies' Sewing Society. In 1876 whilst Dr. Eliot was absent for his health, never robust, a society was organized in the church called the "Christian Union," for the purpose of continuing the work of philanthropy, until this time carried on under Mr. Eliot's direction. Committees of the Christian Union, largely composed of women, kept up the work begun by their pastor of regularly vis-



REV. T. L. ELIOT

iting the county jail, county farm, and insane asylum, a private institution in East Portland, and carrying to them all, literature and good cheer.

In 1880 Dr. Eliot and Miss Helen F. Spalding, at the time the president and vice-president of the Christian Union, inaugurated a series of lectures on Social Science, which were given in the chapel. These practical talks on Ed-



FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH

ucation, Municipal Reform, Temperance and kindred subjects, carried on continuously for eight years, paved the way in no small degree to the formation of most of the charitable institutions now doing such valuable work in the city and state; to the amelioration of the bad conditions prevailing in the jails

and county farm; to a law establishing in the state penitentiary a library at the expense of the state; and other important work.

In 1879 the new Unitarian church edifice next to the chapel was completed and dedicated, and the name, "Church of Our Father," bestowed upon it by Dr. Eliot. For seven years previously the Ladies' Sewing Society had been devoting its energies towards swelling the sum required for the building, and were able to give two thousand of the twenty thousand dollars that it cost. Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Reed gave twelve hundred dollars towards the expense of the fine organ; this being just half the sum it cost.

And now, in 1892, as the name "Ladies' Sewing Society" no longer indicated the real trend of its activities, it was changed to that of the "Women's Auxiliary," becoming soon after a branch of the Women's Unitarian Conference of the Pacific Coast. Again in 1902, and this time at the instance of Mrs. Cressey, wife of the present pastor of the church, the Rev. George Crosswell Cressey, it changed its cognomen to one which will probably be its final one, calling itself the "Woman's Alliance," and also joining the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women.

Another important society of the Church of Our Father, started in 1886, is the Post Office Mission, whose work is the distribution of liberal religious literature through the mails and in other ways. The Frazar Loan Library and the Free Reading Room, both established by the late Mrs. Rosa F. Burrell in memory of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Frazar, are managed by the Mission.

Among the pioneer women in this society who lent an unfailing hand in all good work we would name Mrs. Lurena A. Spalding, Mrs. Betty Farmer and Mrs. Charles W. Burrage.

It may not be out of place to mention here (although a little to one side of the denominational work of Unitarian women) three large bequests, the influence of which will be felt in the religious, educational and philanthropic work of the Northwest for many years to come: \$200,000 by Miss Ella Smith, one-half of which went to the Portland Library; \$50,000 by Mrs. Rosa F. Burrell, placed in Dr. Eliot's custody; \$2,000,000 by Mrs. S. G. Reed, the greater part of this latter sum to be used to erect an institution of learning known as the Reed Institute. These women were members of the Church of Our Father, and from the tenor of their wills one cannot but see what a deep impression the life and character of their beloved pastor had made upon them.

It is now thirty-nine years since the Ladies' Sewing Society came into being, and of the seven women who formed it but one is living, Mrs. C. W. Burrage, of Canyon City, Colorado. It has held weekly meetings every Wednesday. Many thousands of dollars have been earned by its faithful members, and it has ever been an incentive and comfort to the pastor and the general society of the church.

Dr. Eliot, who received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1889 from Harvard University in recognition of his faithful and efficient services in so many directions in the Northwest, after a service of twenty-five years, in 1892 resigned his pastorate to younger men. He is still, however, actively interested

in every movement for the public advancement, and as a member of many of the boards of the city and state organizations, finds his time more than occupied. Mrs. Eliot, who stands as a type of motherhood, has yet found time in her busy life to enrich the literature of the West by her pen, and she, as well as her husband, the Pastor Emeritus of the Church of Our Father, are looked upon as they deserve to be from the points of years and service as the virtual heads of the Unitarian Church of the Pacific Northwest.

The Baby Home

By MRS. CHARLES E. SITTON
President of the Board of Directors



THE BABY HOME is the outgrowth of a work begun many years ago by a few earnest women on the East Side. It was incorporated in March, 1899, and the change in management that year was followed by the erection of a building on a slightly block of ground, donated for that purpose, by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kern as a loving memorial to their infant daughter, whose death occurred the previous year. Mrs. Kern was president of the Home for some years, but owing to other demands upon her time and strength, she felt obliged to give this responsibility to others. She, however, was an honorary member of the board until her death a year ago.

Nearly five hundred different babies have been cared for under the hospitable roof of what we now call the old building—these from many and varied conditions of life. The majority have been of respectable but poor parentage; children of widowed and forsaken mothers, dependent upon themselves for support, or of fathers, desolate and helpless when left with motherless babies; others wholly orphans and often friendless. There have been some, too, of illegitimate birth; but where is there more need of sympathy and kindness than toward those babies born with a stigma that makes an additional burden in after life? Even though the number were much greater, if such can be helped to homes where they are welcomed and reared to lives of usefulness and self-reliance, can any one question the good results?

Not all illegitimate children are from degraded parents. There are many heart-broken mothers whose one bitter experience has brought almost unbearable sorrow, to be borne through a life of regret and remorse. Great is the pity that the one who shared the sin, and oftentimes the chief in error, escapes the responsibility and extreme suffering consequent to the wrongdoing.

Under the present administration nearly eighty children have been placed in homes for adoption, thereby bringing the childless home and the homeless child together and making both happier and better. This part of the work is certainly commendable and worthy of assistance and encouragement.

In the management of the Home two principles are paramount—that no worthy parent be refused assistance; neither shall he or she be permitted to

lose the feeling of natural responsibility and self-respect by being relieved of all parental obligation. Unless circumstances make it absolutely impossible, some remuneration, even though it be not more than one dollar per month, is exacted; and, as it occasionally happens, when both parents are living and are able-bodied, full price for board is required. It should be stated, however, that these cases are rare, and would never be admitted to the exclusion of the more needy.

At this writing (April, 1905), having outgrown the building that sixteen years ago seemed ample and built before the requirements were fully understood by the management, the Baby Home, with its increased family and its constantly growing need, is about to cross the threshold of a much larger



THE NEW BABY HOME, PORTLAND, OREGON


building erected upon up-to-date plans and equipped with modern conveniences and sanitary appliances. This Home, unique in its mission and second to none for the purposes it serves, is the result of years of struggle, much careful deliberation and good management of the funds intrusted to its directors. It is an object long hoped for, and its attainment may fitly be a source of pride.



The Northern Indians used to bring their girls as soon as they arrived at the age of 15 to the Puget Sound towns for barter. As many as a dozen were sometimes seen in one canoe, with an old Indian and a squaw as guardians. They distributed them among the logging camps and ranches. The missionaries put a stop to this practice.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union

By MRS. LUCIA H. FAXON ADDITON.

 HE public ear has ever listened eagerly to the stories of great battles, plans of campaigning, of the rallying of troops, told by those who have been in the thickest of the fight. And in taking up the pen to write the twenty years of campaign of the "Grand Army of Reform" of Oregon—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union—we note the fact, as revealed from a research amid its archives, that it is a record of the grandest movement among women this state has yet had writ on the pages of her history.

The peaceful warfare carried on by these faithful "home guards" is replete with incidents of heroism, self-sacrifice, patient endurance and lofty purpose.

Not alone as a total abstinence movement is it of historic importance, but as a distinctive woman's movement toward unifying them. The first organization of Oregon women banded together for the development of a truer, nobler, higher womanhood.

The first union was organized in Portland March 22, 1881, in the Hall-Street M. E. Church; the second at Albany in April, two dates of historic importance in Oregon. To-day those who look over the field occupied by hundreds of earnest workers cannot realize the many difficulties that confronted the pioneers in this work. The Christian women of the state were already overburdened with church duties, and were unaccustomed to any public work. In 1883, June 15, the state organization was perfected by Miss Frances E. Willard and her private secretary, Anna Gordon. The plan of work adopted at this first convention has been faithfully pursued, and has become effective as a means of starting educational forces that have told for the good of the state. Its purpose is to educate the children and the parents, to bring influence to bear upon pulpit and press, and to call into activity woman's latent forces.

In 1836 there were 32 unions in Oregon. In 1891 there were 83, with a membership of 1900. The W. C. T. U. has made a record in establishing reading rooms. Seventeen cities have under its auspices opened these "light houses" on the shores of reform. Three unions own their headquarter buildings—Corvallis, Salem and Albany. Corvallis bears the distinction of having the first building owned by White Ribboners on the Pacific Coast.

The W. C. T. U. founded the Industrial Home for girls—afterwards turned into the Refuge Home. The first industrial exchange was conducted by the Portland Union in early years. The Baby Home was founded by the East Portland W. C. T. U., with seven dollars and unlimited faith, the records say.

For six years Multnomah County Union conducted a "Noon Rest for Working Girls," the first movement of the kind in the Northwest, and it paved

the way for similar work by other societies. The W. C. T. U. was instrumental in placing a matron in the Union Depot in Portland, and fired the first gun in the war against child labor and in support of compulsory education.

A well-organized lecture bureau is maintained. Headquarters are established at Ashland and Gladstone during the annual Chautauqua Assemblies, and also at the State Fair. The Flower Mission has carried joy and brightness into many an erstwhile dismal sick chamber. The work among sailors has exerted a far-reaching influence for good.

Not least in all the work for "God and home and native land" accomplished by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the influence of the work upon its members. Under it they have grown stronger, broader, more loving and more noble.

The following legislative enactments were secured through the efforts of the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union:

In 1884 the scientific temperance instruction bill.

In 1899, after the third effort, a bill for the protection of young girls was enacted by which the age of consent was raised from 14 to 16 years. This bill suffered much in the hands of the legislature of 1905, be it said in shame upon mankind.

The anti-narcotic bill, prohibiting minors the use of tobacco, was passed in 1889.

Secured from legislature in 1889 for the Refuge Home, established by the W. C. T. U., an appropriation of \$5000, which amount was granted by succeeding legislatures, and is now raised to \$6000.

Anti-tobacco law, amended in 1891.

In the framing of the charter of the Soldiers' Home in Roseburg, the W. C. T. U. took a live interest, and secured the insertion of a clause in the charter prohibiting the sale of intoxicants within one mile of the home.

By a law secured in 1893, police stations are provided with matrons.



John Killin and family came to Oregon from Iowa in 1845, and were the first to settle south of the Calapooia River, at a point about three miles below the present town of Brownsville. There were no neighbors but Indians, and they were troublesome on account of their thieving propensities. First one thing, then another disappeared, but Mr. Killin seemed reluctant to attempt to recover the stolen property. At length a milk cow was stolen, whereat Mrs. Killin, after vainly entreating her husband to seek its rescue, determined to take the initiative. Accordingly, she armed herself with a butcher knife, went to the chief's camp, found the cow, cut the retaining rope, brandished her weapon in the face of the astounded chief and his subjects, and drove the beast back to her cabin. From that time Mrs. Killin was known as a "Skookum Kloochman"—strong-hearted woman—and thereafter the property of the family was not molested. Mrs. Killin is still living, and is now in her ninety-third year.—(George H. Himes.)

The Woman's Emergency Corps

By MRS. HENRY E. JONES

HAVING been president of the Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society of Portland, Oregon, during the years that our Oregon men were in active service at the Philippines, I am asked to give something of the story of the work performed by that organization during the exciting days from April 26, 1898, when the first call for help came until all that was left of our men from Oregon came home again to take up the threads of their tangled skein and work them back into straight warp and woof. To turn the demoralized life of a volunteer soldier back to the routine of every-day life calls for all that is best in man.

The task of telling this story is not an easy one. All outward show of appreciation has been given and received, and only the remembrances are left in the minds of these fourteen hundred women of Portland who, with untiring zeal, worked for the soldiers during the Spanish war. The women of this city were tremendously in earnest on that day (the 26th of April), when there was a call through the Oregonian for all loyal and patriotic women to assemble at the Armory, prepared to co-operate with state officials and men of every degree in finding ways and means to help equip our young soldiers for the seat of war. So quick were the flashes of enthusiasm at that meeting that before many of us realized the detail and breadth of the work which was to fall into our hands we were an organization and ready for any work of emergency which might fall to us to do. I think it not too much to say that a better organized body of women were never banded together than these loyal women, who gave their personal efforts, their money, their influence, many of them their whole time and strength to the work of making the life of our new-born soldiers bearable while away from the environment of home and friends and thrown into that uncivilized element in the Philippines. Not a soldier from any state in the Union passed through Portland unnoticed or unfed. Words of encouragement by our enthusiastic workers have brought by correspondence a bountiful return of thankfulness and good will, not only to the women of Oregon, but to the State of Oregon, with its wealth of roses which brightened their stuffy and dismal cars en route to California. After three and a half years the Emergency Corps and Red Cross Society brought its official career to a close in Portland. No undertaking in the cause of humanity ever received greater assurance of the heartfelt gratitude of more men and women than this, and the records bear testimony to its phenomenal success.

Song of the Klootchman

BY DENMAN S. WAGSTAFF

Cold blows the wind on Neah Bay shore,
Yet softly the Klootchman sings;
In its rustic cot the baby sleeps
As the cradle swings and swings.

Does the Klootchman dream of olden days,
Does she hope for her baby there
In its swinging nest 'neath the old tree-top—
Does she build it a future fair?

Ah no, methinks on Neah Bay shore
Where the cradle swings and swings,
The Klootchman ends her daily task
When the babe sleeps as she sings.



What Christianity Has Done for the Indian Woman

By MISS HELEN CLARK,
Missionary at Neah Bay, Wash.

CHRISTIANITY means everything to the Indian woman; not only life and light, but also love and hope. It found her chattel, it made her owner; it found her man's slave, it made her his companion.

An Indian who knew all the depths of woman's wretchedness among his people said: "The poorest white man makes a better husband than the best Indian."

"She is mine, I bought her, I can do as I like with her," is often heard.

On this plea of ownership even an educated Indian, unchristianized, kicked and ill-treated the pretty little woman who had been bought for him.

When an Indian woman becomes a Christian, her whole life proclaims it. As a daughter in a Christian family she has many privileges denied her less favored sisters. With her brothers she shares the love and care of both parents. She is no longer regarded as a piece of merchandise to be sold to the highest bidder. Her wishes are consulted in the choice of a husband, and her father, instead of receiving gifts, helps the young people to start in life. She is mistress in her new home. If she does not please her husband in every particular she is not liable to be traded or sold, as in the old days. Neither is she required to share her home with two or three women with equal rights. Her husband no longer eats the best of everything while she waits upon him. They sit together, and share what provisions they have, and want bites him as well as her. When he visits friends she accompanies him. In everything she is his companion and counsellor, and purse holder as well.

Even a heathen husband appreciates a Christian wife. He knows such a one can be trusted, and she is more industrious. Not a few Indian men have been won to a new life through their Christian wives. One good woman came in tears because she had not been living a true Christian life before her heathen husband. She said he would find fault and she would get "high." He would laugh and say, "I'm better than you; I don't get mad at everything." She said with evident emotion: "I don't want to give Jesus a bad name. I want my husband to be a Christian."

Insofar as they know the right they strive to do it.

If a Christian Indian woman takes the burden of the work, it is because she desires to do so. Some of them still think it a disgrace for the men to do certain kinds of work. They are like an old Scotch woman in the by-gone days, who indignantly asked: "D'ye think I'd see my mon under a coo? Nae, nae, I'd reither milk twal coos alane every nicht." This pride dominates some Indian women. They look up to their husbands and serve

them still, but the love that prompts it is wholly unlike the old slavish fear. They work as hard, but with a new motive.

The Indian woman now knows the children playing about her door will not be torn from her. In heathenism time if a woman had no children, or her children died, it was considered a sufficient reason for putting her away for a younger, stronger woman. This is not allowed by Christian Indians. The only living child of a Christian chief had no children. He wanted to follow the old custom and put his wife away, but his father would not permit it. He said: "If God thought you could take care of children He would have given them to you. Keep the wife you've got."

An old woman, talking about her family, said: "I do not know why my children died." Then she added: "Perhaps they were tired." She was as good a shot as her husband, and day after day she trudged by his side in the chase with her babe on her back. In the evening she prepared the camp-fire and cooked while he rested. Her work was varied. Sometimes she examined the traps and skinned the animals she found therein; at other times she laid low the prowling bear or lordly deer and prepared their hides for market. Altogether it was a "hard life." When her babe, sickened through its mother's incessant toil, fell asleep, it was she who stripped the birch of its covering and in the soft fold of the birch bark laid her little one, and buried it in a grave dug by her own hands. She would tell you her husband was not unkind; it was only the custom. Her mother heart was wrung when she laid it away. "It will be mine, mine, mine there," she said, pointing her long, bony arms upward.

Christianity means the breaking up of old customs and the bringing in of new duties. When an Indian woman ceases to do a man's work, she learns the household arts. It is an interesting sight to see her seated on the ground with a child on each side whom she is teaching to sew. Their Christianity may be crude, but it leads to a new life, and the brightness of this new life is vivid when contrasted with the impenetrable gloom of the old.

Mrs. Jane Gage Goodhue Thomas contributes this interesting incident of crossing the plains: "The road was strewn for hundreds of miles with discarded things from overloaded wagons—food, bedding, wearing apparel, even trunks full of ball dresses, books, furniture, machinery—everything, in fact, that could be mentioned. On the Platte River, where we camped one evening, we noticed a white tent in the bushes near by. Upon examination there was found pinned to the tent a note which read, 'Died of cholera.' Inside was a neatly-made bed and a trunk full of woman's clothing. Beside the tent was the grave. The dead were buried by putting in a layer of earth and then a layer of prickly pear, alternately, to prevent wild animals from digging the bodies up. At Fort Laramie the wagons were searched and all liquors confiscated."

Women's Clubs in Oregon

By JENNIE C. PRITCHARD,
Secretary Portland Woman's Club

CLUBS organized by women, and for women exclusively, have for many years been a feature in our far Eastern states, having started in New York and Massachusetts. The movement gradually moved west through the middle section of the country over the Rockies, to California, Oregon and Washington.

The first women's club in Oregon, "The Thursday Afternoon Club," of Pendleton, was organized in 1893, the members devoting their time to literature. After twelve years this club is still in existence and doing good work. It has been a characteristic of women's clubs that, once started, they steadily grow: no going back or disbanding. In 1894 the town of La Grande organized a Musical Club. Also in that year the little town of Granite started an association called "The Daughters of Progress." In 1896 the "Portland Woman's Club" came into existence and took for its motto, "Take counsel with common sense."

Southern Oregon also fell into line, with women's clubs at Grants Pass, Ashland, Roseburg, and the movement crept up the Willamette Valley to Salem, Eugene and Oregon City.

"The Portland Woman's Club," the largest club in the state, now numbers two hundred and thirty members. Its object is to secure concert of action in intellectual, philanthropic, and social activities. It has been instrumental in gaining needed improvements in the city. To the club is due the election of a woman on the school board. Its members stand ready to give help to all needed reforms. It has twelve well organized departments and maintains two scholarships in the School of Domestic Science and two in the Manual Training class in the Y. M. C. A.

Portland has numerous other clubs; some are devoted to study alone, either literary or musical; one, the Forestry Club, whose members are studying the best methods of preserving the forests of Oregon: a Mothers' Club and a Teachers' Club, giving time and thought to the best interests of the children.

In 1899, realizing that in unity there is strength, the clubs united to form a State Federation. Meetings are held biennially. This state organization joined the National or General Federation of Clubs in 1901, thus making a connecting chain from the smallest to the largest. While the State Federation includes only thirty-five clubs, there are in the state not fewer than one hundred organized woman's clubs. In this body there are standing committees on education, library, domestic science, civics, Oregon history, reciprocity, exposition, Chautauqua, legislation, industrial and forestry. Although but few, if any, individual clubs carry out all the lines of work suggested by the Federation, some of them are represented in each of the clubs. Special work is also being effectively pursued. The maintenance of free reading-rooms in

the smaller towns; rest-rooms for country women, and co-operation of civic committees with citizens' leagues for the betterment of public conditions, are some of the special features; also the preservation of old landmarks which merit more than a passing notice.

Through the efforts of the Sorosis Club of The Dalles, the old government barracks have been rescued from decay and will be used in the future as a home for rare pioneer and archaeological relics. The Woman's Club at Oregon City has also been especially active along this line, and through it historic buildings will be preserved. This club is also making an effort to perform a long-deferred duty to the memory of Dr. John McLoughlin in erecting to him a memorial statue.

The efforts of other clubs in exposition work are notable. The clubs of Washington County have put into the hands of the women on the farms one thousand pint jars to be filled with fruits to be given as souvenirs to visitors at our great Lewis and Clark Exposition. The generous response of the clubs to the call of the Saeajawea Statue Association for funds is praiseworthy. Coquille and Independence rank first. Coquille, by promptly contributing five times the amount asked for the fund, unless outdone, will have the privilege of naming the woman to unveil the statue. Independence, being the first to respond with a contribution, will get the flag that enshrouds the statue before its unveiling.

The work that signalizes most this club movement as a force for good in the land is that accomplished in the legislature. The club women of Oregon have taken a prominent part in the legislative work of the state, aiding in the agitation for better laws for women and children, as well as for general reform legislation. Among the laws passed at the session of 1905 were the laws providing for Indeterminate Sentence, the Parole Law, the Juvenile Court Law, all of which mark a distinct advance in the method of caring for the criminal population of the state. One of the most important laws, however, and one for which the women have been working for the past ten years, is the one providing for the transportation of insane patients under the care of asylum attendants instead of by the sheriffs or their deputies.

The Child Labor Law and the Compulsory Education Law were strengthened through important amendments. The club women of the state have been especially active in the agitation for the Child Labor Law. They were also instrumental in the enactment of a State Library Law and a law to adopt the Oregon Grape as the state flower.

This club movement, becoming so universal, is not the result of one central thought, as in the churches and fraternities, but the marshaling upon a common plain of all the forces for good that have their indwelling in the heart of woman.

Council of Jewish Women

By MRS. BLANCHE BLUMAUER



ORGANIZED in 1895 for self-help and improvement, the Council of Jewish Women has found its highest sphere in helping others. The history of the Portland section of the Council of Jewish Women differs probably only in name from that of the many other sections. Through years of struggle, indifference, and lack of co-operation, has the Council survived, growing stronger by overcoming each and every obstacle until to-day it is a recognized factor for good in the work of the community. Its present membership is 280.

The most hopeful feature of our organization lies not in our numerical strength, but rather in the quality of that strength, which has enabled us and will enable us to do not only the things that uplift and improve ourselves, but also the things that strive for the upliftment and betterment of humanity.

Through our monthly programs have we succeeded in bringing together the reform Jewess and her orthodox sister, giving to both a common interest in Jewish thought, Jewish history and the Jewish woman's relation to the non-Jewish world. The Jewish woman does not take readily to organization work outside of the field of charity, and so much of our work has been experimental and much effort wasted—no, not wasted, for we have been awakened and the future is all before us.

In the study circle under Dr. Stephen S. Wise have we been led through the historical, prophetic and poetical books of the Bible, this year's work being the study of the apocryphal literature. The Portland section feels that it has advantages second to none in this work. It is not remarkable, therefore, that our class in the study of the Bible should be the subject of inquiry from women of other clubs and other churches, many of whom consider it a privilege to receive the benefits of this class.

The industrial and educational work has proved the center about which much revolves, and it has kept pace with our growth. It has been encouraging in this part of our work to note the growing numbers of women who are interesting themselves in the active conditions and problems of the working world, for until lately comparatively few women had any conception of the needs of life outside of the four walls in which they live.

The growth of this work represents the growth of the Council itself. Beginning as humbly as did the body that created it, it still contends with obstacles and problems, and it will continue to overcome them.

This year marks a special triumph, as, through the co-operation of the Altar Guild of the Temple Beth Israel and the entire Jewish community, a "Neighborhood House" has been erected.

The various schools and activities connected with this work are sewing, domestic science, manual training, drawing, gymnasium, library, free reading

room and kindergarten. During the past year two hundred children have taken advantage of the opportunities offered by us, and we hope as the new building marks an era for us it may be but the beginning of a newer and greater effort on our part, the results of which we may yet see in the future citizens of our state.

A Scrap from an Old Diary

By MRS. E. M. WILSON, The Dalles, Or.



IN September, 1851, I was riding from Albany to Forest Grove, where I was then engaged in teaching. Only for short distances was there anything that could be called a road for wheeled vehicles. Much of the way we rode over a grassy trail, and everywhere the "ooihut" was in the open.

The few-and-far-between settlers, as soon as was possible, had a corral fence for cattle and horses if they were fortunate enough to have any, and a field for grain, but nowhere could a fence be found on both sides of the way. The day waned: we met no one: we passed no one as we rode. It was a delightful ride, though a lonely one. Several times from adjoining thickets we saw the faces of deer steadily gazing at us with their penetrating eyes wholly without fear.

We were still many miles from our destination and very tired (at least one of the riders was), and it was decided that the next cabin (there was nothing else) should be interviewed to see if possibly supper could be obtained. As we turned the bend of a large hill, somewhere in Yamhill County, we came in sight of a man plowing in the open. At some distance was a cabin, and a fence enclosing a piece of land for gardening. My escort rode to the plowman to make inquiries, and I to the cabin. Two children, about 4 and 6 years of age, were standing by a rude stile. I asked them to tell their mother that I wanted to speak with her. They made no reply, but steadily stared at me. "Go call mamma," said I. There was no response. I then dismounted, wondering that no motive of interest or curiosity had caused the cabin door to open, but still all was silent. I said to the oldest: "Take me where mamma is." She readily took my hand and led me through the tall rye grass and stopped by a newly-made grave.

Stony Point was at one time an Indian burying ground. The dead were put in canoes on scaffolds. Years later some of the oyster men turned the skeletons out and patched up their coffins and used them for oyster boats. In one of the skiffs was found the petrified body of an Indian. It was carried on board a vessel in the night and shipped to some museum.

The Woman on the Farm

By MRS. CLARA HUMASON WALDO



WHILE the tendency of the city is to destroy the simplicity of home life, and to substitute for it the apartment house, the flat, the hotel, the club, and innumerable cheap amusements away from the home, it is quite the contrary in the country. Never before was the woman on the farm striving so hard to make her home attractive as now. She reaches out to draw from art and science all of the beautiful that she can afford, and such inventions and conveniences as will shorten and ease her labor, and so give her more leisure for self-culture.

The woman on the farm is being taught, largely by the Grange, that she is a valuable citizen, and has a leading part to play on the stage of life. So she respects herself and her work more than she did, even a decade ago. She dresses better, practices physical culture, takes a little more rest; reads more magazines and books; makes herself a better companion to her children and husband; takes more outings to coast and mountains; camps with her family at the State Fair and the Chautauqua Assembly, and is in general a much more cheerful and interesting woman than she has ever been. With our correspondence schools; with modern languages taught by phonograph; with art reproductions for 1 cent apiece; with the traveling library; with current literature at club rates; with lecture courses and farmers' institutes; with stereopticon views of every famous object on the earth's surface; with graphophone records of every fine singer, actor, speaker and orchestra, the woman on the farm is not so far lacking in general information as one may suppose. Much of culture and society polish is denied her by reason of her secluded life. But there is a compensation in the universe which gives us on one side what we have missed on another. So the woman of the farm, while lacking much in "style" and society small talk, has a comprehensive and practical knowledge of many things. She is an independent and all-around serviceable person. Indoors or out she can "lend a hand" where there is need. If her husband falls ill or dies, she can manage the business of the farm and bring up the children. Husband and wife on the farm are very close partners in all that concerns their welfare. It is the ideal family life of loving co-operation. To all the members of these ideal rural and suburban homes, the sweet home interests come first. Everything circles around home and mother. There are few distractions, and no unwholesome dissipations to draw the children out at night from their mother's influence. To prove the high character of our country women, and their devotion to love and duty, we have only to point out the many great men and women who have gone

forth from these farm homes, to shine in every sort of high position, and to reflect honor upon their bringing up.

The rural free delivery of mail and the rural telephone are great boons to the isolated woman on the farm. She is wishing with all her heart for an enlarged parcels post, so that she may buy more freely from the city merchants.

In the matter of money, the woman on the farm is more independent than her city sister. She earns her pin money by selling poultry, butter and eggs; picking wild berries; making jelly and jam for the city people who go away for the summer; taking summer boarders; picking hops; peeling the chittim bark, and in various other ways. Some do literary and art work. One Oregon girl bachelor, being weary with working for others at housework and sewing, now lives alone, on a few acres of land, and depends upon the revenue from two cows, one sow, and a hundred hens. Two women in the Willamette Valley do all their work on a large farm, except the plowing. They raise registered cattle and sheep, and have a few acres in native huckleberries. One old lady gets her pin money from three acres in cherry trees and currant bushes.

Leadership among women asserts itself in the country as in towns, and the church and Sunday school work goes on much the same. All social gatherings are difficult to keep up because of the scattered homes. For this reason a woman's club does not flourish in the country, nor do literary societies and reading circles. Not many women have a driving horse at their disposal, to go at will, without interfering with the farm work. But wherever a Grange is established no lack is felt in social or educational matters. The Patrons of Husbandry is an ideal order for the country people, including as it does the whole family from the 14-year-old child to the great grand parents. When it was organized, about forty years ago, Miss Carrie Hall, of Boston, Mass., earnestly urged the seven founders of the new order to admit women on an equality with men, and it was done. That was a bold and progressive step for that day, and the women of the Grange have ever held Miss Hall in grateful memory for her courage.

The Grange upholds woman's suffrage in theory and in practice. Every honor, distinction, and office is open to the woman who, by her character and her ability, can win her way. Thus the women of the Grange learn to debate and discuss all practical and intellectual subjects side by side with the men. Women of the Grange are interested in the same things that call forth the efforts of local woman's clubs. They see that cemeteries, school, and church grounds are kept in neat order, and that trees, vines, and shrubs are set out wherever they can be protected and watered. They inspect the sanitary conditions and the water supply of their district schoolhouses. Matrons of Husbandry are in the advance in urging the addition of nature studies, school gardens, and the work bench to our country school system. They wish especially to see their children educated towards the farm and not away from it.

The women of the Grange cultivate the true spirit of hospitality. All who come enter into and share their family life. Neighborly kindness to the sick and sorrowing is abundantly expressed in farm communities. While not a trained nurse, the modern woman on the farm informs herself as to the approved methods of caring for the sick and relieving accidental hurts. In the Grange women learn to co-operate in many ways, and the lesson is broadening and beautifying their lives and homes.

All honor to this true woman upon the farm as she sits enthroned among her jewels—the sturdy sons and daughters who will rise up and call her blessed!

“Yes, after the strife and weary tussle
When life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation’s brain and heart and muscle,
Her sons and daughters shall call her blest.

“And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all, will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer’s wife.”



BY FAVOR OF O. R. & N. CO.

COLUMBIA RIVER SCENERY—PILLARS OF HERCULES—ON LINE OF O. R. & N. CO.

The Woman's Relief Corps

BY JULIA A. KEMP LAWTON



THE Woman's Relief Corps, the auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, numbering now almost 150,000 members, is the largest beneficent and patriotic organization in the world. It was organized in 1883 in Denver, Colorado, following a call by Commander-in-Chief Paul Vandervoort. From a small band of charter members, it has grown beyond all anticipation in numbers and in bounteous charity.

The Relief Corps is organized to give, not to receive. Loyal women, whose names are interwoven with professional and social activities, whose hearts beat always in sympathy for the unfortunate, have been proud to have their names upon its rolls.

The Oregon department of the Woman's Relief Corps was organized January 28, 1885. Later departments were organized in all the other states in the old Oregon Country. There is now in Oregon a membership of over 3000. Not so large as in the states of the East, but relatively equal to them in all its activities. Through the Corps thousands of dollars have been given for relief; a liberal contribution has been made to the fund to purchase the Andersonville Prison grounds, now converted into a National Park. It also assists generously in the yearly decoration of the soldiers' graves in the South, in the relief of the flood sufferers in different states, in the building and furnishing of homes and hospitals, and contributes to a fund now being raised to build cottages at the Soldiers' Home so that husband and wife may spend their last days together in comfort, the guests of a grateful people. The widowed have been assisted in their home needs; the orphans have been cared for and placed in private homes or schools, or, if need be, provided with books and clothing.

The Woman's Relief Corps co-operates with the Grand Army of the Republic in patriotic teaching, in humane instruction, and in the precepts of peace and arbitration. They make a special effort to promote the observance of June 14, the birthday of our flag, and also to induce all the schools to provide a flag. So far as is known no school is now without one. The corps is engaged also in patriotic teaching in the Philippine Islands, in Cuba and in Porto Rico. Memorial day is held sacred by the members as less a holiday and more a holy day. Withal, children are taught, not only to know and honor the dead, but to reverence the gray-haired veterans, who walk the streets with slow and faltering tread. Thus by associated effort, accompanied by active service in doing the lesser things day by day is made up the aggregate of the work of the members of the Relief Corps. In making the joys of others do they find their own.

Mrs. Catherine A. Coburn

By MISS HELEN F. SPALDING



ONE of the early emigrants who set out on the Oregon trail in 1852 was John Tucker Scott. Among the large family of children that accompanied him across the plains was the subject of this sketch. At an early age she became the wife of John R. Coburn, who eleven years later died, leaving his young wife to bear alone the responsibility of providing for and rearing their four little children. With the courage of the true mother she entered upon this task. Her first effort was in the public school at Canemah, which she taught for four years. She then took charge of the Forest Grove school during the two succeeding years.

In 1874 Mrs. Coburn entered upon her editorial career as associate with her sister, Abigail Scott Duniway, editor and publisher of the *New Northwest*, a journal of aggressive force and literary merit. In this, her new calling, Mrs. Coburn evinced a rare degree of journalistic ability. At the close of five years' service in this position she took charge of the *Portland Daily Bee*, a journal of force and influence in its time.

In 1880 Mrs. Coburn became editor of the *Evening Telegram*, and in 1888 she was transferred to the editorial staff of the *Daily Oregonian*, where she still remains. It is in the columns of this paper that Mrs. Coburn's characteristic work appears. Her strict training in the school

of pioneer experience, her acquaintance with the men and the women who have builded this commonwealth, her familiarity with the personal hopes and individual hardships that have been woven into the texture of the community, from the early settlements to the Oregon of today, singularly fit her for the work to which she is assigned—that of treating local incident and local interests in editorial comment. Her subjects in local coloring are thrown against the background of pioneer reminiscence in effect as sympathetic as it is unique.

Mrs. Coburn's position among women in the field of journalism has thus become a distinctive one. As a writer she observes keenly, thinks carefully, feels truly, judges unharshly, depicts clearly. As a woman, strength of character, dignity of effort, and womanliness without shadow of turning, are the qualities by which her life is crowned.



The Homeward March of the Old Pioneers

By JUNE McMILLEN ORDWAY

Lift high the little children,
O parents, fond and true;
Behold them feebly marching,
Who made the paths for you.

Ah, this is God's great army,
This march is bliss untold,
Though ranks are thin and broken,
And forms are bent and old.

Oh, homeward they are marching,
Their lines will disappear;
Wave high your banners, children,
With glad, sweet voices, cheer.

Ah, bright and beauteous spirit,
'Tis dawn, and spent the night:
They'll find their dear ones waiting
Beside the gates of light.

Oh, they shall live forever—
Their battle lines are drawn,
O comrades, wait their coming,
Just near the gates of dawn.

Refrain.

O, younger generation,
They were all brave and true,
Their path was hard and thorny,
But smooth the one for you.

(This poem is set to music by the author.)

James Harrison and Lueza Osborn Douthit

JAMES HARRISON DOUTHIT was of Scotch-Irish and French Huguenot descent, and Lueza Osborn of old English and Scotch ancestry, whose records date back several hundred years. They were born in the same year, 1816, in South Carolina, near Andersonville Courthouse. There they grew up and were married April 23, 1837. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Ira L. Potter, in the home of the bride's father, James Osborn. On the following day the bridal party went to the home of the groom's father, James Douthit, to hold the infair,



JAMES HARRISON AND LUEZA OSBORN DOUTHIT

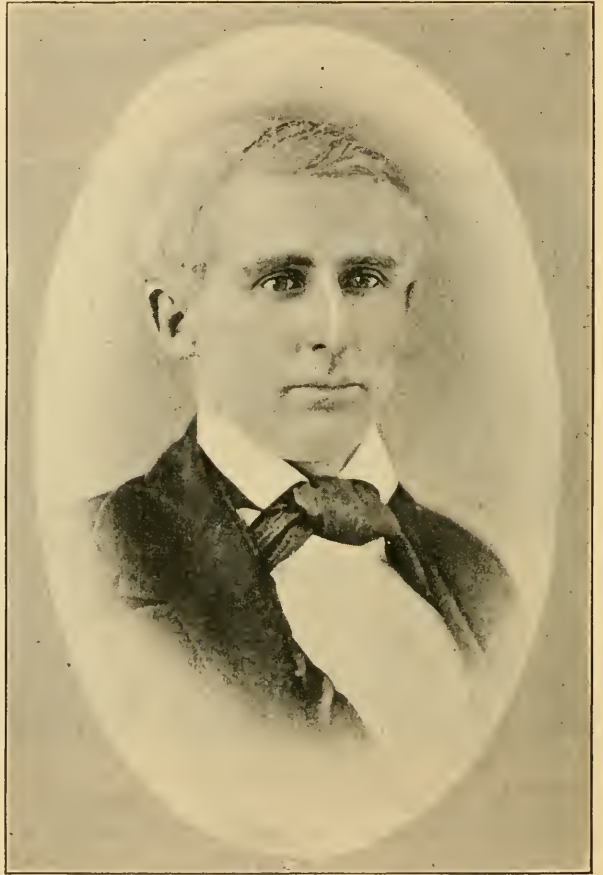
according to that good old-fashioned custom, which shared the celebration of the event of a marriage between both houses. The young people went on horseback, headed by the bride and groom, and the older people followed in carriages. Mounted upon her dappled gray, the bride led this gay cavalcade, as it were, in a triumphant march, exalted as she is to the highest station accorded to woman in those olden days when wifehood was the most honorable position to be desired by her. In their early married life they removed to Indiana, where Mr. Douthit represented Boone County one term in the state legislature. Later they started for Oregon. Arriving at the place of rendezvous on the Missouri River April 1, 1853, they found encamped there about three hundred emigrants bound for the Oregon Country. One of the preliminaries was the election of a captain of the train, as military regulations

were to be observed. Mr. Douthit, unknown to any of his party, was chosen. Such a choice, made by most trains that crossed the plains, was an honor greater than is generally conceded. There was no political pot boiling on the banks of the Missouri in those days, nor were men scrambling for this preferment with an eye single upon the favors and emoluments attached; but the people sought a leader, one born, not made, and their choice, usually wise, fell upon him in whom the qualities of leadership were apparent.

After a few weeks' travel, owing to the slow movement of the ox teams, Mr. Douthit and a Mr. Hiatt, who both had horse and mule teams, decided to travel on alone. Mr. Douthit had two hired men and Mr. Hiatt four grown sons. Eight men, all well armed, they thought a force sufficient to insure safety. Without peril or accidents they arrived at Barlow's gate July 1, having made the trip across the plains in the shortest time on record up to that date.

In looking over the Willamette Valley for a donation claim, Mr. Douthit found a one-quarter section of good land yet vacant, and adjoining it the claim of a bachelor, who, contrary to law, was trying to hold a half section (unmarried men were entitled to a quarter section only). Being called upon, he said that he expected to be married soon. "How soon?"

inquired Mr. Douthit. He "didn't know exactly." "Can't that be determined?" was asked. "No," said the young man, "I do not know just yet where to find a wife." (A surprising admission to one unacquainted with prevailing customs in this new country, where, for the first time in history, women had a land value.) Mr. Douthit said: "Young man, I will give you just three weeks to find a wife; if in that time you are not married the land is mine. "But," said he, "I haven't a horse to bring her home on."



JAMES HARRISON DOUTHIT
(From Daguerreotype at age of 36)

Mr. Douthit said promptly: "I will loan you a horse," and Dr. Alexander, who was present, added, "And I will loan you my wife's saddle."

Thus equipped the bachelor started out leading the horse, saddled and bridled, upon which to bring home a wife and save his land. For three weeks he wandered from valley to hamlet and from hamlet to hillside, wherever a wreath of curling smoke betrayed the presence of a pioneer's cabin, but no wife could he find, and at the end of the time he returned, dejected and disconsolate, wifeless, and, worse no doubt in his mind, to the extent of half his claim landless.

Mr. Douthit, in character and desires, belonged not to the age in which he lived, but to those elysian times which are yet to dawn upon the earth. He cared not for wealth. He wished only enough of this world's goods to meet the needs of himself and his family. He cared not for honors, save such as man gives to man out of the depths of his heart when he discovers in him the embodiment of honor. He loved his fellow man and sought to serve him as brother serves brothers, out of the fullness of brotherly kindness. His word was his bond, and those who knew him accepted it as such. He was an Odd Fellow, and served the order for one term as Grand Master of Oregon. By occupation a farmer, he loved the farm for its own sake. Agriculture he believed to be a high calling, one that brings man into the natural life where he lives simply and attains peace and happiness in the true sense. Every movement instituted to promote the well-being of the farming class received his hearty co-operation. For two years he was president of the State Agricultural Society, and subserved its interests with pleasure and fidelity. He was one of a committee of three appointed to select the lands given by the general government toward the maintenance of a State Agricultural College.

In projecting the first railroad in Oregon, there were two parties, known as the East Side and the West Side companies. Each put forth great efforts to secure the location of the road on its respective side of the Willamette River. While those of the West Side were doing much talking, Mr. Douthit, who championed the cause of the East Side, went quietly among the people and used his influence so effectively that he secured the location of the road on the East Side.

Possessed of that chivalry which is the Southern man's heritage, Mr. Douthit stood a friend and protector of women.

To attend the dying in their last hours was an office Mr. Douthit was called upon to fulfill; not alone to pray at their bedsides, but also to write their wills. In those days the wife was a nonentity in the eyes of the law, and was known in her husband's will as her husband saw fit to place her. On one occasion a man, knowing that death was very near, called Mr. Douthit to write his will. "Now," said the dying man, who was possessed of ample means, "I wish my will to be drawn up in this way: So long as my wife remains single she is to have half of my property; if she remarries she is to have nothing." "Did your wife not help you to acquire this prop-

erty?" asked Mr. Douthit. "Yes," replied the man, "she helped me to get it all. We had nothing when we were married." "Then," said Mr. Douthit, "half the property is justly hers whether she marries again or not, and I shall write no such a will." The man pleaded, but without avail; if such a will were written it was done by another hand.

On another occasion a man had died and left a widow and several children without means. According to the law then in operation, if it were the pleasure of the court, a widow's children could be taken from her and bound out, the court being the sole judge whether she could or could not support them. In this instance the mother was physically strong and most willing to make the effort to provide for her children; but the court did not recognize her ability nor consider her willingness. The distracted mother sought the advice and help of Mr. Douthit, who earnestly espoused her cause, entering the plea that before the children were bound out the mother should be given an opportunity to prove whether or not she could maintain them. The writer remembers hearing the mother tell with sobs her pathetic story and plead for her children.

Though a South Carolinian, Mr. Douthit did not indorse his native state in its acts of secession, and he deplored the rebellion. Slavery he regarded as a wrong—a curse alike to the black man and to the white, and a condition for which no section nor country was alone responsible. He believed, however, that those who best understood the negro's character and the conditions of slavery were the best qualified to cope with the problem and render a solution.

Notwithstanding Mr. Douthit belonged to a long-lived family, his father having lived to the age of 84 and his mother 96, he died at 60. Beside the wife he so tenderly cherished through her years of suffering, he now rests beneath the pines of Eastern Oregon.

Lueza Osborn Douthit



MY MOTHER—of her life work what can I say? Not a fixed principle of right that is mine, not a lofty sentiment that animates my soul that received not life-giving inspiration from my mother. Gentle and unobtrusive she was, and her work was so quiet that those nearest her realized not the subtle power she exercised nor the potent forces she set in motion, infusing vigor into the principles she inculcated and strength into the sentiments she implanted. At her knee her little ones gathered, and heard from her lips the simple words of the meek and lowly Jesus; the same sweet words He spake to the waiting people on the shores of Galilee. From the word of God she gleaned the great truth. At this fountain she sought the wisdom necessary to enable her to work out life's greatest problem, that of directing her children in the right way.

It was her wish to come to Oregon. She loved this land, so rich in beauty, and reveled in its enchantment; but on account of poor health she was ill equipped to meet the hard conditions of a new country. Amid it all no word of repining escaped her lips. Being extremely reticent, she was little known outside her home. Home was her world, and there she loved to be. The only work ever attempted beyond its pale was to teach a class in the neighborhood Sunday School, in which she was deeply interested.

Ah, these quiet lives! to the actors seemingly of so little worth, yet how strong the current of moral and spiritual forces they set in motion; moving unseen beneath the waves that disturb the surface, but change not the momentum of the stream below.

To the memory of a dear father and mother are these lines written by
their DAUGHTER MARY.



Judge Pratt in Bedticking

In early times Mr. Robert C. Kinney's home in the Chehalem Valley stood with open doors to all who chanced to pass that way. Itinerant pioneer preachers, homeless pedagogues, and judges of the courts were numbered among the many who oft filled a place in the circle around the blazing fire in the wide, open fireplace or at the ample family board. One day in late autumn, when Oregon rains had been more than raining, a tall and stately person, picturesquely attired in sombrero hat, buckskin trousers set off with elaborate fringe down the sides and secured around the waist with a long silken scarf of bright crimson (a Spanish fashion introduced from California), and a heavy flannel shirt of brilliant hue, alighted at the door. This uniquely costumed gentleman was none other than His Honor, Judge Pratt, Oregon's first territorial judge—a man of fine personal appearance and gentlemanly bearing. Saturated by the copious rains, he was doubly glad to seek shelter in Mr. Kinney's home, where the bright fire warmed and the kindly hospitality cheered. After the judge had retired, Mrs. Kinney thoughtfully hung his rain-soaked pantaloons by the fire that they might dry before morning, which they did and more. To those not acquainted with the peculiarities of wet buckskin we will say that in drying the trousers shrank to such an extent that the judge could not possibly get into them. Having no others with him, the situation was grave, but Mrs. Kinney arose equal to the emergency. Taking one of her blue and white striped bedticks, she set about to make a pair of trousers for the disabled judge, while he reposed in bed till they were completed. When ready, he gratefully donned these emergency trousers, not so picturesque, perhaps, as the elaborate ones of buckskin, but surely equally attractive. Thus attired, he proceeded on his way to discharge the duties of his office.—(Notes furnished by Mrs. Jane M. Smith of Astoria.)



THE WASHINGTON

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

The Washington is the finest hotel in the Pacific Northwest, and probably west of Chicago. It was formally opened May 23 and 24, 1903, when President Roosevelt made it his headquarters while in Seattle. It is most complete, comfortable and homelike, and has every convenience, luxury and attractive feature known to modern hotels. New throughout.

Tourists are finding in The Washington an ideal halting place—making a visit to Seattle and the Northwest a pleasure that has heretofore been impossible.

Its atmosphere of refinement, exclusive patronage and charming interior, together with scenic location unsurpassed, tend to make The Washington the most popular high type hotel in the West.

Families and transients alike praise The Washington—its fame has spread widely in a few months—and the necessity of enlarging the hotel has already brought to completion the arrangements for doubling the size and capacity of this most interesting and satisfactory hostelry.

JAMES A. MOORE, Owner.

Domestic Science

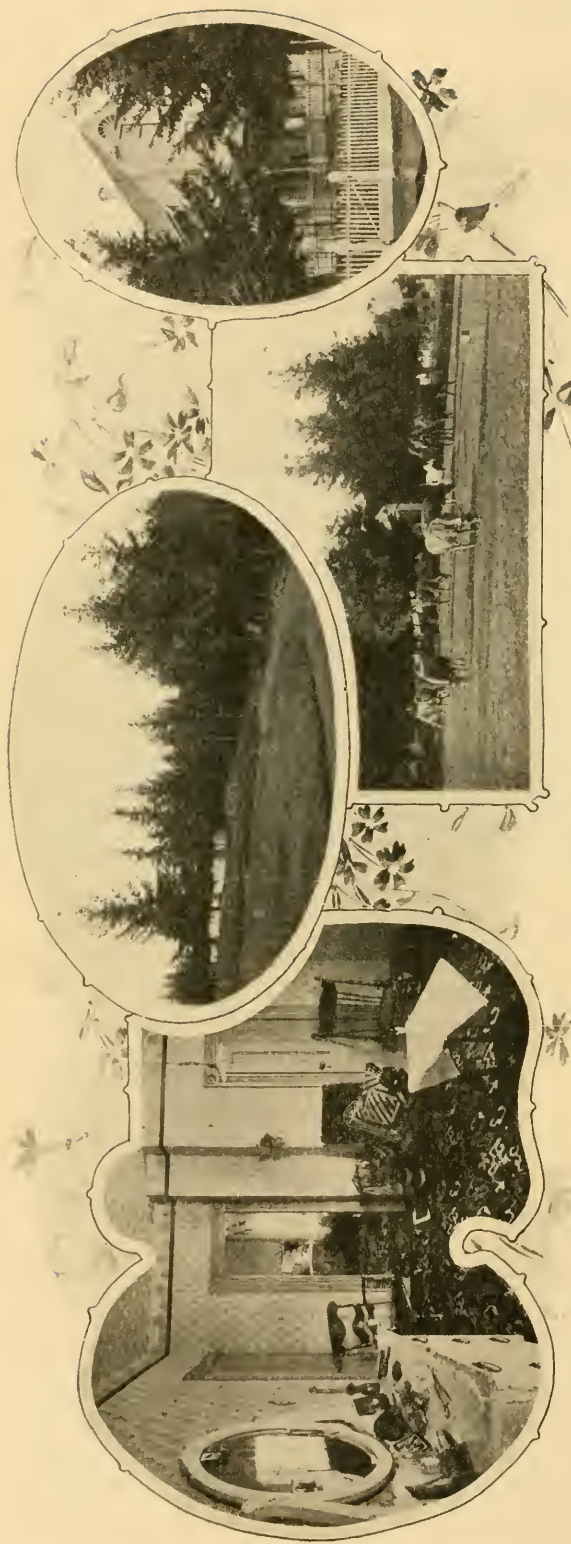
By MRS. MARY E. YOUNG



THREE years ago the University of Idaho began an organized course of instruction in Domestic Science. This step was the result of investigation prompted by the belief that the present standard of living can be raised only by a practical application of physics, chemistry, botany, and kindred sciences to the home. That this experiment—for such it was—should begin in a college seemed fitting, as it is there that the possibilities of a healthy physical and mental life may be exemplified. As soon as the preservation of health is made the aim and test of study, a new light is thrown on the subject of home-making, and the need of an adequate system of preparation is apparent. From the beginning a keen interest was shown in this department of collegiate work. The course, which began with cookery, has been gradually extended to include sewing in its various branches and housekeeping in general. Laundry work, care of linens, furniture, marketing, keeping of accounts, sanitary science in its simplest phases, the chemical and dietetic value of foods—all enter the curriculum.

The educational value of cooking is more often questioned, perhaps, than any other branch of manual training, yet it is a study of vital importance. Generations ago any connection of schools and kitchens would have been thought absurd, but public sentiment has been undergoing a change, until it demands of schools, both public and private, that the education of young women shall include a liberal as well as a technical training in the arts and industries. A young woman may have mastered higher mathematics and be able to trace a comet's orbit—and a stronger woman will she be thereby: she may have studied the philosophy of Plato and of Kant, but if she is not able to calculate the dietetic value of the food upon the table, the hygienic condition of the home, she is educated only in the abstract, and is not prepared for the specific duties of her natural calling. It is not expected that "skilled cooks" will be turned out of this school, but it is believed that a careful study of this science will bring about an increased respect for the home, and teach young women that the best equipment for them in this industrial age is a well-founded knowledge of the practical duties of every-day life. Herbert Spencer puts it tersely: "The function which education has to perform is to prepare us for complete living."

In a general sense the result of this experiment has been to stimulate public opinion to such an extent that the state legislature at its last session made an especial appropriation to the university for the department of Domestic Science. Coming nearer, labor has been dignified and housekeeping raised to a higher plane by the working out of this new college ideal.



HE CRYSTAL SPRINGS SANITARIUM, formerly known as Mt. Tabor Sanitarium, is located on the top of Mt. Tabor, 300 feet above the City of Portland. It is an ideal spot for the care of those suffering from any nervous disease.

While the buildings of the sanitarium are but a few minutes' walk from the Mt. Tabor street-car line, yet the utmost quiet prevails in the Crystal Springs Park, thus giving the patient with tired nerves just the conditions needed for a speedy cure. There is a delightful tonic in the air, which aids greatly in producing recuperation of body and mind. The necessities of a discriminating public have been anticipated in the construction of modern new buildings and outlying cottages on extensive and picturesque grounds. No expense has been spared to secure the greatest amount of comfort possible, and the very best sanitary conditions. The water for the institution is pumped from a spring on our own grounds, the analysis of which is almost identical with the renowned Bethesda water.

The soil is gravelly and well drained, and the grounds, comprising a park of seventeen acres, command a beautiful view of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens.

There are three departments at this sanitarium, each entirely separate from the others. One is devoted to nervous diseases, another to mental disorders, and the third to alcohol and drug addiction. The cottage system enables the management to easily keep the various departments separate from each other. The office is at 603-606 Marquam building, Portland, Or., and R. M. Tuttle is business manager.

Roads and Railways—Early History

By J. GASTON



IN all ages of the world the development of nations and the progress of civilization have been in direct proportion to the construction of highways for travel and transportation between contiguous and distant communities. The absence of means of travel and transportation has been the characteristic of barbarism; and the development of such means has always marked the dawn of commerce, progress, and prosperity. This principle has been clearly illustrated in the history and settlement of Oregon. The native Indian population built no roads, not even trails; and they had no intercourse with surrounding tribes except the casual canoe or the occasional pony. Everything stood still in barbaric solitude, until Lewis and Clark, one hundred years ago, aroused the red man from the silence of ages.

The first wagon road constructed to let population into Oregon within the territory, now composing the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and a part of Montana, which has been used continuously since its original location in 1845, is the road over the Cascade Mountains south of Mt. Hood, known as the "Barlow Road." It was located by Joel Palmer and Samuel K. Barlow, and was opened much of the distance over the mountains in great danger and distress by the starving, freezing immigrants of 1845. The awful trials endured by the pioneers who opened that old road, where the heroic mothers of Oregon carried their children over the ice and snows of the Cascade Range, can never be comprehended by the gentle women who, in palace cars, with every luxury of modern life, visit the Lewis and Clark Exposition. To the courage, fortitude, and energy of these unconquerable souls is due the honor of founding civilization, establishing law and education, and maintaining religion on the Pacific Coast of North America.

This old "Barlow Road" was also one of the first roads to receive a charter from the provisional government, and the only one constructed under such a charter. The road leading from the East into Southern Oregon was opened subsequent to the Barlow route, and was mainly the work of the Applegates who settled in Umpqua Valley; and the greater portion of it, like the "Oregon Trail," was in no sense a constructed road, but a trace passing over open ground. But as soon as the Territorial Legislature was organized we find the public interest in constructing free highways fully manifested, along with ample provisions for free public schools, and for seminaries, academies, and colleges.

The wagon road era may be considered the first stage in the development of Oregon. Owing to the great distance between this section and the centers of population in the Union, and to the fact of its being beyond the pale of foreign immigration, the increase of population was slow; so that

when the feasibility of railroads in the state was first discussed there could not have been more than 60,000 population in Oregon.

The agitation in favor of railroads in Oregon was started, contrary to the general experience, not by men of capital able to build roads, but by men without capital, and with views and plans somewhat ahead of their time. The first tangible effort, continuously pushed until the actual construction of a railroad was commenced, started at Jacksonville, in Southern Oregon, in 1864. In 1863 S. G. Elliot, a county surveyor of California, and George H. Belden, a civil engineer of Portland, Oregon, contributed their efforts to make a preliminary survey for a line of railroad from Marysville, California, to Portland, Oregon. These two men organized a surveying party, and without means or money themselves, made their survey from Marysville north to Oregon on substantially the route where the Oregon & California line is constructed. They landed at Jacksonville in October, 1863, having collected all means to support their party from the people along the route as a bonus to help the new enterprise along.

These seedy, footsore wayfarers of the Elliot and Belden survey did not inspire much confidence in the building of seven hundred miles of railroad, to cost over \$20,000,000. To make matters worse, and seemingly wreck the infant project, Elliot and Belden quarreled upon the point of which of them should control the location of the survey line in Oregon. Then and there both gentlemen abandoned the whole outfit, leaving their men unpaid five months' wages. Accompanying this surveying party was Col. A. C. Barry, who was acting as a sort of commissary general, and upon the desertion of Elliot and Belden, Barry put the whole party into the old Jacksonville Hospital for winter quarters, and then made a canvass of the town to interest the people or some one to raise money to pay the men and continue the survey the next year. In the course of this canvass Colonel Barry called upon J. Gaston, then a practicing attorney at Jacksonville, and fully explained his plans. Mr. Gaston agreed to take hold of the matter and help extricate the enterprise from the difficulties which had apparently wrecked it; Gaston then advancing money to pay the members of the surveying party under a contract that they should continue the work the next season. In pursuance of this agreement Colonel Barry, provided with letters from Gaston to his friends and public men, then proceeded to the Willamette Valley, going all the way from Jacksonville to Portland on foot, to enlist and arouse interest in the completion of the survey. Having received assurances of support, Barry returned to Jacksonville, and in April, 1864, reorganized his party, and with ample supply of tents and means of transportation, on May 1 took up the line of survey where Elliot and Belden had dropped it, and by October 1 had extended this line from Jacksonville to Portland and the Columbia River—the first survey that was ever made for a line of railroad between Portland and the southern boundary of the state.

In this undertaking Mr. Gaston had paid for the outfit at Jacksonville, guaranteed the wages of the surveying party, and put in all his time in the

summer and fall of 1864 in circulating petitions and memorials, and in corresponding with public men in Oregon and California to secure united action in asking of Congress a grant of public lands in aid of the construction of the Oregon & California Railroad. By November, Barry had his maps and profiles of the survey completed, and Mr. Gaston had prepared and printed Barry's report on the practicability and value of such a road, together with a "Report on the Wealth and Resources of Oregon," being the first work of the kind ever issued. All these documents were laid before a committee of Congress at the session of that year. On July 25, 1866 Congress passed the act granting lands to aid in the construction of the road.

It would require too much space for this work to enter into any history of the contest between the rival railroad corporations for possession of that land grant. As the road could not be located on both sides of the Willamette River, it was natural and inevitable for the people on both sides of the river to contend for the advantages which its construction promised. (For a full history of that contest see Vol. II, Baneroff's History of Oregon, pp. 696 to 704, and Oregon Historical Quarterly, No. 4, Vol. III, December, 1902.)

After it was decided that the east side of the Willamette Valley should have that original land grant, Mr. Gaston and his company applied to Congress a second time for a land grant in aid of the road they had started from Portland up the west side of the valley, and a grant of land for such road was made in May, 1870, being the last grant Congress ever made in aid of railroads. This grant included aid to a branch road from Forest Grove, in Washington County, through the Nehalem Valley to Astoria. Under the first grant the railroad was built from Portland to the southern boundary of the state, and under the second grant from Portland to McMinnville. But these two grants were the foundation and opening inducements for all the railroad development of the state, which has now resulted in the construction of 1,800 miles of profitable road and great prosperity to the entire state. It is now forty years since this great work was commenced with such slender means at Jacksonville in 1864, and of all the men then actively connected with it, Mr. Gaston is the only surviving representative.

Mrs. Dr. Weatherford, who was on the plains from April to September, 1852, had many thrilling experiences. One day the emigrants were about to cross a stream on a willow bridge, when a howling band of Indians, gorgeously painted, brandishing their tomahawks and scalping knives, bore down upon them. The Indians demanded toll for crossing the bridge at the rate of \$5.00 per man. The emigrants refused and said they would fight. "Give me your money, boys," said Mrs. Weatherford, "and I'll see what I can do." She calmly approached the Indians and pleaded with them till the chief signaled to his followers to yield. Only 50 cents a wagon was charged, and the train moved on. From this incident and similar ones Mrs. Weatherford was regarded as a saving angel. Many joined their party en route, and refused to leave the woman who could thus move the savages.

Mineral Springs Nature's Health Reservoirs

By WALLIS NASH



HERE is no region in the Northwest where mineral springs are not found. The western slope of the Cascade Mountains is cut and seamed by swift creeks and rivers, and in nearly every one of these valleys the "soda spring" is found. That at Sodaville, in the valley of the South Santiam, has the distinction of adoption by the State of Oregon, and of consequent improvement and dedication to public use. The other developed springs in the South Santiam Valley are those known as Waterloo (close to the Willamette Valley) and the Upper and Lower Soda Springs, high in the mountains.

The hot and sulphur springs on the Mackenzie, some forty miles east of the City of Eugene, situated among the magnificent forests, and on the banks of that most picturesque stream, have a wonderful record of cures of the various developments of the rheumatic poison.

The slopes of the Coast Range are not without their soda and sulphur springs—using the common names bestowed very often without any real knowledge of the constituents of the water.

In Eastern Oregon, throughout the region of the Blue Mountains, medicinal springs are common. Some nine miles along the line of the O. R. & N. eastward from the town of La Grande, in Union County, Oregon, is found "Hot Lake."

On both sides of the Columbia River in Oregon and Washington medical springs are found, and in the Klamath River Valley, in the extreme south of Oregon, mineral springs are also reported.

In Spokane County, Washington, is "Medical Lake," situated 2,000 feet above sea level, a mile long and half a mile wide, the water being strongly mineralized. The Eastern Washington Hospital for the Insane has been built there.

APPENDED BY THE EDITOR

These reservoirs for the alleviation of human suffering created for the use of man were doubtless intended by the All-wise One to be as free to all as the sunshine, the rain, and the ozone in the air we breathe; not as sources of wealth to those who might chance to stumble upon them and through this mere accident hold them for personal profit to the exclusion of all sufferers who may be unable to meet such charges as the chance owner may fix.

The government has seen fit to reserve, for public use and pleasure, those parts of its domain peculiar for beauty and grandeur. The justice and wisdom of these reserves no one questions. Should it not with equal wisdom and justice withhold from private possession these health reservoirs, where pain-laden humanity may find relief and through these waters lay down their burdens and untrammelled take up the labors of life?

The Visiting Nurse Association

By MRS. E. H. TRUMBULL



THE Visiting Nurse Association of Portland was organized in 1902, and has gained steadily in strength and usefulness. While the City of Portland is free from the crowded slum and its poverty-stricken population, there is great need for the work of the visiting nurse.

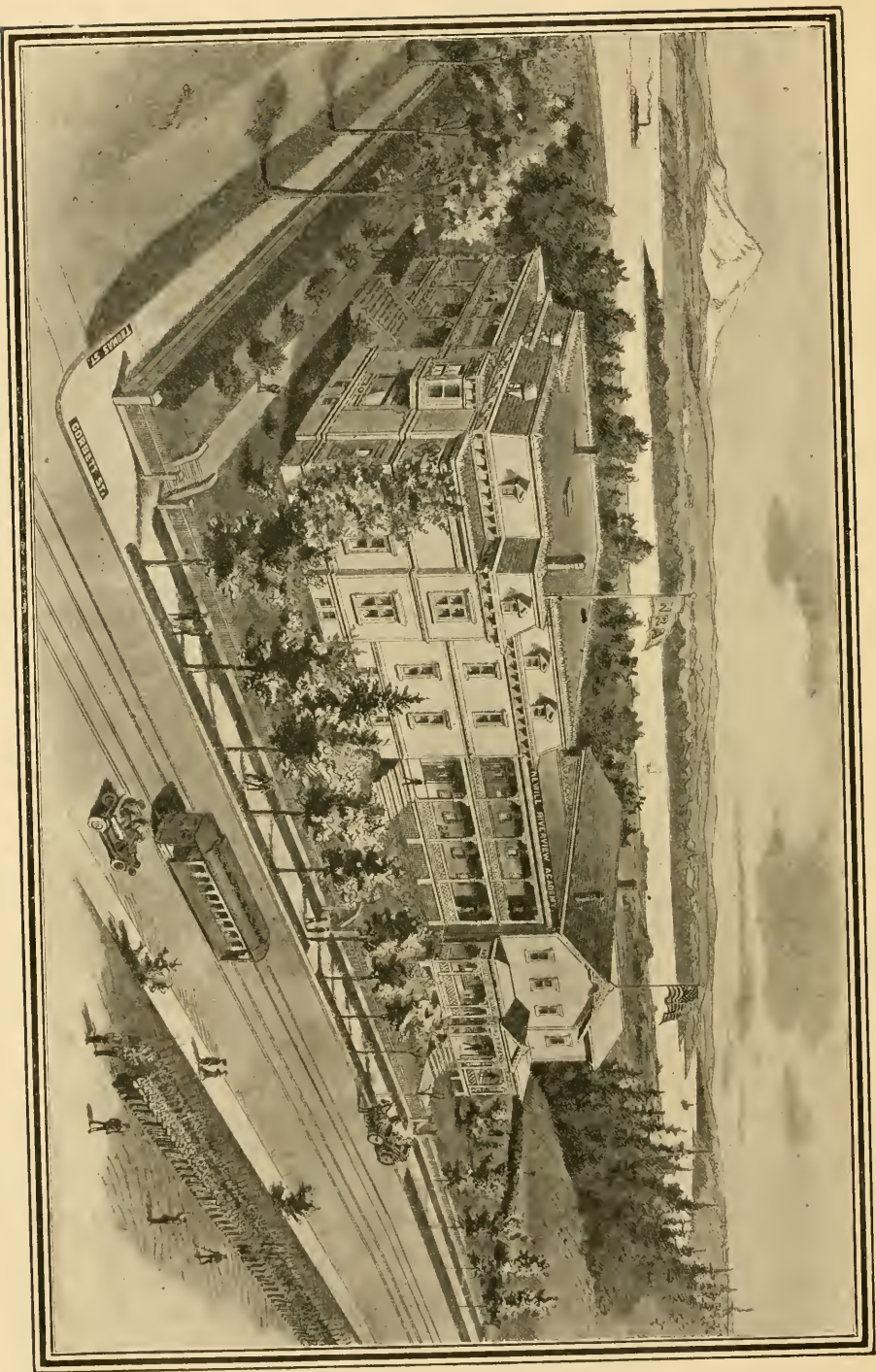
Sunlight, fresh air, and a bountiful water supply are agencies which help Portland maintain a low death rate, but, unfortunately, nature unaided cannot overcome the habits of ignorance and carelessness.

As stated in its constitution, the Association is organized to "benefit and assist those otherwise unable to secure assistance in time of illness, to promote cleanliness, and to teach the proper care of the sick." When first organized, there were funds enough to support the nurse for only two months, but as the purpose of the work became better known, money was forthcoming.

In all work of this character, the most difficult lesson to learn is that of helping without weakening the recipient. It is hard to know just when to withdraw the support and comfort so much needed, but which if continued would result in weakening the moral fiber of the family. It is a work which demands trained workers, because of its strong appeal to the sympathies. To meet successfully the demands of this complex situation, requires a steady, carefully trained judgment, and much depends on the personality of the nurse.

The work during the past year has doubled, and it became necessary during the winter to employ emergency nurses for the severe cases. It is with the chronic cases that one learns the value of organized charity. Nothing else is so demoralizing in its effect on the already strained resources of a family as prolonged sickness, and here is where the nurse appreciates the intelligent response of organized charity. Through it the rent is paid, the larder is stocked, clothing is provided, and work is found through the City Board of Charities, the benevolent societies, and the different church organizations. The hospitals have been most generous in placing their resources at the command of the Association, and the physicians have been its earnest supporters.

The following organizations have affiliated with the Association and maintain a delegate on its Advisory Board: The Portland Woman's Club, the King's Daughters of Trinity Church, the Y. W. C. A., the Calvary Presbyterian Church, St. Anne's Society, and the philanthropic branches of the Unitarian Church, which include the Woman's Alliance, the Wm. G. Eliot Fraternity, and the Christian Union. In addition, a little circle of women of the Unitarian Church, called the Unity Guild, supplies the patients with such delicacies as may be required. The King's Daughters have kept the maternity bag supplied, and St. Anne's Society has generously assisted in paying for extra nurses. The Jewish Ladies' Relief Society has been a staunch friend of the Association ever since it was organized.



THE NEWILL RIVERVIEW ACADEMY offers a beautiful home, a pure and cheerful atmosphere, perfectly competent and painstaking instructors, a thorough preparation for business or college—does not this embody your idea of the school in which you would like to place your son? For information write to H. C. Newill, Principal, Portland, Or.

Sacajawea, the Birdwoman



INTERWOVEN with the history of all people there is a golden thread of romance, but in the annals of no other uncivilized race, perhaps, does this shine so vividly as among the American Indians. This romance, blended with the picturesque figures of chieftains, orators, leaders, heroes, presents a living picture which throws a peculiar charm over the history and the scenes of the exploits of these natives of the Americas.

Among the many about whom is a halo of romance none commands a more intense interest or admiration than the Birdwoman of the Mandans. This little daughter of the wilderness, in whose history centers so much attention at the present time, was of the Shoshone tribe. When about ten years of age she was taken captive by the Mandans, whose territory was on the upper waters of the Missouri River. She became the slave wife of a French voyager, Charboneau, at the age of 15.

Lewis and Clark spent the first winter of their expedition across the continent in the country of the Mandans, where Charboneau and his young slave wife lived. The Captains engaged Charboneau as interpreter; they thought his wife would also be of service when they reached the territory of her people.

In February, 1805, this girl wife, then but sixteen, gave birth to a son, and would have died but for the care bestowed upon her by the explorers. The gentle, engaging little Birdwoman won upon the Captains and their men. Throughout the long journey, burdened with her babe strapped upon her back, she labored with the men, and through her extraordinary efficiency rendered invaluable service. The first time she proved her value through her unusual presence of mind and capability was on an occasion when a canoe, loaded with the journals of the Captains, their scientific instruments and their medicines, was caught in a rapid and was on the point of being overturned. Charboneau, who, with Sacajawea, was in the canoe, held the steering oar. Struck with fear, he set up a howling to his God. At the last moment the boat was saved from overturning, but filled with water and the lighter part of the precious cargo floated out upon the stream. Sacajawea, with her wits about her and with great courage, saved not only herself and baby, but grasping right and left secured the most valuable packages.

Late in the summer the party reached the mountains, where the canoes had to be abandoned and horses obtained, without which it would be impossible to cross the mountains to the headwaters of the Columbia. Since leaving the country of the Mandans there had not been a trace of human beings except in camps deserted months before. As they drew nearer the mountains Indians at a distance were seen, but these hurried away out of sight, avoiding contact.

At a place where it seemed the expedition must be abandoned, the Birdwoman began to dance and sing. The valley into which they had penetrated

she recognized as the one from which she had been taken captive years before and now she was among the haunts of her people. Later some squaws were brought in who, abandoned by the Indian men, had fallen into the hands of the explorers. As the poor creatures cowered before their captors, bending their heads as if to receive a death-blow, one, a young girl, suddenly caught sight of Sacajawea, and rushed toward her. She was of the same tribe and had been taken captive with Sacajawea, but made her escape and returned to her people. The two embraced tenderly. It was the very band of the Birdwoman (Shoshones) that had been sighted.

The Shoshone women, acting as guides and intercessors, brought the warriors to Lewis and Clark. At the council which soon followed, Sacajawea began to interpret the speech of the chief, and lo! to her joy, found that it was her own brother's words she was translating. The Indian girl had made further progress possible, as a firm friendship was at once established between the explorers and the Shoshones. Horses and guides were furnished; the Shoshones passed the white men on to the Flatheads, and they in turn to the Nez Peres.

In the councils Sacajawea was always the most important interpreter, but not solely as an interpreter was her presence invaluable. As the party passed from tribe to tribe the sight of Sacajawea with her pappoose riding with the Captains was an assurance that it was not a war party.

Of all the explorers Captain Clark seems to have engaged her especial preference. At Christmas time in the Clatsop camp she presented him with two dozen tails of the white weazel. It is pathetic to read how, at a time when starvation seemed near, with almost too great loyalty to her Captain, she gave him the piece of bread she had somehow kept for a long time, intending it for her baby in case of extremity.

On the return trip the explorers found that the friends made through Sacajawea had remained faithful. The party did not at all times follow the route first traveled; they took new paths and sometimes felt themselves hopelessly lost, but Sacajawea always proved their deliverer. As a little child she had come with her people through this country and with the keen sight of a migratory bird again and again pointed out the way.

When the expedition returned to the Mandan villages in the late summer Charboneau decided to again take up his abode among these people, and Sacajawea remained with her lord and master.

It is with a sense of burning injustice and a pang of regret one reads that Charboneau received for his services \$500, and Sacajawea nothing, not even her freedom—a blot upon the memory of Lewis and Clark.

The last mention made of Sacajawea is in 1811, when the traveler, Breenridge, sailing up the Missouri, records meeting with an old Frenchman and his Indian wife, who, he learns, had crossed the continent with Lewis and Clark. The woman seemed fond of white people, tried to imitate civilized ways in

manners and dress, and in general appeared to have aspirations for something higher than slavery. She was, says the traveler, in feeble health.

When or where this life, so interwoven with the immortal achievement of the Lewis and Clark expedition, came to a close, no one can tell.

After a century the women who trod the plains in the wake of Sacajawea have erected to her memory a bronze statue made of copper from an Oregon mine and designed and executed by a woman, Miss Alice Cooper of Denver, Colorado.

This in part atones the early neglect of the one woman who led the way across the continent through wilds and over mountains, and will stand for generations a monument to woman's strongest characteristics—love, devotion and self-sacrifice—exemplified in this simple maiden of the forest, Sacajawea.

The Spirit of the Pioneer Mother

By GEORGE H. HIMES



N incident recently came to my knowledge illustrating the spirit of the pioneer mothers of Oregon.

In the winter of 1844-5, Mr. Francis Perry, then living near Muscatine, Iowa, returned home one day and said to his wife, then in her sixteenth year, and the mother of a babe six months old:

"Elizabeth, I want to talk with you. I have made up my mind to go to Oregon. Now, you can do as you please—go with me, or go home to your father and mother with the baby, and wait until I go out there and get a home started, when I will send for you or come back after you."

"Francis," she said, "when I married you I left my father and mother to live with you; and when you get ready to go to Oregon I will go with you."

Soon afterwards Mrs. Perry's father visited her and said:

"My child, come back home with the baby and stay until your husband has a home ready for you in that far-away land. Just think of it! There is nothing out there but savages and wild beasts. Mr. Perry will necessarily have to be away from home much of the time in order to earn the means to make a start with; and he will return home some time and find you and the baby murdered or destroyed by wild beasts. My child, don't go, don't go!" And tears came streaming from his eyes.

"Father," Mrs. Perry said, "my duty to my husband impels me to go with him. When I married him I left you and mother to help him make a home; and now with all possible love and respect for you, my deepest convictions are that I must go with him."

Then the mother of the determined young woman spoke up and said, recalling her own young married life, "Father, Elizabeth is right; don't talk to her any more!"

Women on Public Boards

By MAE H. CARDWELL, M. D.



SINCE the day when Dolly Madison, 'midst fire and smoke, preserved the credentials of the American Nation, women have steadily proven their ability to meet responsibilities in the varying conditions of life; yet only in the last quarter of a century have they been admitted to places among the governing councils of the country.

The best example of woman's work on boards of public service is that of Clara Barton, to whose judgment and forethought the success of the American branch of the Red Cross Society is largely due. But in a smaller way it has of late fallen to the lot of women to serve on public boards. That this is an innovation may be noted by referring to the California State Board of Charities, created not many years ago and to the experience of Dr. Charlotte B. Brown, who in great measure was instrumental in its organization. This busy physician, had she been a man, would naturally have held an appointment on a board in which she had shown such deep interest, but prejudice ruled and the position was not accorded her.

The gradual waning of this prejudice was apparent when a few years later Dr. Sarah B. Shuey was appointed to the health board of Oakland, Cal., and, though not without opposition, to the position of its chairmanship. Her service was beyond criticism. The false idea has died away and the Governor of California last summer commissioned Dr. Annie Lyle to represent California at the Anti-Tuberculosis Congress in St. Louis.

In the Northwest the service of women on public boards was recognized as early as 1880 in Portland, when, at the taxpayers' annual school meeting, resolutions were adopted asking for a committee to investigate the condition of the public schools, and, with six gentlemen, Mrs. Mary A. Holbrook and Mrs. Rosa F. Burrell were elected to serve on that board.

Oregon was honored by the appointment of one of her citizens, Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, by the United States Government to serve on the Board of Lady Managers at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, where she served with distinction.

The board of managers of the Lewis and Clark Exposition have taken another step forward—recognize no distinction through appointments, but place genius and labor on merit alone.

In Oregon public sentiment has so far advanced that women are chosen school directors. The chairman of the Board of Education in Portland is Mrs. C. E. Sitton, an eminently satisfactory official.

In municipal sanitation women have been brought forward, and Portland's Mayor has lately reappointed Dr. Mae H. Cardwell to the health board of the city.

Oregon's State Board of Charities, organized two years ago, has women on its executive board, who are active and indefatigable in the work.

Home Life of Chinese Women in the West

By MRS. W. S. HOLT, City Missionary

THE contrast between the home life of Chinese women under the influence of Christianity, and that without it, is marked (though the home life of the non-Christian undergoes some change when brought in contact with American life). However, the force of early training and inherited notions is with difficulty overcome.

Women have greater liberty here, and often exercise it, yet there are some who do not, and seldom venture even upon the streets. When asked why, they say they are ashamed, believing, according to their early training, that it is immodest for them to appear in public.

In non-Christian homes idolatry is always in evidence. Before a picture an ornamental candle is burning, and also sticks of smoking incense, showing that worship is being rendered to the divinity in which the occupant of the home believes, even though she is not in the attitude of worship, and may be engaged in household duties, or perhaps entertaining a guest. Sometimes an idol is seen, though not always; a picture serves the purpose, or often a religious sentence upon the wall. This is common in places of business. In the front of the entrance under a table will be seen a vessel with oil in which is a wick on fire; on the wall near the lamp will be found characters, which are words of welcome to the local divinity. This is idolatry without an image.

The changed and greatly improved conditions of the Chinese woman's home life under the influence of Christianity is alone sufficient to warrant every effort possible to Christianize these people, the "Celestials" so called.



CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILDREN
PORTLAND, OREGON

The Young Women's Christian Association

By MRS. JESSIE M. HONEYMAN,
President of the Y. W. C. A. of Portland



THE Young Women's Christian Association began its work at the capital, Salem, and worked among the colleges for several years. Finding their scope would be greater they moved to Portland. At this time Mrs. C. A. Dolph took up the work as president. The whole of the Northwest was under her supervision, and it was a time of hard work and earnest prayer, but without coming much before the public.

The first city association was organized in Portland at the close of the year 1900, and moved into nice rooms in the Macleay building April 1, 1901. The growth was phenomenal, and in two years larger rooms were secured at 312 Oak street. The membership, beginning with 700, arose to over 1,400. The delightful rooms were filled all the time. The dining room, where real home-cooked lunches are served, is chiefly patronized by business women, but women of leisure always find it a pleasant place to lunch and meet their friends. The walls are decorated with beautiful reproductions of the old masters. No other association in the world owns such a fine collection, both from a decorative and an educational point of view. This was the generous gift of one woman. The educational work has been very helpful. Aggressive work is being done along the lines of Bible study, domestic science and domestic art. Other classes also have been greatly enjoyed.

The Seattle association was organized at the same time as the one in Portland, and has been quite as successful and popular in its work and development. They have just moved into a commodious and attractive new building. An association has also been organized in Spokane, which is doing very good work. The college work has grown and is now under the supervision of special committees, the Washington committee taking Montana and the Oregon committee taking Idaho.

The outlook for the Young Women's Christian Association work in the Northwest is very bright, and it is hoped that the Northwest conference, which will be held at Gearhart, Oregon, in September, will be a great inspiration for all the workers.

The Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition will also bring young women from all over the country, and the Portland city association is building very attractive headquarters, where they will serve lunches all summer. They have the only woman's building on the grounds. From the wide verandas a beautiful view of the grounds, the lake and trail can be seen.

The Young Women's Christian Association is among the foremost of the organized bodies of women now earnestly laboring together in behalf of the Portland Travelers' Aid Association.

Kindergarten in the Northwest



IN 1882 Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin came to Portland by invitation from the Christian Union, of the Unitarian Church, and gave several lectures on the subject of kindergarten. On returning to her home in San Francisco she represented Portland to her co-workers as an important field for kindergarten work. Her enthusiasm and the influence of prominent women here induced Mrs. Caroline Dunlap to come north and adopt Portland as her home and mission. The work began here in a private kindergarten, but Mrs. Dunlap's views of the importance of kindergarten training were far too broad to allow her to be satisfied with any restricted effort. The cause must, however, gain its own standing, and this one kindergarten became the observation point for all interested in the subject.

In 1883 a training class was founded in conjunction with Mrs. Wiggin's class in San Francisco, and several ladies entered into study of the system.

In 1884 a prospectus was circulated for forming a free kindergarten association. In response to this the organization was soon established, and on November 10, 1884, the first free kindergarten was opened in an unused engine house on Glisan street. There were fifteen children in attendance the first day, but in a few months over sixty children were enrolled and three teachers employed.

In September, 1885, the second free kindergarten was opened in the Unitarian Chapel on Porter street, South Portland. During the year its enrollment reached 91.

In January, 1886, through the generosity of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, who each gave \$60 per annum, Kindergarten No. 3 was opened in the Watson's Addition school house on Seventeenth and Upshur streets, and soon had an enrollment of fifty children.

In September, 1890, the fourth kindergarten was opened on Seventh and Davis streets. This was furnished by a society of little girls and for them was named the King's Daughters' Kindergarten. The enrollment here was 84 at the close of the first year.

As a philanthropic work, the kindergartens had been eminently successful, but so important a factor in education should be a part of the public school system, and in order to bring this about the following bill was brought before the legislature and became a law in January, 1887:

"The directors of any school district in the state, which shall contain 500 inhabitants or more, may, when authorized thereto by the qualified electors of such district, provide for the establishment and maintenance therein, as part of the common school system, schools commonly known as kindergartens."

The kindergarten with some state aid and by the efforts of friends went steadily forward building a far-reaching and beneficent influence. In 1897 Mrs. Dunlap retired from the position of superintendent. At this time the

kindergarten board of directors expected to secure through the legislature a large appropriation. The bill was lost, and even the small assistance formerly given was withheld. An appeal was then made to the taxpayers, and the sum of \$5,000 was voted for the purpose of putting the kindergartens into the public schools. Unfortunately, no notice had been given of such intention; the proceeding was therefore illegal. The board of education declined to handle the money, and it was decided by the court that the board of managers of the free kindergartens might devote it to the free kindergartens. One year exhausted the fund, and its vanishing shade rang the death knell of that happy, useful and beloved child of Portland—the free kindergarten.

Art in the Northwest

Extract from *Fine Arts Journal*, Edited by Marion White, Chicago, Illinois



IT IS pleasant to contemplate what artists are doing in the Northwest. Many of these reside in Portland or its immediate vicinity. And no wonder, for there is every inspiration here for the student of landscape. The beautiful Willamette, heading with a sure, swift current toward the Columbia, is one of the most picturesque of streams. Its wondrous falls adds greatly to its charms. Green pastures with cattle knee deep in luscious verdure, trees stretching their big branches in benediction, glimpses of orchards, and an atmosphere charged with scent of woods, and all a-quiver with its own purity and strength and subtle charm of movement when day is melting into eve.

The artists of the West are all telling more or less of this grand story of Nature's perfect self; all growing in appreciation of the truly beautiful. They are the art pioneers of this Greater West, and like all pioneers of any newly-discovered country, they must work patiently and unfailingly. And this they are doing.

It is this tender beauty that Jennie E. Wright portrays with such good feeling. Mrs. Wright also paints mountain scenery, and Hood has been studied by her under every condition.

Miss Frances C. R. Grothjean is one of Oregon's most notable young artists, her work having been seen in exhibition in many cities in the United States. In 1900 she was represented among the American artists at the Paris Exposition. Miss Grothjean was born in Germany, but brought by her parents to this country when very young, her education being received in the schools of Portland, Oregon. She went to Paris, studying under Courtois, Girard and others.

Annabelle Hutchinson-Parrish is another local artist whose work in enamel and tapestry painting is of rare quality. Mrs. Parrish possesses the broad technique and grasp as well as the innate love of that which is of country which will bring an impetus to art in the Greater West.

Life in a Mining Camp

Notes by MRS. J. L. GOODYEAR



SITUATED in the northern part of Elmore County, Idaho, on the Middle Fork of the Boise River, is the little mining town of Atlanta. Its surroundings are unusually picturesque, even for a mining camp in the "Gem of the Mountains." The Middle Fork, for most of its course, runs through steep canyons. But fifteen miles from the summit of the Saw Tooth Mountains, its waters, foaming and roaring over their rocky bed, enter a pleasant valley, nearly circular, and about two miles in diameter, walled in by grass and brush-covered hills, wooded mountains, and jagged cliffs of granite. On the south side of this valley, at the mouth of Quartz Gulch, with pasture and meadow and timber land spread out before it, lies the town that was once (as it may be again) famous all over the land as a center of gold production.

The history of Atlanta began in the same way as that of all the older camps in the state. Men were first attracted to the spot by the rich placer diggings. While hunting for placer ground, A. G. Miller and Felix Farris discovered a promising quartz ledge, which they located under the name of the "Buffalo."

The first quartz, being very rich, was worked by arrastres. Then large quantities of ore were carried to Kelton, Utah, by pack train and wagon, and shipped from there to the smelters by rail. Later on, large mills were built. But the milling process was very unhealthy, and nearly all who worked in the Buffalo mill, strong young men at the time, are now dead. The chlorination process was used. This required the ore to be roasted, and the fumes of arsenic that arose were destructive to health. The bullion was run into 40-lb. and 80-lb. bars, piled up during the winter, and shipped out when the road was open in the spring.

There could not have been many desperate characters in the camp, because but little precaution was taken to guard the bullion, and there seem to have been no losses. A cart was once so heavily loaded with bullion that the horse could not pull it. The owners accordingly unloaded some of it, left it by the roadside, proceeded to their destination, and then came back for the remainder of the bullion. The fact that the bars were so heavy may have encouraged honesty in some, as the following incident suggests. At one time, a man sewed up the legs of a pair of overalls, put a 42-lb. gold brick in each leg, and carried them to a deserted tunnel. But after a two days' search by a large part of the population, the treasure was recovered. Nobody was hung, and in the absence of definite proof the guilty party escaped punishment.

Owing to the exposed position of the summit, the road to Atlanta is closed by snowdrifts for a portion of the year. Travelers and mail carriers then have recourse to snowshoes. The Norwegian shoes, called skis, are generally used, though the web shoes are preferred by some. The skis are used for pleasure

as well as for business. Expert snowshoers can come down a steep hill as fast as a railroad train, and some attain, at times, a speed of a mile a minute.

The term "mining camp" often suggests roughness and wickedness. But Atlanta has been exceptionally free from the worst features of mining camps. There has been no fatal shooting affray in the history of the camp. It has been, since the seventies, a town of families, who have exerted a positive Christian influence. There have been Sunday-school and other Christian services for years. The people are interested in education and have a good public school. They also have a flourishing literary society. Among the attractions of the town, the hot mineral springs must not be forgotten. There are a large number of such springs in the vicinity, at one of which is a convenient bathhouse. These springs have valuable medicinal virtues.

The community is like one big family. During the winter months Atlanta is a world by itself, though not lonely in its isolation. Merry pastimes fill the hours; card parties and dancing indoors; hunting and snowshoeing outdoors. Imagine a party of twenty or more clambering up a mountain side and then with the swiftness of an eagle gliding gaily down the steep descent over the glistening snow, laughter and shout making vocal the frosty air. No end to merriment when some hapless rider plunges headlong into a snow bank. This wild pleasure is old winter's rarest gift to these denizens of this snow-embattled vale. In summer, long rambles in the wild woods in search of flowers, which bloom in profusion even to the mountain tops, horseback riding, picnics and camping parties are the diversions, filling out the year with a continuous round of pleasure, as well as of work.

The only cloud that overshadows these fair skies is the dread that some loved one may at any moment be brought home on a stretcher, crushed by a cave-in or by falling down a manhole.

Such is life in a mining camp.



"The Country Schoolma'am in Oregon in Pioneer Days," a story by the editor of *The Souvenir*, portraying the three phases of rural life in early times—the farm, the stock ranch, and the mines—will soon appear. The author of this book has lived amid the scenes depicted; has known the people characterized; and has learned from real life the story she has told. In the simple story of this Country Schoolma'am may the readers get a true glimpse into the simple life of country folk; and may they discern, too, the growth of character under the influences surrounding those who stand so near to nature, and discover therein the germ that expands into the strongest, most brilliant and most successful of the race when touched by the refining and enlightening influences of educational, social, and commercial opportunities.

Some Things About the Pacific Monthly



THE PACIFIC MONTHLY is characterized by a virility which no other publication in the West has ever attempted to secure. It is published in Portland, Oregon, and is reflecting the great movements which are the soul of things Western. It has, withal, an interest to command respect from any intelligent reader, or even from the reader who wishes simply to be amused. The magazine has become what has long been badly needed—the great Western magazine. Some facts about the magazine are interesting and noteworthy. For instance, there is probably no other magazine in the world at the same price which uses as high a grade of paper as The Pacific Monthly is now using. The publishers state that they have been led to adopt this course in order to produce fine effects in half-tone engravings, and this letter from a contributor to the Stoughton Sentinel, published in Stoughton, Massachusetts, bears evidence of the fruit which first-class work produces. Loring W. Puffer, writing in this paper, says:

“I saw an issue of The Pacific Monthly the other day, and noted the sharp, realistic engravings that reproduce the wonderful views to be seen on the west coast at Portland, Oregon, where we visited a few years ago. Seeing is believing; so when we read about a place and speculate about how it probably looks, we then (if an engraving is seen) carry away a mental photograph in our minds that compensates to a certain extent for time or money to travel. It costs less than ten cents per month, and the engravings in some of the individual numbers are worth the year’s subscription of one dollar. This is not a puff.”

Another prominent paper published in Pennsylvania (and, by the way, a prophet is not without honor except in his own country) says: “The Pacific Monthly is the literary success of the day.” The superintendent of schools of Montana says that The Pacific Monthly is an inspiration to its readers, a credit to its editors, bright and attractive. One of the prominent citizens of Mt. Angel says that The Pacific Monthly is the brightest, newsiest, most thoroughly up-to-date magazine west of the Rocky Mountains. One of the leading advertising men of San Francisco says: “I can’t keep from buying The Pacific Monthly when I strike a news stand.” The Telegram, Portland, Oregon, says: “The Pacific Monthly is replete with excellent engravings. The wealth of literature and the bright illustrations make a magazine that should be on every library table.” The Oregonian, of Portland, Oregon, says: “No magazine in the land is better illustrated. Everything in it is fresh, bright and timely.” The Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Seattle, Washington, says: “In point of timeliness, interest and general value, the magazine ranks high and is a credit to the city.”

The price of The Pacific Monthly is \$1 per year, ten cents per copy. Send 25 cents to the publishers, Chamber of Commerce building, Portland, Oregon, for a three months’ trial subscription.

Honor Where Honor is Due



YOU know that The Souvenir owes its very existence to the spirit of generosity and helpfulness can not but add to its interest and heighten its claim upon public attention. Nearly every page attests to the work of some kind hand. Out of the best thought of our best people in this monument to Western Women builded. Each article contributed represents the writer's part in erecting this memorial structure. To these helpers an acknowledgment is due. From their busy lives they have given time and effort to commemorate the work and pioneer experiences of the women of the Pacific Northwest, who have performed no inconsiderable part in the formation of our commonwealth.

It is not necessary here to enumerate these whose contributions make up the book, but there are those to be mentioned who, without considering whether this project, in a cold business sense, were a safe enterprise, gave of their substance, that the plan of a book of this character might be carried on to its completion, and place on record facts about our women, which should not be allowed to sink into oblivion. In this galaxy are Mrs. Phoebe Cranston Breyman, Mrs. Levi White, Mrs. John Poole, Mrs. Robert Lutke, Mrs. Sarah Fisher Henderson, Mrs. Eunice W. Luckey, Miss Alice P. Cornwall, Annice Jeffreys Myers, M. D., Mrs. Harriette Mundt, Prof. J. Burnham and Bishop B. Wistar Morris. May this outflow of human kindness return to enrich the givers with that which is more to be desired than gold.

None of this needed assistance was accepted as a gift, but as a loan to be repaid, and we doubt not that the spirit which prompted this generous aid to our endeavor will continue to animate these givers to other noble deeds of helpfulness, that may make possible the highest achievements of some brave strugglers against the adverse conditions that environ them.

It is to the courtesy of Mr. W. E. Coman, of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, that we owe our beautiful frontispiece, Crater Lake, as he kindly loaned us his fine oil painting by Mrs. Fountain to copy for the halftone plates. Most unfortunately, through the mistake of the engravers, words not belonging there appear on the picture. These will be removed before another edition of the book is published.

Also the editor can not allow this little book to go to press without due acknowledgment to Miss Helen F. Spalding for valuable assistance rendered in compiling and arranging the various sketches from real life—the work of many hands—of which it is composed.



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SACAJAWEA

In yonder city, glory-crowned,
 Where art will vie with art to keep
 The memories of those heroes green,
 The flush of conscious pride should leap

To see her fair memorial stand
 Among the honored names that be—
 Her face toward the sunset, still—
 Her finger lifted toward the sea!

—Huffman







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